

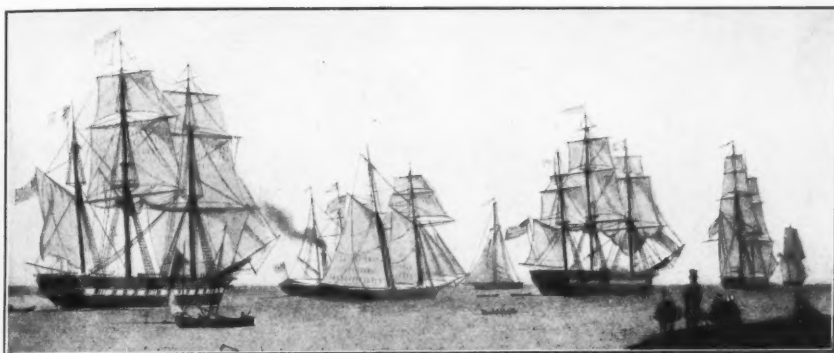
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Conquering the Seven Seas



by Lewis Nixon

Editor's Note.—Did it ever occur to you that the time has come here in America for a new Declaration of Independence? Would you be surprised to learn that this great nation of ours, first among the commercial nations of the world, our navy second in strength only to Great Britain's, is in reality a serf-nation, a dependent colony, paying a humiliating and extortionate tribute of millions of dollars a year to foreign governments, and intimidated from asserting our rights by the threats and representations of foreign agents? Are we as a nation to submit without protest to such dictation? Read the following article by the Hon. Lewis Nixon. It is the first of a series dealing with the wonderful story of former American supremacy on the high seas. It is a story of romance, of adventure, of achievement. But it is also a story, told by one of the most prominent naval experts in the world, of as humiliating and disgraceful a surrender of American interests and prestige as can be found in all the pages of history.

OUR commerce with foreign nations to-day aggregates the tremendous total of three and a half billion dollars. Our navy stands second among the navies of the world. We are spending five hundred million dollars to dig the Panama Canal, allowing five million dollars a year for its up-keep after its completion. We have set our flag over vast possessions seven thousand

miles away. We have a voice in the world's councils. Our diplomacy brings peace between great nations. Our national credit is secure. We stand first among the nations of the world in natural resources. We have become a power among the world's great powers.

It is wonderful, stupendous, magnificent. And yet, let me tell you a few plain facts:

At the present moment, to protect our com-

Conquering the Seven Seas

merce, to support our navy, to uphold American prestige on the high seas, there are, all told, only eleven vessels flying the American flag which are engaged in commerce with the great nations of the world.

Every year we pay to foreign nations nearly three hundred million dollars—three dollars apiece for every man, woman, and child in America—to carry our commerce for us.

We are spending a king's ransom to connect the great highways of the seas at Panama. For what? To give Japan the honor of sending the first merchant ship through the canal, to complete her conquest of the Pacific; to allow Great Britain, France, and Germany the privilege of using this short cut to the Pacific to clinch their strangle-hold on American commerce.

Does this stir your blood? Does it thrill you with the joy of being a citizen of this great, progressive Republic? Does it occur to you that these are conditions which are worthy of this great land of ours? Does it seem patriotic—even good business—to allow ninety per cent. of our trade to be carried in foreign ships, retaining only a meager ten per cent. for ourselves?

Let us look at it a little closer. Last year while England and Germany were laying down the hulls of enormous trade-carrying ships, of which the *George Washington* is a type, we were transferring nearly the last of our American merchantmen—the *Kroonland* and the *Finland*—to a foreign company *because it cost too much to operate them*. During the same period not a single American ship was built to carry our foreign commerce. Only a short time before this the Oceanic Steamship Company of San Francisco cut off its mail service to ports in Australasia because, with its mail subsidy of not quite seventeen thousand dollars a voyage, it was unable to compete with the far bigger subsidies of mail-steamers carrying the flags of England, France, Germany, and Japan. To-day we have no direct communication through American-owned or American-built ships with the ports of South America beyond Panama and Venezuela, although our consular agents have pointed out time after time the trade advantages to the countries whose ships visit these southern ports and the possibilities which await the coming of ships under the American flag. And one of the most humiliating points of all is the fact that without the assistance and support of the colliers and auxiliary vessels of foreign nations our

entire fleet of magnificent battleships and cruisers would be no better than so many tons of scrap-iron. Without the aid of foreigners our navy would be powerless on the high seas. In the recent world-encircling voyage of the pick of our naval strength *not a single ton of coal was carried in an American bottom*. And yet, half a century and less ago America was mistress of the seas.

Never has there been a sharper contrast, a more humiliating decline in a nation's commercial prestige than is indicated in these plain facts. It is as if the British Parliament should pass an act levying a tax of three dollars apiece on every man, woman, and child in America; as if a combined council of the powers should decree that no American-owned or American-built ship should sail the Atlantic; as if Japan should banish our ships from the Pacific by formal decree, on the ground that it is already a Japanese lake and under her protection and control. Extraordinary propositions, are they not? If they were actually made in good faith by representatives of the foreign powers, what do you think we would do about it? Does it occur to you that we would allow them to be carried into effect without protest? Do you believe for a moment that our government would shirk a war to prove our independence, to show ourselves the equals or superiors of any naval or land power on earth, even if it drained the last penny from the treasury and made us a bankrupt nation? And yet, the facts are as I have stated them.

It was a great and prophetic day, that 4th of July, two centuries and a half ago, when the sturdy little sloop, *The Blessing of the Bay*, was launched in the town of Mistick. She was of only sixty tons burden, a pygmy compared with the dozens of pleasure-yachts in New York harbor to-day. But of all the several-thousand-ton pleasure-ships of our multimillionaires—the *Corsairs*, the *Nourmahals*, and the others—not one will begin to fill the place in history of this little sixty-tonner—the first merchantman built in America for American trade.

For more than two hundred years after the building of this sloop, shipyards multiplied along our coast. America easily led the world as a maritime power. Her people were a sturdy, seafaring race. Special privileges were extended to ship-builders, among them exemption from military duty. So great was the fame of American-built



Drawn by George Gibbs

THE INHUMAN TREATMENT OF SLAVES—TYING THEM TO BE THROWN OVERBOARD TO
PREVENT THE SHIP, WHEN OVERTAKEN BY A WAR-VESSEL, FROM
BEING TREATED AS A SLAVER



WITHIN A PERIOD SO RECENT AS THE COMPLETION OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE (1883) THE EAST RIVER WAS CROWDED WITH AMERICAN SHIPS TAKING CARGOES FOR ALL THE WORLD

ships in the days preceding the Revolutionary War that hardly a return voyage from an American port was completed without the sale of a ship to some foreign power. Before the year 1718 there was a fleet of nearly three hundred vessels owned in Massachusetts alone. We had even begun to build sloops of war and frigates for the British navy; although, even in those early years of our supremacy on the high seas, England inaugurated that policy of discrimination against American ships and shipping which has marked the history of her foreign trade up to the present moment, and which, to the everlasting ignominy of Americans, has made us to-day little better than a British colony.

Brimful of tragedy and the romance of the sea were those early years of sturdy struggle. In view of the vast development of our internal commerce during the last few decades, it is well to recall that in the early days the products of our sea trade furnished the basis of our national prosperity. The sea was the highway of communication between the colonies. The first training given to our young men was the training to handle a ship. So far as possible the homes of the early colonists were built near the water

with a shallop at the door. At first content with the rewards of coastwise fishing, it soon became apparent to our venturesome merchants and sailors that there were new commercial worlds to conquer, untold sources of wealth in trade with ports at far-distant corners of the globe. The languorous shores of the West Indies offered attractions which soon lured our merchantmen across the seas. It was profitable business to barter a catch of fish for a rich cargo of sugar. The foundation of many an American fortune of to-day was built on this "wealth of the Indies."

From coastwise fishing these early adventurers went after bigger game. Whaling gave new scope to their indomitable spirits. Nantucket and Cape Cod sent out hundreds of deep-sea fishermen, who followed their quarry from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Azores, up to the arctic circle and back again to the Brazil banks. When the Revolutionary War began there were about five thousand men engaged in this great industry.

But the spirit of adventure which animated these early seagoers caused many a dark chapter to be written in the annals of our young and growing merchant marine. It is not a pleasant chapter, for example, that tells the



THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN NOVEMBER, 1909, REVEALS NOT A SINGLE AMERICAN MERCHANTMAN. INSTEAD ARE FOREIGN-OWNED VESSELS IN THE PASSENGER-CARRYING TRADE

story of our early traffic in slaves. To-day we stand aghast at the inhuman tragedy of it all, but in those days the point of view was different. Slave-trading was considered entirely legitimate. It was merely a matter of business. The markets of the West Indies, the Canaries, and Madeira were supplied with fish, for which cargoes of sugar and molasses were brought back in exchange. It was only a step from this to the slave-trade, for it was a simple matter to prolong a voyage to the Canaries, stopping on the west coast of Africa for a cargo of slaves, which could be bought from the African chiefs for no other consideration than barrels of fiery and poisonous rum distilled from the molasses carried home on a previous voyage.

The inhuman treatment which was meted out by greedy captains to these poor wretches almost surpasses belief. They were considered not as human beings, but as a superior sort of cattle. They were stowed in rows between decks in a foul, ill-smelling hold and forced to lie packed together, often in spoon-fashion, and so endured the weeks or months of imprisonment during a voyage. It is told of one captain that he heard rumors that a number of the slaves on his ship were intend-

ing to rob him of the profits of his voyage by committing suicide. The lash, or even the blinding-iron, seemed not to deter them. So he decided to show them a drastic example. He brought them on deck one afternoon and in their presence beheaded one of them. The example, however, was hardly effective. As soon as the slaves saw what was happening, about half of them jumped overboard, taking the profits of the voyage into the sea.

In another instance a slave captain was pursued by a cruiser bent upon enforcing the law against slave-carrying. By the terms of the law it was necessary, in order to convict the captain of a slave-ship, to catch him with the evidence of his trade aboard. On this occasion the pursuit became hot. The captain saw that he was about to be overhauled. In order to avoid conviction he hit upon a scheme which, for refined cruelty, is without an equal in the history of a time brimming with inhuman incidents. He summoned his slaves on deck, tying them together in a row. One he bound to the anchor. Then, to make a clean job of it at one stroke, he attached the end of the rope to the anchor and threw it overboard. By the time the ship was overhauled, he was able to prove that he had no

Conquering the Seven Seas

slaves on board, and so he was immune from arrest and punishment.

Meanwhile a greater danger than pirates or the slave-trade or the perils of the sea threatened our growing commerce. From the beginning Great Britain had set out deliberately to ruin our shipping. Her theory—and one which she has not yet altogether abandoned—was that a colony was a gold-mine to be exploited. One of her first moves, after the brazen attempts of Lord North to ruin our fisheries, was to prohibit American vessels from taking part in trade with the West Indies. This occurred after the colonies had won their independence. It cut off at one blow trade amounting to nearly twenty million dollars a year. It mattered little to Great Britain that in seven years, from lack of supplies formerly furnished by American ships, fifteen thousand slaves in the West Indies died of starvation. That was merely a fortune of war. What Great Britain really believed was that the ministry had “now put the finishing stroke to the building and increase of American vessels.”

Then came another blow. British merchants were denied the privilege of buying vessels built in America. Then an Order in Council was passed restricting American products which could be lawfully imported into England in American ships to crude materials like pitch, tar, turpentine, indigo, masts, and bowsprits. But even this was not enough. It was decided that American ships could bring to England only the products of the states in which their owners lived. And as a final refinement of bitterness and hostility, it was proposed by Parliament, in all seriousness, that the British government should encourage, or certainly not attempt to check, the predatory attacks of the Barbary pirates upon American shipping, because “it would really be a blessing to Great Britain.” At this time Franklin wrote that London merchants had declared that “if there were no Algiers, it would be worth England’s while to build one.”

For a period of about six years, that is, from 1783 to 1789, we made little attempt to reply to this gross insolence. As yet the colonies had no established central government. The acts of retaliation by the separate states were haphazard and of little affect. But in the opening session of our first Congress a retaliatory law was passed which soon became world-famous. Its passage is one of the most important landmarks

in American history. *It meant the adoption of a definite policy to protect and foster the growth of a national merchant marine.* Today, that we have abandoned this policy and repudiated the action of the framers of the Constitution is one of the almost unbelievable blunders of Congress.

At first our legislators proceeded slowly. The law merely provided a drawback of ten per cent. on goods imported to America in ships built and owned by Americans. Later, certain advantages were given to American shipping in the Far East. For example, in the tea trade cargoes imported directly in American ships paid only half duty. American vessels engaged in the coastwise trade paid their duties once a year; foreign ships at each time of entry. Gradually the new policy of protection added other important discriminations to protect our shipping, one of the most effective of all being the exclusion of all but American ships from our coastwise trade. To our everlasting credit be it said that this is a policy to which we have rigorously adhered up to the present time.

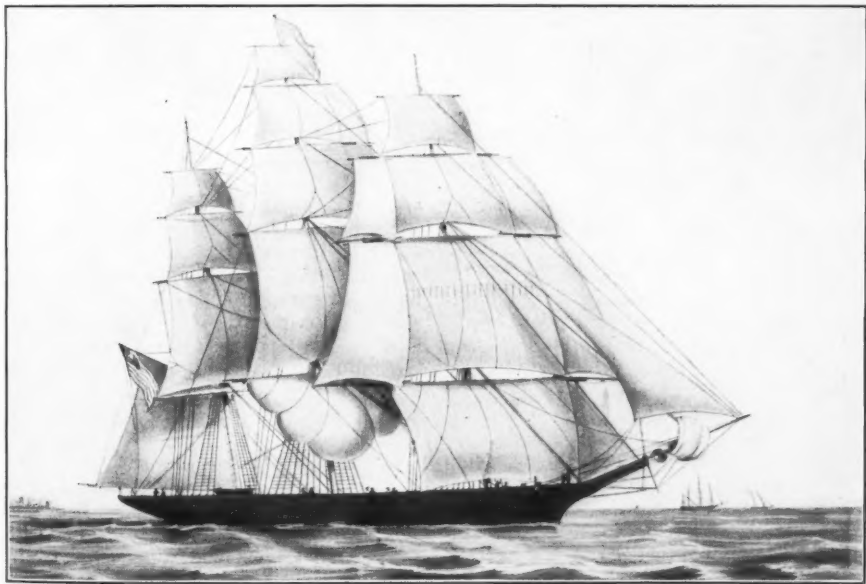
The result of this epoch-making legislation, including, between 1789 and 1828, more than fifty provisions advantageous to American shipping, was that during those years Americans were without rivals on the seas. In the ten years immediately following the first protective laws the growth of American shipping has no parallel in the history of the world of trade. In the beginning England was carrying nearly all our foreign commerce. She had a fleet of ships nearly equal to our own. Within ten years she carried less than twenty thousand tons of our shipping, and the American fleet had grown to more than half a million tons registered for foreign commerce. These were the golden years of the American merchant marine. Trade was stimulated to an unprecedented extent. To this era belonged the celebrated cruises of the *Columbia*, which, commanded by one of the lieutenants of the famous Captain Cook, made a voyage of trade and exploration to the extreme Northwest, discovering the Columbia River and giving the United States its rightful claim to the state of Oregon and the vast territory it then comprised. It was the era of the magnificent but ill-starred voyage to Java and China of the *Massachusetts*, then the largest merchantman ever built in America. It was the era of the exploration voyage of the good brig *Hope*, a vessel hardly bigger than a modern ocean-

going tug, but sea-worthy enough to clear the Northwest coast and China and to discover for America two islands, Washington and Adams, in the south Pacific seas. Our ships swarmed the far-distant ports of China, the East and West Indies, and the ports of the Pacific, carrying our trade to the farthest ends of the earth.

Risks and perils there were in plenty to be met and overcome by these indomitable pioneers of the seas. For many years the Dey of Algiers, the redoubtable pirate of the Mediterranean, had preyed upon the shipping of France and England; and now, learning that a new maritime power had suddenly sprung into existence, he determined to take his toll. One of his first exploits against American shipping was the capture of the schooner *Maria*, which sailed from Boston to the Mediterranean. Closely following came the capture of the *Dauphin*, commanded by Capt. Richard O'Brien, of Philadelphia. The crews of these two ships, numbering about twenty, were thrown into prison and held for ransom. But, curiously enough, it was not until a dozen vessels more, with crews aggregating more than a hundred men, had been captured that the American government decided to take action. And

this action, viewed in contrast with the splendid policy adopted by the first Congress, was one of the most disgraceful and shameful acts of cowardice in the whole range of our history. In order to appease the blood-thirsty dey and to secure our ships against his ravages, we entered into a treaty with him, by the terms of which we agreed to *pay a tribute of more than a million dollars in cash and presents*. It remained for the brave Decatur, Preble, and Rodgers to wage war against these Barbary pirates, and to make the sea, and especially the Mediterranean, safe for American ships.

The exploits of these sturdy sailors are too well known to need retelling in detail. They embodied again in their heroic adventures the real tradition and glory of the American fighting man. It was Decatur who, in some of the most bloody naval encounters in our history, where the daring and bravery of the hand-to-hand fighter often came into play, struck the first real blows at the piratical powers of the lawless Barbary states. He, Preble, and Rodgers were invincible. The story is told of Commodore Preble that, arriving with his flag-ship in the waters of the Mediterranean, he met a strange ship in the Strait of Gibraltar. An evasive answer



THE AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, *WITCH OF THE WAVE*, A TYPE OF SAILING-VESSEL IN ITS PRIME BETWEEN 1840 AND 1855, AT WHICH TIME AMERICAN-BUILT SHIPS WERE WITHOUT RIVALS ON THE SEAS

Conquering the Seven Seas

was given to Preble's hail, and finding that the ship was maneuvering for position, he shouted:

"I hail you for the last time. If you don't answer I'll fire into you. What ship is that?"

The reply came back: "His Britannic Majesty's eighty-four-gun ship of the line *Donegal*. Send a boat on board."

Preble was not the man to flinch. He replied: "This is the United States forty-four-gun ship *Constitution*, Captain Edward Preble, and I'll be damned if I send a boat on board any ship. Blow your matches, boys."

After standing by the strange ship all night, Preble found that it was not the *Donegal*, but the British frigate *Maidstone*, which had tried to escape by the strategic use of the name of another ship. It was not long after this that Preble steered directly into the harbor of Tripoli, and after several months' bombardment succeeded in reducing the pirates to submission. Following these exploits American shipping in the Mediterranean was little hampered, until, at the beginning of the War of 1812, Great Britain was again offered the opportunity to harass our shipping through the assistance of these fly-by-night Barbary pirates.

Meanwhile Napoleon was sweeping like a cyclone over Europe. The French, who had formerly been our allies, now became jealous and greedy of our increasing power on the sea. On the pretext that our vessels were trading in British ports, they were seized in all parts of the world. In 1794 a list was published of about forty vessels which had been captured by French frigates and privateers and held for confiscation by the French government. As a result of these high-handed proceedings there came about one of our most bitter struggles for the preservation of our merchant marine. The action between the *Constellation* and the French frigate *Vengeance*, on February 2, 1800, was one of the bloodiest in our naval history. But the victory was ours, and before the end of the war, France had lost to us eighty-five armed vessels, with more than five hundred guns. The war was concluded on February 3, 1801, and for the first time we stood before the world as a naval power to be reckoned with.

At the same time England continued her humiliating and destructive tactics. She impressed to service seamen from our ships wherever they were found. She sent two frigates, the *Cambrian* and the *Leander*, to

blockade the port of New York and to prey upon American ships which attempted to enter or leave the harbor. Under Napoleon's influence, she even went so far as to issue an Order in Council, proclaiming that "no vessels shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, both of which ports shall belong to, or be in the possession of, France or her allies." As Napoleon at this time was in complete control of Europe, with the exception of Sweden, this meant that *American ships were absolutely barred from European carrying*.

It was a terrific body-blow at our commerce. But it was only after the killing of a Yankee sailor by a shot from the blockading frigate *Leander* in New York harbor, and the consequent popular demonstration against England, that Congress was moved to pass an act of relief. This took the form of an embargo on American shipping. American merchantmen were forbidden to leave port. The result was almost instant paralysis. The act was passed in 1807. In 1808 our foreign commerce fell off nearly two hundred million dollars. Ships were put out of commission, sailors thrown out of work. New York was like a city of pestilence. There was only one possible result—war. The actual declaration came on June 18, 1812. It was our second war of independence—the independence of our merchant marine on the high seas.

It was in this war that the tremendous value of a merchant marine as an auxiliary to a navy was first brought home clearly to the American people. We started out with only a smallest fraction of the power of Great Britain's navy. We had not one vessel of first-class power or size. Our entire fighting strength numbered seventeen vessels, of which there were a scant half-dozen serviceable frigates. This weakling navy manned crews aggregating a total of about five thousand and mounted less than four hundred and fifty guns. Great Britain had more than a thousand ships, twenty-seven thousand guns, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand seamen. But here came a time, if ever in our history, when the glorious traditions of the service were fulfilled. The hostility of the foreign powers, the acts of impressment and search, and the dangers of piracy and confiscation had taught American merchants the lesson of arming their ships. The adventurous sailors who had enlisted and secured their training on merchantmen, whalers, or slave-traders, now furnished war crews aggre-



Drawn by J. D. Gleason

FREEDOM OF TRADE CAME ONLY AFTER BLOODY YEARS. DECATUR COMPELLING
RESPECT FOR THE AMERICAN FLAG FROM THE FREEBOOTERS OF THE SEA

Conquering the Seven Seas

gating nearly fifty thousand men. The audacity of these privateers was hardly less astonishing than their numbers. They swarmed the coasts of America and Europe, taking altogether thirteen hundred prizes, five times as many as were taken by the regular warships.

The stories of some of the single-ship fights which occurred during this war form one of the most thrilling and romantic chapters in a naval history full of such deeds. The fights between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, the *Wasp* and the *Frolic* and *Reindeer*, and the wonderful exploits of the *Essex* are some of the imperishable incidents in American annals. In these fights it was shown conclusively that the long years of training on the seas had not only provided a fleet of ships which could hold its own with fleets of superior numbers, but that the American seaman was the most able and daring fighter in the world. Moreover, it was the custom of British apologists shortly after the war to account for their defeats by saying that many of their ships were old and unseaworthy.

That this view was absolutely false was shown in the world-famous contest between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. A few months before the fight took place, Captain Dacres, of the *Guerrière*, said of his own ship that "she'd take an antagonist in half the time the *Shannon* could," and the *Shannon* was notoriously one of the best frigates in the British service. On another occasion this same Captain Dacres wrote a challenge on the register of the American brig *John Adams*, which was captured by him, saying, "Captain Dacres, Commander of his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Guerrière*, presents his compliments to Captain Rodgers of the United States frigate *President* [sister ship to the *Constitution*] and will be very happy to meet him, or any other frigate of equal force to the *President*, off Sandy Hook for the purpose of having a social tête-à-tête."

A few days before the actual contest took place the *Guerrière* captured the American brig *Betsey*, Captain Orne, who was aboard the *Guerrière* when the *Constitution* was sighted. Captain Dacres remarked that "she [the *Constitution*] comes down too boldly for an American frigate, but the better she behaves the more honor we shall gain in taking her."

The *Guerrière* and the *Constitution* came together late one afternoon off Halifax. For a time neither could secure the advantage of position. Each tried to outmaneuver the other, and to come to a situation where she could rake the enemy. But neither was successful, until the *Guerrière*, taking advantage of a temporary gain in position, sent off a broadside. It wrought little damage. The American crew held their fire; but finally, at their first broadside, sent a twenty-four-pound shot through the mizzenmast of the *Guerrière*. It struck a few feet above the deck, the pressure of sails bringing the mast down with a crash, the whole rigging falling over the quarter until it dragged in the water, jabbing a large rent in the starboard counter. This, as it proved, was really the decisive shot of the battle, although the surrender came after more than an hour of sharp fighting.

After an exchange of broadsides the two vessels came together, the jibboom of the *Guerrière* swinging over the quarter-deck of the *Constitution*. The Americans, armed with cutlasses, boarding-pikes, pistols, and muskets, awaited the attempt of the British seamen to swarm the *Constitution's* decks. In each of her tops a sharpshooter, his guns loaded by six companions, picked off members of the *Guerrière's* crew. On our side Lieutenant Morris and First Lieutenant of Marines Bush were wounded by the enemy's fire, the latter dying almost immediately. Presently the colors of the *Constitution* were taken away by a gun-shot, but were lashed again to the mast by one of the brave men of the crew. Finally, after about two hours of fighting, the ships fell away. As they did so the bowsprit of the *Guerrière* struck with a crash the *Constitution's* taffrail. It was a fatal moment. The *Guerrière's* foremast crossed her mainstays, weakening the mainmast and sending masts, yards, and rigging into the sea. After that it was only a few minutes until Lieutenant Read boarded the *Guerrière*, finding her "a perfect wreck," rolling in the trough of the sea.

It was a splendid victory in a war replete with thrilling victories—a war fought not for conquest, but for American independence on the high seas and the protection of foreign trade; and yet a war which could not have been won without the cooperation and assistance of the ships and sailors of our merchant marine.

In the March issue of the Cosmopolitan Mr. Nixon will trace the story of our merchant marine up to the present time, showing the steps which have led to the disgraceful sale of our nation's richest birthright.



Sealed Orders

THE HABIT OF OBEDIENCE THAT LED TO DEATH

By Ralph D. Paine

Author of "The Praying Skipper, and Other Stories," etc.

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

BUT this Captain Hanson of yours impresses me as a wooden-headed, slow-witted kind of a brute, whereas it seems to me you need a man of dash and resourcefulness," argued the visitor.



"You will have to leave this end of it to me," emphatically answered the managing owner of the shipping firm. "I am risking my steamer, and she is worth a good deal more than your cargo.

Most voyages of this kind have been bungled before sailing because the people on board could not keep their mouths shut. Your dashing shipmaster be hanged! I *know* Capt. Eli Hanson."

"I suppose I must take your word for it," the other man reluctantly assented. "But will he undertake the—er—that is, will he do as he is told?"

"He will obey orders if they take him to hell and beyond," and the managing owner's tones were final. "And he will ask no

questions." Picking up from his desk a long, stout envelope, he glanced over the several sheets contained therein and resumed with an air of easy confidence in his purpose:

"Do you care to look over the documents? It may be playing it pretty low on him to send him to sea in this kind of style, but business is business, and I take no chances of a slip before he leaves port."

The agent, whose chief concern was for the safety of the cargo, read with scowling disapproval as if the plan appealed to him as quixotic and untrustworthy; but before he could voice more objections the managing owner opened the door and called out:

"Come in, Captain Hanson. We are ready for you."

A thick-set man with a very red face rose from a chair in the outer office and moved with heavy, diffident tread. Nodding respectfully, he faced his employer, hat in hand. His shore-going clothes of solemn black were minutely wrinkled as if they had been hauled out after long disuse at sea, nor

had they been shaped to fit this square, deep-chested seafarer. Commonplace and awkward he might have appeared to an unobservant landsman, but the managing owner was satisfied with his scrutiny as he said:

"Cargo all stowed and the vessel cleared for Colon, direct, I understand, Captain Hanson. Crew aboard and sober?"

"Yes, sir. I have a fairly good crew. Anything more?" gravely answered the ship-master as one whose conversations were habitually brief.

The managing owner closed the long envelope, smeared its back with sealing wax, and said with a matter-of-fact manner:

"Here are your supplementary orders, Captain. You will not open them until you are passing the Delaware Capes. Then you will proceed to carry them out absolutely. I think that is all. Good luck to you. You will sail at noon to-day."

Carefully stowing the envelope in an inside pocket, Capt. Eli Hanson muttered a word or two of farewell and clumped into the outer hall while the agent somewhat contritely observed:

"And he never asked a question! But I should like to see him when he reads those sealed orders."

"He won't even blink," was the confident rejoinder. "And I would bet you his ship against a cigar that he doesn't open that envelope one minute before the proper time. Men of that breed are hard to find, but they are worth their weight in gold to those who know how to handle them."

A few hours later the twin-screw freight-steamer *Corsica* was dropping Sandy Hook astern as she bucked into a heavy head sea that broke green over her lunging bow and drove in sheets of spray across her bridge. Encased in yellow oilskins, Capt. Eli Hanson clung to the rail and chewed a brine-soaked cigar while he eyed the ugly weather and wasted no words in needless talk with his first mate. By midnight the wind and sea were so menacing that the *Corsica* was steaming at no more than half speed to ease the racking strain on hull and engines. It may have occurred to Captain Hanson that he would be delayed in passing the Delaware Capes, but his bump of curiosity was so notably deficient that the surprising novelty of sealed orders inspired no outward sign of impatience. Twelve hours passed before the diminishing gale permitted him to pick up headway, and the *Corsica* was con-

siderably battered and shaken as she crashed through the swollen, troubled swells.

When at length Captain Hanson had convinced himself that his vessel was fairly abreast of Cape Henlopen light, he locked the doors of his room, drew the curtains across the ports, and methodically ripped open the managing owner's envelope, which had been hidden in a bureau drawer. Tilting back his chair, he perused the first sheet that came to hand, nor did his weather-beaten features express any other emotion than conscientious interest as he read with moving lips:

You will land your cargo at the mouth of the Rio Sabana midway between Cartagena and Baranquilla on the north coast of Venezuela. The insurgent general Rafael Portuando will be waiting for the *Corsica*, and when off shore you will exchange signals with him as per enclosed memorandum. You will be careful to see that he checks off the manifest and gives you a receipt for safe delivery. You are expected to keep your crew up to their work and are authorized to promise them double wages for the voyage. You will, of course, receive a very handsome bonus if the cargo is successfully landed. While we do not wish you to endanger the ship or her people, yet every reasonable effort must be made to achieve results. Destroy these orders without fail.

Capt. Eli Hanson grunted, gazed reflectively into space, and examined an annotated copy of the manifest which seemed to cause him a flicker of amusement. The tabulation began in this wise:

300 cases marked canned beef contain rifle cartridges.

250 cases marked hams & shoulders contain rifle cartridges.

176 bbls. marked bottle beer contain rifle cartridges.

118 cases marked farm implements contain Mauser rifles.

294 pkgs. marked castings contain Mauser rifles.

The skipper glanced no farther down the long list, but slowly rose, took a turn across the cabin and back, and, standing with his stout legs well braced to meet the roll of the ship, observed to himself in a tone of mild surprise:

"Why didn't they trust me far enough to tell me all this in port? It doesn't seem quite like a square deal to me and my men. Of course I shall have to see it through."

Presently he summoned the chief engineer, a burly German viking, who came in all reeking and grimy, a raw burn which seared his cheek showing how the gale had flung him against a steam-pipe.

"I have known you for a long time, Zimmer," the captain began. "You will keep this to yourself for the present. Our general cargo for Colon has turned out to be a fake. I couldn't tell you ashore, for I took sealed orders. We are to land arms and such truck to the Venezuelan rebels. It is ticklish business sometimes, so I have heard, and you have half a dozen children while I have nobody at home but my wife. I feel as if I ought to explain how the thing happened. You don't blame me for giving you no warning, do you?"

This unusually intimate appeal surprised Zimmer, but there was naught of perturbation in his manner as he threw back his head and laughed. "I haf noddings but pirates und hell-schrapin's below dis woy-age, Captain. Dey vill quicker fight dan eat. Sealed orders, eh? It iss a joke on you, so? Oh, it iss a big joke. I vill keep mum.

But my engines vas shook up bad in dot verdammt gale o' wind, und the *Corsica* vas in no shape to run away from blockadin' wessels. It iss a comblication."

"Keep her moving somehow. I mean to land my cargo, Zimmer. I don't know how the deck force will take it. It will be time enough to tell them when we get in southern waters. You may go now."

"Then you iss ready a council of war to

hold, gif me notice," concluded the doughty chief. "If we can't run so fast, maybe we can fight a little. Most of dem Sout' American gunboats vat I haf seen we can lick mit popguns."

After poring over the manifest the captain rummaged in the stifling holds until he had discovered rifles, revolvers, and ammunition that could be hastily broken out in

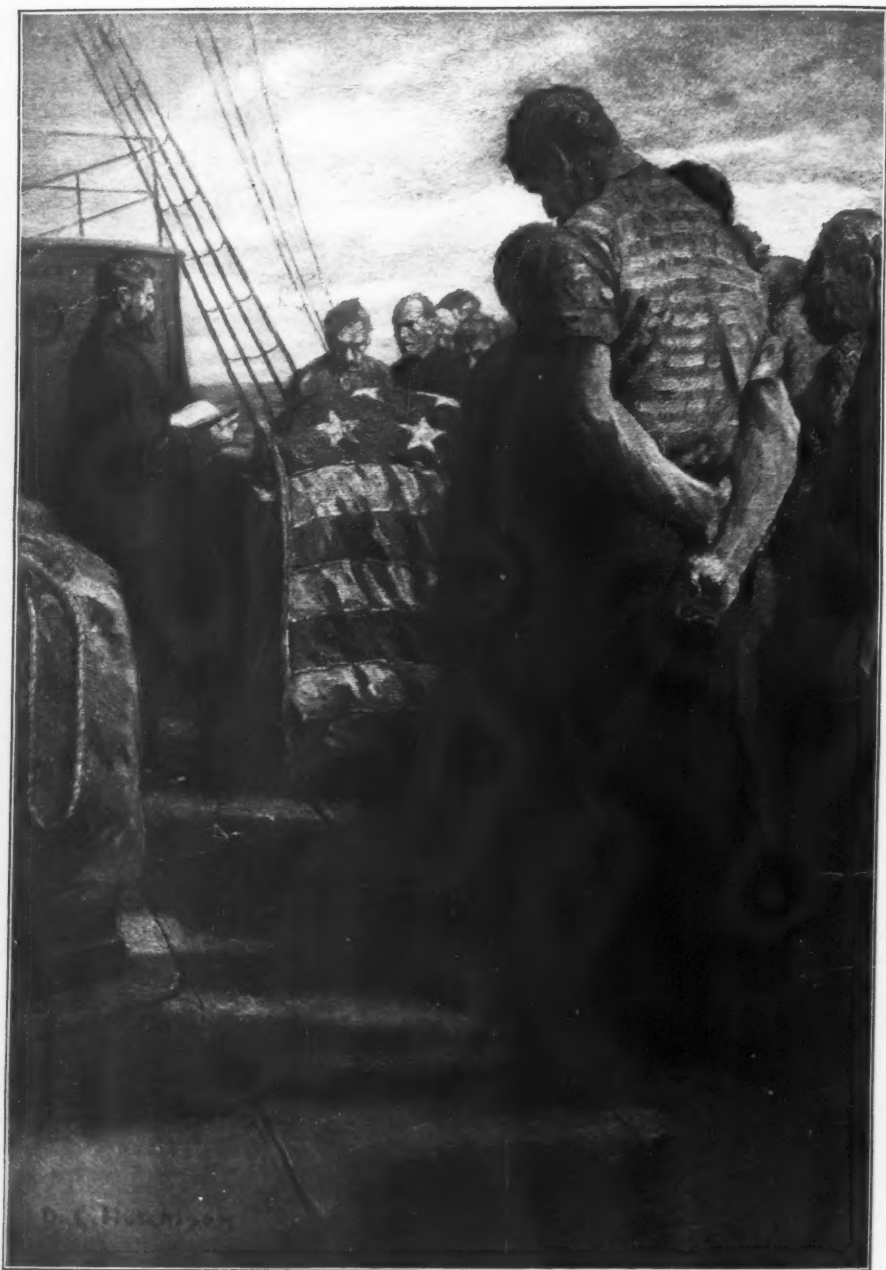
case of need. Having taken this precaution against mutiny or other incidents of a tumultuous nature, he overhauled his charts, marked his landing-place with a penciled cross, and resumed his routine duties. His prosaic, unimaginative soul perceived nothing heroic or romantic in this adventure so unexpectedly thrust upon him. He intended to land his cargo at a certain Rio Sabana, and it made no particular difference whether it consisted of canned goods or cartridges.



"WHEN YOU ISS READY A COUNCIL OF WAR TO HOLD, GIF ME NOTICE," SAID THE DOUGHTY CHIEF ENGINEER.

"IF WE CAN'T RUN SO FAST, MAYBE WE CAN FIGHT A LITTLE"

Day after day the *Corsica* steamed southward, unnoticed, unpursued, until the tropic sun scorched her decks and the half-naked, panting stokers crawled up from the fire-room to sluice each other with pails of water and sprawl under the awning like dead men. The time came when the course of the steamer must be shifted from the track to Colon, and the mates could no longer be hoodwinked. Capt. Eli Hanson



Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson

IN A VIBRANT, RESONANT VOICE HE READ THE EPITAPH OF CAPT. ELI HANSON: "I HAVE
FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT. I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE. I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH"

told them in a few words. Middleton, the first officer, said without hesitation,

"I will stand by you, sir."

The captain nodded approval of the clean-built, alert young Yankee, but turned to glower at the second mate, who had paled and cried out nervously:

"But I did not sign for this, sir. Those beggars will shoot us on sight if we happen to get overhauled off the coast. I—I—" he gulped, turned red, and was about to protest more earnestly when Captain Hanson cut him short:

"Enough for you. I can't force you to turn outlaw, but I guess you had better be a passenger for the rest of the voyage."

There were tears in the eyes of the degraded mate as he stammeringly begged a hearing, but the skipper had turned his broad back and was saying to his first officer:

"Mr. Middleton, muster your men. Fetch all hands forward."

Seamen, stewards, and cooks, a motley crew of Americans, Irish, negroes, and Scandinavians, straggled forward to the well-deck, and stared up at the stocky, impassive figure of their commander, who wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and asked,

"How many of you men will risk your necks for double wages when you are paid off?"

"Here, sir," "Aye, aye," "You bet," "Ya, dot's me," was the roaring chorus, followed by the feeble interrogations of the dissenters: "What for?" "Where to?" "You've got to show me."

"I can't see that it is any of your damn business," quietly retorted Captain Eli. "You are outnumbered. Mr. Middleton, give those kickers five minutes to change their minds. If they are still sulky, lock 'em up. That will do."

"I haf passed the vord to my pirates," bellowed Zimmer in the captain's ear, "und dey vas all joyful but t'ree, und the udders beat 'em up mit slice-bars before I could stop 'em." His voice fell to a hoarse whisper as he confided: "I hope it iss not chased by men-of-war we vill be. My engines iss yet pretty sick und vill not stand too much excitement."

"Well, I figure on putting this stuff ashore, Zimmer. Understand? I shall try to land in a couple of days."

Discussing the astonishing fragment of news in rather dazed fashion, the men re-

turned to their stations. With another captain there might have been violent rebellion, but Capt. Eli Hanson's summary method of dealing with the faint hearted had smothered the opinions of the mob on the instant. Soon the word filtered to forecabin and galley that the *Corsica* was bent on running the Venezuelan blockade, and the Irish boatswain focused the situation in a few fiery words:

"If th' old man had sprung it on ye afore sailin', none of ye 'u'd be here now. barrin' meself. An' if ye was not here, y'd lose th' reward of y'r bravery, me buckoes. 'Tis a rare chance, an' if y're wise ye will look happy an' take y'r medicine, because ye can't do annything else. Can ye now?"

With no more flurry than this the *Corsica* of blameless repute was transformed into a filibuster, breaking the laws of her own nation and defying the flag of a foreign power. As for her captain, his conversation at the saloon table continued to be of the scantiest, and in his leisure hours he read many copies of *The Weekly Home and Fireside*, a bundle of which had been sent on board by the Seaman's Friend Society. At length he verified his position by painstaking computations in the chart-room, and the *Corsica* began to run straight toward the coast until a broken line of mountains loomed vague and misty against the dazzling horizon. A little later the captain was able to descry a ragged pass or notch through which he assumed the Rio Sabana found an outlet to the sea. Down the speaking-tube he exhorted Zimmer to crack on speed, and the rumbling response assured him that the vessel was being crowded for all she could stand. The sapphire sea was clear of smoke or sail. The problem of landing appeared ludicrously simple. Captain Hanson stumped to and fro on the bridge, his red face puckered in fine wrinkles as he squinted at the outline of the little land-locked bay which he knew to be his destination. His daylight signals, a black ball at the foremast head, a strip of white bunting at the main, were ready for display. The curious seamen bustled about their tasks or toyed with the rifles that had been served out to them, grinning and chaffing one another. Never, they swore, had double wages been so easily earned.

Rounded hills lush with verdure and bright ribbons of beach were discernible as the steamer slackened speed and crept cau-

tiously toward the bay, a leadsman sounding frequently lest she fetch up on an uncharted reef. Beside the open hatches the donkey-engines hissed and clanked as the derrick whips were rigged and tested ready for tumbling the cargo overside in hot haste. Soon a troop of cavalry, bobbing in and out of the foliage like so many dots, was seen to scamper into the open and move along the seaward beach. Faintly there was borne to the steamer the report of a small field-piece, once, twice, thrice. Captain Hanson jerked out his watch. The signal-gun was being fired at thirty-second intervals as prearranged. Resting the ship's telescope upon the rail, he saw a white flag climb to the crested tuft of a tall and solitary palm. Gen. Rafael Portuando was waiting for him, and the coast was clear.

Hurrying from the bridge to be certain that the ship's boats were ready to be lowered without bungling, the captain had no more than gained the deck when the first mate yelled and pointed to the eastward. Out from behind a jutting headland, less than two miles distant, dashed a white gunboat, appearing as from ambush. The sunlight winked in tiny sparks from her brass-work and armament, and her low funnel eddied a long streamer of black smoke. Hugging the coast and dodging behind a sheltering promontory at the first glimpse of the towering *Corsica*, the venomous craft had been concealed until ready to strike.

"I don't like her looks," said Captain Hanson. "The rebels must have kept an awful careless lookout or they would have warned us off."

"What are you going to do about it?" cried Middleton in wild excitement. "She belongs to the Venezuelan navy, all right, and we are caught with the goods on."

"Going to land my cargo, Mr. Middleton."

"Shall I keep her going for the bay, sir?"

"No, stop her. No sense in letting that gunboat bottle us up in that pocket of a bay. We'd never get out."

From the deck arose a tumult of frightened cries as the crew of the *Corsica* ran this way and that. Captain Hanson pulled a large revolver from inside his shirt and said severely:

"Keep quiet, down there. Don't holler before you are hit. You'd better leave all this to me."

The panic ceased. The skipper called down the tube to Zimmer:

"We are in a kind of a mess. A hostile steamer is coming up fast from the east'ard, and we can't outrun her. Watch out for my orders, understand? And jump at the word."

"As I haf remarked already, dis wessel iss in no shape to be chased, but I vill do my best," was the muffled reply. "Air-ships vas handier for dis buccaneer business, I t'ink."

The captain stolidly watched the approaching gunboat as if he knew not what to do. Middleton mopped his sweating face and exclaimed unsteadily:

"My God, sir, those black-and-tan ruffians will sink us and give no quarter. Better beach the ship and take to the woods. The rebels will give us shelter in their camp."

The skipper paid him no heed whatever. The threatening craft was tearing toward the *Corsica* at surprising speed. A ball of white smoke puffed from her bow, and a shell plopped into the sea a few hundred feet ahead of the freighter.

"I am hove to, if that is what you mean," murmured Capt. Eli Hanson.

Almost motionless upon a windless sea, the *Corsica* appeared to be awaiting capture without attempting to fight or flee. The gunboat was so near that her swarthy, white-clad crew could be seen clustered at their guns. As if puzzled by the supine behavior of the filibuster, they fired no more shells, and their vessel eased her headlong gait. The decks of the *Corsica* had become curiously silent. The seamen could not realize that fatal disaster was so close at hand. A negro cook raised the only audible voice. He was upon his knees, whimpering prayers, for he had seen the bloody aftermath of a revolution on the coast of Honduras.

"We are caught red-handed," suddenly shouted Middleton in an uncontrollable outburst of shame and terror. "Are you going to let us die like so many rats?"

"You talk too much," reproved Captain Hanson. "I shall have to disrate you, too, if you are not careful."

The trim gunboat was swinging to bring her broadside to bear on the *Corsica*, and her men were crowding to the boats as if an armed force was to be sent to take possession of the prize. Captain Hanson raised his glasses and stared long and hard at a stalwart figure conspicuous upon the low bridge of the Venezuelan war-vessel. The big, ruddy, domineering man clad in white

duck and gold braid was obviously the commander. The captain of the *Corsica* meditatively rubbed his sunburned nose, stepped outside the wheel-house, and swung one arm in an awkward gesture of surprise as he said to himself:

"I thought a white man must be in command of that smart steamer. Um-m. I'd know *him* anywhere in any kind of clothes. Well, if this don't beat the Dutch!"

The commander of the gunboat was gazing no less earnestly at the bridge of the *Corsica*, where Captain Hanson leaned with his elbows on the rail. The naval officer was the more emotional of the two, for suddenly he flung up his arms, danced excitedly, and roared in accents of the most profound amazement:

"Steamer ahoy! That can't be you, Eli! Are you the master?"

"How are you, Frank?" sang out Captain Hanson. "I kind of lost track of you for several years. You look as if you had done pretty well for yourself."

As if the situation demanded a word of explanation, Captain Eli turned to his first mate and vouchsafed,

"My only brother, and a mighty obstinate cuss he always was."

As for Commander Frank Hanson, of the Venezuelan navy, he could find no words to fit the tragic dilemma. His officers had surrounded him with agitated gestures, and the clatter of their questions, as volleyed in Spanish, carried to the silent decks of the *Corsica*. Fiercely sweeping them aside, he gazed at his prize with an aspect of moody perplexity until the strong, steady voice of his brother came across the intervening sea:

"Well, Frank, what do you intend to do about it? I'd hate to see you go back on your plain duty, even to oblige me."

"I shall have to take your ship and cargo, Eli," was the reply. "But no harm shall come to you or your men, so help me God!"

One or two of his officers, understanding enough English to catch the drift of this assurance, cried out angrily, and Captain Eli called back rather impatiently:

"Don't get yourself into trouble with your owners, Frank. We have not asked you for pardons, not yet. I am here to land my cargo—at least, that is my intention."

"For the love of Heaven, don't try to run," cried his brother, "or I shall have to open fire! I know how stubborn you are, Eli, but you have played your game and lost."

"No more stubborn than you, and never was," and the tones of Captain Eli were slightly aggrieved. "I obey orders. So do you."

The *Corsica*, her high sides showing more surface to the awakening breeze, had drifted ahead and was swinging slightly toward the gunboat. Capt. Eli Hanson shrugged his solid shoulders as if further argument were hopelessly futile. Then with a wistful, kindly glance at his dashing brother, he stepped quickly into the wheel-house and called down to the waiting chief engineer:

"Full speed ahead with your starboard screw. Full speed astern with your port screw. Give it to her. And all hands hold on tight; it will be the devil of a bump."

Suddenly churning the sea into boiling foam, the *Corsica* wheeled as on a pivot, turning almost in her own length. Her onset was so desperate, so incredible, that the commander of the gunboat lost precious seconds of time before he could rally his wits and leap to his signal-indicator. A panicky lieutenant had already grasped the handle and thrown it over to "full speed astern." With a thundering Spanish oath the commander knocked him down and changed the order to "full speed ahead." Because of this dire confusion of signals the imperiled gunboat had no more than begun to forge ahead than the tall prow of the *Corsica* sheered sharply to cut athwart the course of her flight. Her commander was bellowing orders and driving the gunners back to their posts with the flat of his cutlass. A scattering rifle-fire pelted them from the deck of the *Corsica*, and two or three fell.

The tragedy happened very swiftly. A battering-ram of tremendous weight and momentum, the freight-steamer smote the gunboat almost amidships and crumpled her thin steel plates like so much pasteboard. The destroyer backed slowly away as if to ram again, but her work was done. The shattered gunboat was sinking, and presently her boilers exploded with a stunning detonation. A few minutes later where she had been was a steaming, agitated patch of ocean covered with wreckage and struggling seamen.

Turning to Capt. Eli Hanson for orders, the first mate noticed that his face was gray and old and that he was leaning heavily against the wheel. He nodded, swayed away from his support, and staggered to the

cushioned transom, upon which he fell and gasped with difficulty:

"Lower boats. And be particular to pick up my brother. He jumped before we struck her, and he can swim like a duck."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Middleton, and sang out the order to the acting second mate. "What is wrong with you, Captain? Are you hurt?"

"One of those black-and-tans plugged me with a rifle," muttered the skipper. "I am hard hit, I guess. It wasn't Frank's fault. He wouldn't ha' done it a-purpose."

"Let me get your shirt off," implored the mate. "Maybe our boats will fish up a surgeon. By George, you are drilled through the chest. Here, I must bandage it somehow."

"All right, but don't you forget that I intend to land my cargo," feebly asserted Captain Eli.

A little later a fine figure of a man in a dripping uniform was led forward to the captain's room. Middleton surveyed him with an air of bewilderment. The likeness was unmistakable, although the naval officer carried himself with a touch of assertive bravado, and his more mobile features betrayed his poignant emotions of chagrin, sorrow, and anger. Striding to the bunk, he caught up the limp hand of the captain of the *Corsica* and cried:

"It was a chance shot by one of my men. Thank God, my surgeon was saved. He will be here in a jiffy. Why didn't you wait a little longer? We could have made some kind of terms and——"

"You're lying, Frank," murmured Captain Eli, and his gaze was stern. "You and I fought each other as boys, and they always had to pry us apart, for neither would give in. You'd ha' done your duty to-day just as I did mine—to a finish. It's the Hanson blood. Surprised you some, didn't I? I'm tired and short winded and I feel queer. Guess I'd better rest. Lose many of your people?"

"Most of them jumped in time. There isn't another man afloat that would have dared to ram me as you did."

The surgeon hurried in, shrilly lamenting his misfortunes, and the mate ransacked a cupboard to find the kit of instruments kept for emergency use on shipboard. At sight of the probes and the litter of lint and gauze, the questioning eyes of Captain Eli turned to his brother, and a fluttering gesture

beckoned him closer. Capt. Frank Hanson, adventurer and sea-rover, sat down upon the edge of the bunk, and his resolute mouth twitched and his eyes were wet as his brother told him:

"The bullet went clear through me, bulk-heads and all, Frank. I guess this is my last voyage. See here, I am sort of worried about you. What will those rebels ashore yonder do to you?"

"Don't bother yourself about me, Eli. A drumhead court-martial and a firing-squad in the morning for me and my men, if you have to know. It is give and take down this way."

The face of the wounded man clouded with perplexity. His straight line of duty had suddenly become tortuous. Even now, however, the noble simplicity of his purpose could not be turned aside, and holding fast to his brother's hand he reaffirmed,

"I am obliged to carry out my sealed orders, Frank."

"Right you are, Eli. I don't want to interfere. I lose either way. My government will shoot me for losing my gunboat to an unarmed freight-steamer. Tell your mate to steam in to his anchorage and break out the cargo."

"This is awkward than ever, isn't it?" whispered the master of the *Corsica*. "Here, Mr. Middleton, you make this rebel general Portuando swear on a Bible that he will not try to take the crew of the gunboat off my vessel. This is American territory, and there are guns enough aboard to keep it so."

After the *Corsica* had moved slowly in to the mouth of the Rio Sabana, Middleton was rowed ashore to confer with the insurgent leader and his staff. They had beheld the spectacular sea-fight and clamorously demanded the prisoners. The youthful mate delivered his ultimatum with savage earnestness and would have no argument. The general yielded with poor grace, and squads of his ragged soldiery were carried out to the *Corsica*, whose seamen disarmed them as they swarmed up the sides and fell to tumbling the heavy packing-cases into the boats.

All through the moonlit night the boats splashed in deep-laden procession to the beach, but the captain of the *Corsica* heard them not. His disordered mind was dwelling in the New England village that his boyhood had known. For a long time his brother sat beside him and marveled that

peace and happiness seemed to be attending upon these last hours. Sunlight again flooded through the cabin ports and open doors when Capt. Eli Hanson came back to himself and appeared to be listening intently. Reading his thoughts, Captain Frank bent over him and said:

"Cargo all landed and checked off, and the mate has the general's receipt. As soon as a few repairs can be made, you will be ready to sail."

"Was she hurt much, Frank?"

"Bow plates stove up some, but she will go home all right. Any orders, Eli?"

"Land your own men at Trinidad, but I want you to take the ship home. Is it all square for you to quit your berth down here?"

"All square. You knocked me clean out of it."

Capt. Eli Hanson rallied as if there was something more that must not be left unsaid. "It wasn't your fault, Frank—I mean about my getting shot this way. I want you to get the command of the *Corsica*. Tell my owners I never asked a favor of 'em before. Then there's my wife. You remember Nancy." He halted, smiled with a singular boyishness of expression, and went on: "If you hadn't flared up in a silly row with her and run away to sea, I figure that she'd have married you instead of me. Maybe she will get over this in a year or two. Take good care of her, Frank. Funny that we should have met up with each other in just this way, isn't it?"

An hour later the starry folds of an American ensign ascended halfway to the main-top-masthead of the *Corsica*, broke out of stops, and streamed resplendent in the strong trade wind. No sooner was this signal of mourning observed on shore than the bugles of the insurgent army began to sound a shrill, wailing dead-march, and

silently the black battalions were paraded on the beach. General Portuando and his officers, clad in such poor finery of uniform as had survived their jungle campaigns, went on board the *Corsica* and mustered outside the captain's cabin. The late commander of the government gunboat gravely saluted them and said in Spanish:

"I am no longer your foe, gentlemen. My brother will be buried at sea. It would be his wish. Will you be good enough to favor me with your commands?"

"My soldiers wish to fire a volley from the deck of your ship," replied the general, "and to gaze upon the face of the noble sailor who gave his life to our cause. It would also please them much, Comandante, to have the colors of our Army of Liberation draped across his breast together with the flag of his own glorious republic."

"It shall be done as you say, General Portuando. The body of my brother will lie in state in his cabin until noon. It would give me sincere pleasure to have your *padre* read prayers before we raise anchor."

The purpled heights of the coast-line had dropped below the horizon when the new commander of the steamer summoned the first mate. "Mr. Middleton, we are at sea again. Stop the ship, if you please, and muster all hands at the starboard gangway for burial service."

When the silent crew had gathered, he stood in front of them, fumbling rather awkwardly through the pages of the Bible found in his brother's room. Presently his somber countenance lighted as if he had discovered what he sought, and in a vibrant, resonant voice he read the epitaph of Capt. Eli Hanson of the *Corsica*,

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."





THE NEXT MOMENT HE HAD AN UNINTERRUPTED VIEW OF HER SHOULDER AS SHE PRATTLED
GAILY TO THE MAN ON HER OTHER SIDE

The Matrimonial Sweepstakes

A STORY OF THE INTEREST BELOW STAIRS IN A
YOUNG LADY'S CHOICE OF A HUSBAND

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



ANY man under thirty years of age who tells you he is not afraid of an English butler lies. Carpers may cavil at this statement. Possibly cavilers may carp. I seem to hear them at it. All around me, I repeat, I seem to hear the angry murmur of carpers caviling and cavilers carping. Nevertheless, it is true. He may not show his fear. Outwardly he may be brave, aggressive even, perhaps to the extent of calling the great man "Say!" But in his heart, when he meets that cold, blue, introspective eye, he quakes.

The effect that Keggs, the butler at the Keiths', had on Marvin Rossiter was to make him feel as if he had been caught laughing in a cathedral. He fought against

the feeling. He asked himself who Keggs was, anyway; and replied defiantly that Keggs was a menial, and an overfed menial. But all the while he knew that logic was useless.

When the Keiths invited him to their country house he had been delighted. They were among his oldest friends. He liked Mr. Keith. He liked Mrs. Keith. He loved Elsa Keith, and had from boyhood up. If ever there was a visit that had promised well, this visit was that visit.

But things had gone wrong. As he leaned out of his bedroom window, at the end of the first week, preparatory to dressing for dinner, he was more than half inclined to make some excuse and get right out of the place next day. The house was full of English servants. The footmen he could have endured, but the bland dignity

of Keggs had taken all the heart out of him. Marvin was accustomed to think himself as good as the next man, but under Keggs's eye his self-respect left him and his backbone became a mere streak of jelly. But it was not Keggs alone who had driven his thoughts toward flight. Keggs was merely a passive evil, like toothache or a rainy day. What had begun actively to make the place impossible was a perfectly pestilential young man of the name of Barstowe.

The house-party at the Keiths' had originally been, from Marvin's point of view, almost ideal. The rest of the men were of the speechless, mustache-tugging breed. They had come to shoot, and they shot. They did no wooing on the side. When they were not shooting they congregated in the billiard-room and devoted their powerful intellects exclusively to snooker-pool, leaving Marvin free to talk undisturbed to Elsa. He had been doing this for five days, with great contentment, when Aubrey Barstowe arrived. Mrs. Keith had of late developed leanings toward culture. In her town house on a Thursday afternoon a charge of small shot, fired in any direction, could not have failed to bring down a poet, a novelist, or a painter. Aubrey Barstowe, author of "The Soul's Eclipse" and other poems, was a constant member of the Thursday bread-line. A youth of insinuating manners, he had appealed to Mrs. Keith from the start, and unfortunately the virus had extended to Elsa. Many a pleasant, sunshiny Thursday afternoon had been poisoned for Marvin by the sight of Aubrey and Elsa together on a distant settee, matching temperaments. And here he was again, just as things were beginning to go well, as large as life and twice as temperamental.

The rest is too painful. It was a rout. The poet did not shoot, so that, when Marvin returned of an evening, his rival was about five hours of soul-to-soul talk up and only two to play. And those two, the after-dinner hours, which had once been the hours for which Marvin had lived, were pure torture. When it's a choice between playing snooker-pool and being treated as a piece of furniture by the girl you love, what's the use?

So engrossed was he with his thoughts that the first intimation he had that he was not alone in the room was a genteel cough. Behind him, holding a small can, was Keggs.

"Your 'ot water, sir," said the butler austere, but not unkindly.

Keggs was a man—one must use that word, though it seems grossly inadequate—of medium height, pigeon-toed at the base, bulgy halfway up, and bald at the apex. He had a restrained dignity, and his voice was soft and grave. But it was his eye that quelled Marvin—that cold, blue, dukes-have-treated-me-as-an-elder-brother eye.

He fixed it upon Marvin now, as he added, placing the can on the floor, "It is Frederick's duty, but to-night I hunder-took it."

Marvin had no answer. He was dazed. Keggs had spoken with the proud humility of an emperor compelled by misfortune to shine shoes.

"Might I 'ave a word with you, sir?"

"Ye-e-ss," stammered Marvin. "Won't you take a—I mean, yes, certainly."

"It is perhaps a liberty—" began Keggs. He paused, and raked Marvin with the eye that had rested on dining dukes.

"Not at all," said Marvin hurriedly.

"I should like," went on Keggs, bowing, "to speak to you on a somewhat hintimate subject—Miss Elsa."

Marvin's eyes and mouth opened slowly.

"You are going the wrong way to work, if you will allow me to say so, sir."

Marvin's jaw dropped another inch. "Wha-a-?"

"Women, sir," proceeded Keggs—"young ladies—are peculiar. I 'ave 'ad, if I may say so, certain hooportunities of observing their ways. Miss Elsa reminds me in some respects of Lady Angelica Fendall, whom I 'ad the honor of knowing when I was butler to 'er father, Lord Stockleigh. 'Er ladyship was hinclined to be romantic. She was fond of poetry, like Miss Elsa. She would sit by the hour, sir, listening to young Mr. Knox reading Tennyson, which was no part of 'is duties, 'e being employed by 'is lordship to teach Lord Bertie Latin and Greek and what not. You may 'ave noticed, sir, that young ladies is often took by Tennyson, hespecially in the summer time. Mr. Barstowe was reading Tennyson to Miss Elsa in the 'all when I passed through just now; 'The Princess,' if I'm not mistaken."

"I don't know what the thing was," groaned Marvin. "It made a hit with her."

"Lady Angelica was greatly haddicted to 'The Princess.' Young Mr. Knox was reading portions of that poem to 'er when 'is lordship come upon them. Most rashly 'is lordship made a public hexposé and packed

The Matrimonial Sweepstakes

Mr. Knox off next day. It was not my place to volunteer hadvice, but I could 'ave told 'im what would 'appen. Two days later 'er ladyship slips away to London early in the morning, and they're married at a registry office. That is why I say that you are going the wrong way to work with Miss Elsa, sir. With certain types of 'igh-spirited young ladies hopposition is useless. Now when Mr. Barstowe was reading to Miss Elsa on the hoccasion to which I 'ave haluded, you were sitting by, trying to engage her hattention. It's not the way, sir. You should leave them alone together. Let 'er see so much of 'im, and nobody else but 'im, that she will grow tired of 'im. Fondness for poetry, sir, is very much like the whiskey 'abit. You can't cure a man what 'as got that by hopposition. When I was butler to Lord Emsworth, sir, 'is heir, the Honorable Claude Havant, most unfortunately became haddicted to the 'abit. The doctors didn't stop 'is whiskey. They orders 'im more. 'E 'ad it in 'is tea of a morning, and in 'is shaving-mug, sir, and 'e took 'is bath in whiskey and water, and there was whiskey in 'is deviled kidney at breakfast, and on 'is pocket-'andkerchiefs, and everywhere, sir. And about a month later there was a 'orrible scandal at the Bachelors' Club through Mr. John pretty near killing a waiter; it transpired that the hinjured man had brought Mr. John a whiskey and soda hinstead of the barley-water what 'e 'ad ordered. Now, if you will permit me to offer a word of hadvice, sir, I say let Miss Elsa 'ave all the poetry she wants. Don't let her 'ave no rest."

Marvin was conscious of but one coherent feeling at the conclusion of this address, and that was one of amazed gratitude. A lesser man who had entered his room and begun to discuss his private affairs would have had reason to retire with some speed; but that Keggs should descend from his pedestal and interest himself in such lowly matters was a different thing altogether.

"I'm very much obliged——" he was stammering, when the butler raised a deprecatory hand.

"My interest in the matter," he said smoothly, "is not entirely haltruistic. For some years back, in fact since Miss Elsa was a débutante, we 'ave 'ad a matrimonial sweepstakes in the servants' 'all at each 'ouse-party. The names of the gentlemen in the party are placed in an 'at and drawn in due course. Should Miss Elsa become

engaged to any member of the party, the pool goes to the drawer of 'is name. Should no engagement hoccure the money remains in my charge until the following year, when it is hadded to the new pool. Of course, Miss Elsa might haccept some gentleman in town, whose name is not on the list of starters. In that case the money would be returned to the depositors. It is merely a little sporting flutter to relieve the hintense monotony of country life. 'Itherto I 'ave 'ad the misfortune to draw nothing but married gentlemen, but on this hoccasion I 'ave secured you, sir. And I may tell you, sir," he added with stately courtesy, "that in the hopinion of the servants' 'all your chances are 'ighly fancied, very 'ighly. The pool 'as now reached considerable proportions, and, 'aving 'ad certain losses on the turf very recent, I am hextremely anxious to win it. So I thought, if I might take the liberty, sir, I would place my knowledge of the sex at your disposal. You will find it sound in hevery respect. That is all. Thank you, sir."

Marvin's feelings had undergone a complete revulsion. In the last few minutes the butler had shed his wings and grown horns, cloven feet, and a forked tail. His rage deprived him of words. He could only gurgle.

"Don't thank me, sir," said the butler indulgently. "I ask no thanks. We are working together for a common hobject, and any little 'elp I can provide is given freely."

"You old scoundrel!" shouted Marvin, his wrath prevailing even against that blue eye. "You have the gall to come to me and——" He stopped. The thought of these hounds, these demons, coolly gossiping and speculating below stairs about Elsa, making her the subject of "little sporting flutters to relieve the monotony of country life," choked him.

"I shall tell Mr. Keith," he said.

The butler shook his bald head gravely. "I shouldn't, sir. It is a 'ighly fantastic story, and I don't think he would believe it." "Then I'll—oh, get out!" He dropped into a chair and wiped his forehead.

Keggs bowed deferentially. "If you wish it, sir," he said, "I will withdraw. If I may make the suggestion, sir, I think you should commence to dress. Dinner will be served in a few minutes. Thank you, sir."

He passed softly out of the room.

It was more as a demonstration of defiance against Keggs than because he really hoped that anything would come of it that Marvin

approached Elsa next morning after breakfast. Elsa was strolling with the bard on the terrace in front of the house, but Marvin broke in on the conference with the dogged determination of a wedge of footballers.

"Coming out with the guns to-day, Elsa?" he said.

She raised her eyes. There was an absent look in them. "The guns?" she said. "Oh, no. I hate watching men shoot."

"You used to like it."

"I used to like dolls," she said impatiently.

Mr. Barstowe gave tongue. He was a slim, tall, sickeningly beautiful young man, with large dark eyes full of expression. "We develop," he said. "The years go by, and we develop. Our souls expand—timidly, at first, like little, half-fledged birds, stealing out from the——"

"I don't know that I'm so set on shooting to-day, myself," said Marvin. "Will you come round the links?"

"I'm going out in the automobile with Mr. Barstowe," said Elsa.

"The automobile!" cried Mr. Barstowe. "Ah, Marvin, that is the very poetry of motion. I never ride in an automobile without

those words of Shakespeare's ringing in my mind, 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.'"

"I shouldn't give way to that sort of thing if I were you," said Marvin. "The police are pretty sore on joy-riding in these parts."

"Mr. Barstowe was speaking figuratively," said Elsa, with disdain.

"Was he?" grunted Marvin, whose sorrows were tending to make him every day more like a sulky schoolboy. "I'm afraid I haven't the poetic soul."

"I'm afraid you haven't," said Elsa.

There was a brief silence. A bird made itself heard in a neighboring tree.

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms," quoted Mr. Barstowe softly.

"Only it happens to be a rain-crow in a sycamore," said Marvin, as the bird flew out.

Elsa's chin tilted itself in scorn. Marvin turned on his heel and walked back to the house.

"It's the wrong way, sir, it's the wrong way," said a voice. "I was hobobserving you from a window, sir. It's Lady Angelica over again. Hopposition is useless, believe me, sir."



"YOU MAY 'AVE NOTICED, SIR, THAT YOUNG LADIES IS OFTEN TOOK BY TENNYSON, HESPECIALY IN THE SUMMER TIME"

The Matrimonial Sweepstakes

Marvin faced round, flushed and wrathful. The butler went on, unmoved.

"Miss Elsa is going for a ride in the hautomobile to-day, sir."

"I know that."

"Uncommonly tricky things, these hautomobiles. I was saying so to Roberts, the chauffeur, just as soon as I 'eard Miss Elsa was going out with Mr. Barstowe. I said: 'Roberts, these hautomobiles is tricky. Break down when you're twenty miles from hanywhere as soon as look at you Roberts,' I said, slipping him a ten-dollar bill, 'ow awful it would be if the car should break down twenty miles from hanywhere to-day!'"

Marvin stared. "You bribed Roberts to——"

"Sir! I gave Roberts the ten dollars because I'm sorry for him. He is a poor man, and 'as a wife and family to support."

"Very well," said Marvin sternly, "I shall go and warn Miss Keith."

"Warn 'er, sir!"

"I shall tell her that you have bribed Roberts to make the car break down so that——"

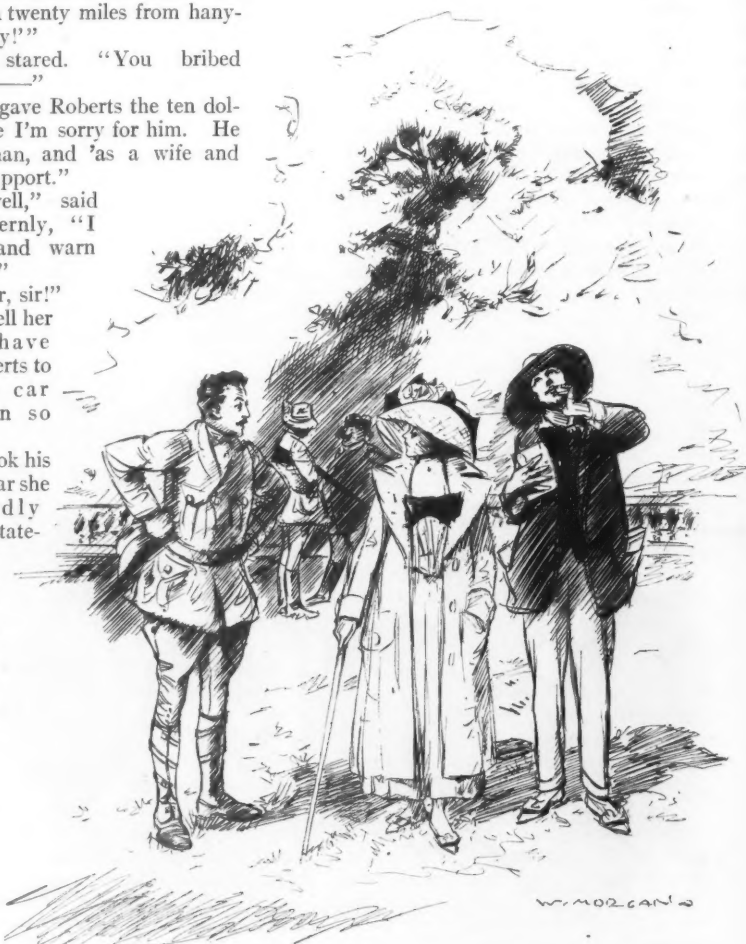
Keggs shook his head. "I fear she would 'ardly credit the statement, sir. She might even think that you were trying to keep 'er from going for your own personal ends. Young ladies," continued Keggs, with sorrow, "are frequently like that. They mean no 'arm, but

they are prone to, place herroneous constructions on haltruistic hacts. I should let well alone, sir, I reelly should."

"I believe you're the devil," said Marvin.

"I 'ope you will come to look on me, sir," said Keggs unctuously, "as your good hangel."

Marvin shot abominably that day, and, coming home in the evening gloomy and savage, went straight to his room and did not reappear till dinner-time. Elsa had been taken in by one of the mustache-tug-



ELSA WAS STROLLING WITH THE BARD ON THE TERRACE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, BUT MARVIN BROKE IN ON THE CONFERENCE. "COMING OUT WITH THE GUNS TO-DAY, ELSA?" HE SAID

gers. Marvin found himself seated at her other side. It was so pleasant to be near her and to feel that the bard was away at the other end of the table that, for the moment, his spirits revived. There had been a certain amount of coldness, it was true, about their parting that morning, but he would make that all right. He would be bright and cheery. He would show by his manner that all was forgotten and forgiven.

"Well, how did you like the joy-ride?" he asked with a smile. "Did you put that girdle round the world?"

She looked at him—once. The next moment he had an uninterrupted view of her shoulder, and heard the sound of her voice as she prattled gaily to the man on her other side. His heart gave a sudden bound. He understood now. That demon butler had had his wicked way. Good heavens, she had thought he was taunting her! He must explain at once. He—

"Hock or sherry, sir?"

He looked up into Keggs's expressionless eyes. The butler was wearing his on-duty mask. There was no sign of triumph in his face.

"What?" said Marvin dizzily.

"Hock or sherry, sir?"

"Oh, sherry. I mean hock. No, sherry. Neither."

This was awful. He must put it right.

"Elsa," he said.

She was engrossed in her conversation with her neighbor.

From down the table, in a sudden lull in the talk, came the voice of Mr. Barstowe. He seemed to be in the middle of a narrative. "Fortunately," he was saying, "I had with me a volume of Shelley and one of my own little efforts. I had read Miss Keith the whole of the latter and much of the former before the chauffeur announced that it was once more possible——"

"Elsa," said the wretched man, "I had no idea— You don't think——"

She turned to him. "I beg your pardon?" she said very sweetly.

"I swear I didn't know— I mean, I'd forgotten— I mean——"

She wrinkled her forehead. "I'm really afraid I don't understand."

"I mean, about the automobile breaking down."

"The automobile? Oh, yes. Yes, it broke down. We were delayed quite a little while. Mr. Barstowe read me some of his

poems. It was perfectly lovely. I was quite sorry when Roberts told us we could go on again. But do you really mean to tell me, Mr. Lambert, that you——" And once more the world became all shoulder.

When the men trailed into the presence of the ladies for that brief *séance* on which etiquette insisted before permitting the stampede to the billiard-room, Elsa was not to be seen.

"Elsa?" said Mrs. Keith, in answer to Marvin's question. "She has gone to bed. The poor child has a headache. I'm afraid she had a tiring day."

There was an early start for the guns next morning, and, as Elsa did not appear at breakfast, Marvin had to leave without seeing her. His shooting was even worse than it had been on the previous day.

It was not till late in the evening that the party returned to the house. Marvin, on his way to his room, met Mrs. Keith on the stairs. She appeared somewhat agitated.

"Oh, Marvin," she said, "I'm so glad you're back. Have you seen anything of Elsa?"

"Elsa?"

"Wasn't she with the guns?"

"With the guns?" said Marvin, puzzled.

"No."

"I have seen nothing of her all day. I'm getting worried. I can't think what can have happened to her. Are you sure she wasn't with the guns?"

"Absolutely certain. Didn't she come in to lunch?"

"No. Tom," she said, as Mr. Keith came up, "I'm so worried about Elsa. I haven't seen her all day. I thought she must be out with the guns."

Mr. Keith was a man who had built up a large fortune in Wall Street mainly by consistently refusing to allow anything to agitate him. He carried this policy into private life. "Wasn't she in at lunch?" he asked placidly.

"I tell you I haven't seen her all day. She breakfasted in her room."

"Late?"

"Yes. She was tired, poor girl."

"If she breakfasted late," said Mr. Keith, "she wouldn't need any lunch. She's gone for a stroll somewhere, and forgotten the time."

"Would you put back dinner, do you think?" inquired Mrs. Keith anxiously.

"I am not good at riddles," said Mr.

The Matrimonial Sweepstakes

Keith comfortably, "but I can answer that one. I would *not* put back dinner. I would not put back dinner for the president. We can find a better use for it than that, eh, Marvin?"

"I think you're heartless," said Mrs. Keith.

"If I have no heart, that leaves all the greater vacuum to be filled. If Elsa doesn't come back for dinner she's no daughter of mine."

Elsa did not come back for dinner. Nor was hers the only vacant place. Mr. Barstowe had also vanished. Even Mr. Keith's calm was momentarily ruffled by this discovery. The poet was not a favorite of his, and it was only reluctantly that he had consented to his being invited at all; and, the presumption being that when two members of a house-party disappear simultaneously they are likely to be spending the time in each other's company, he was annoyed. Elsa was not the girl to make a fool of herself, of course, but— He was unwontedly silent at dinner.

Mrs. Keith's anxiety displayed itself differently. She was frankly worried, and mentioned it. By the time the fish had been reached, conversation at the table had fixed itself definitely on the one topic.

"It isn't the automobile this time, at any rate," said Mr. Keith. "It hasn't been out to-day."

One of the mustache-tuggers got the first inspiration he had had in thirty-seven years. "They couldn't have gone far without it," he said brilliantly, and subsided once more into obscurity.

"Why, that's true," said Mr. Keith. "I never thought of that."

"It suddenly came to me," said the inspired one, modestly crumbling bread.

"Why, they must be somewhere quite near."

"They might have gone for a long walk," suggested another of the mustache-tuggers, anxious to break into the gray-matter class in the other's wake. His claims to inclusion were rejected by the experts.

"Barstowe couldn't do a long walk," said Mr. Keith, shaking his head.

The upstart accepted his exposure meekly, and made no further attempt to soar.

"I can't understand it," said Mrs. Keith for the twentieth time. And that was the farthest point reached in the investigation of the mystery.

By the time dinner was over, a spirit of unrest was abroad. The company sat about in uneasy groups. Snooker-pool was, if not forgotten, at any rate shelved. Somebody suggested search-parties, and one or two mustache-pullers wandered rather aimlessly out into the darkness.

Marvin was standing in the porch with Mr. Keith when Keggs approached. As his eyes lit on the butler Marvin was conscious of a sudden solidifying of the vague suspicion which had been forming in his mind. And yet that suspicion seemed so wild. How could Keggs, with the worst intentions, have had anything to do with this? He could not forcibly have abducted the missing pair and kept them under lock and key. He could not have stunned them and left them in a ditch. Nevertheless, looking at him standing there in his attitude of deferential dignity, with the light from the open door shining on his bald head, Marvin felt perfectly certain that he had in some mysterious fashion engineered the whole thing.

"Might I 'ave a word, sir, if you are at leisure?"

"Well, Keggs?" responded Mr. Keith.

"Miss Elsa, sir?"

"Yes?"

Keggs's voice took on a sympathetic softness. "It was not my place, sir, to make any remark while in the dining-room, but I could not 'elp but hover'ear the conversation. I gathered from remarks that was passed that you was somewhat at a loss to account for Miss Elsa's nonhapppearance to-night, sir."

Mr. Keith laughed shortly. "You gathered that, eh? Sherlock Holmes has nothing on you at the deduction business."

Keggs bowed. "I think, sir, that possibly I may be hable to throw light on the matter."

"What!" cried Mr. Keith. "Great Scott, man, then why didn't you say so at the time? Where is she?"

"It was not my place, sir, to henter into the conversation of the dinner-table," said the butler, with a touch of reproof. "If I might speak now, sir?"

Mr. Keith clutched at his forehead. "Heavens above! Do you want a signed permit to tell me where my daughter is? Get on, man, get on!"

"I think it 'ighly possible, sir, that Miss Elsa and Mr. Barstowe may be on the hisland in the lake, sir."

About half a mile from the house was a picturesque strip of water, fifteen hundred yards in length and a little less in width, in the center of which stood a small and densely wooded island. It was a favorite haunt of visitors at the house when there was nothing else to engage their attention, but during the past week, with shooting to fill up the days, it had been neglected.

"On the island?" said Mr. Keith. "What put that idea into your head?"

"I 'appened to be rowing on the lake this morning, sir," replied Keggs simply.

"Rowing on the lake!" Mr. Keith could hardly have displayed more surprise if the butler had said he had been turning somersaults.

"I frequently row of a morning, sir, when there are no duties to detain me in the 'ouse. I find the hexercise had-mirable for the 'ealth. I walk briskly to the boat-'ouse, and——"

"Yes, yes. I don't want a schedule of your daily exercises. Cut out the reminiscences of the training-camp and come to the point."

"As I was rowing on the lake this morning, sir, I 'appened to see a boat 'itched up to a tree on the hisland. I think that possibly Miss Elsa and Mr. Barstowe might 'ave taken a row out there. Mr. Barstowe would wish to see the hisland, sir—bein' romantic."

"But you say you saw the boat there this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it doesn't take all day to explore a picayune island. What's kept them all this time?"

"It is possible, sir, that the rope might not 'ave 'eld. Mr. Barstowe, if I might say so, sir, is one of these himpetuous literary

pussons, and possibly 'e homitted to see that the knot was hadequately tied. Or," his eyes, grave and inscrutable, rested for a moment on Marvin's, "some party might 'ave come along and huntied it a-puppus."

"Untied it on purpose?" said Mr. Keith. "What on earth for?"

Keggs shook his head deprecatingly, as one who, realizing his limitations, declines to attempt to probe the hidden sources of human actions. "I thought it right, sir, to let you know," he said.

"Right? I should say so. If Elsa has been kept starving all day on that island by that long-haired— Here, come along, Marvin." Mr. Keith turned and dashed off excitedly into the night.

Marvin remained for a moment, gazing fixedly at the butler.

"I 'ope, sir," said Keggs cordially, "that my hinformation will prove of genuine assistance to you."

"Do you know what I would like to do to you?" said Marvin slowly.

"I think I 'ear Mr. Keith calling you, sir."

"I would like to take you by the scruff of your neck, and——"

"There, sir! Didn't you 'ear 'im then? Quite distinct it was."

Marvin gave up the struggle with a sense of blank futility. What could you do with a man like this? It was like quarreling with Niagara Falls.

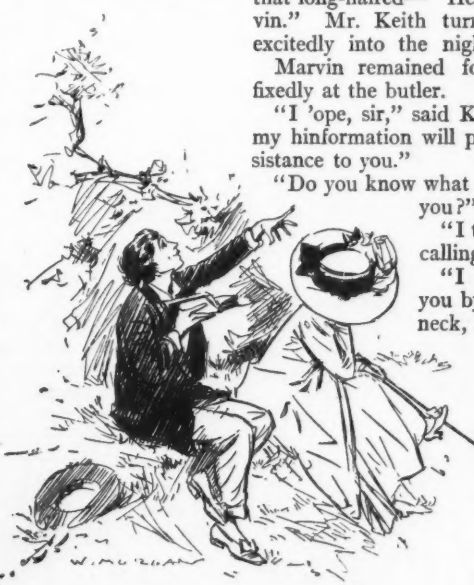
"I should 'urry, sir," suggested Keggs respectfully.

"I think Mr. Keith must 'ave met with some haccident. 'E will be needing you."

His surmise proved correct. When Marvin came up, he found his host seated on the ground in evident pain.

"Twisted my ankle in a hole," Mr. Keith explained briefly. "Give me an arm to the house, there's a good fellow, and then run on down to the lake, and see if what that pompous ass said is true."

Marvin did as requested—as far, that is to say, as the first half of the commission was concerned. As regarded the second, he



"HE SAID IT WAS LIKE OMAR KHAYYAM IN THE WILDERNESS, AND HE READ AND READ TILL MY HEAD BEGAN TO SPLIT"

The Matrimonial Sweepstakes

took it upon himself to make certain changes. Having seen Mr. Keith to his room, he put the fitting-out of the relief-ship into the hands of a group of his fellow guests. Elsa's feeling toward her rescuer might be one of unmixed gratitude. But it might, on the other hand, be one of resentment. He did not wish her to connect him in her mind with the episode in any way whatsoever. Marvin had once released a dog from a trap, and the dog had bitten him. He had been on an errand of mercy, but the dog had connected him with his sufferings, and acted accordingly. It occurred to Marvin that Elsa's frame of mind would be uncommonly like that dog's.

The rescue-party set off. Marvin lit a cigarette, and waited in the porch. It seemed a very long time before anything happened, but at last, as he was lighting his fifth cigarette, there came from the darkness the sound of voices. They drew nearer. Some one shouted:

"It's all right. We've found them."

Marvin threw away his cigarette and went indoors.

Elsa Keith sat up as her mother came into the room. Two nights and a day had passed since she had taken to her bed.

"How are you feeling to-day, dear?"

"Has he gone, mother?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Barstowe."

"Yes, dear. He left this morning. He said he had business in New York."

"Then I can get up," said Elsa thankfully.

"I think you're a little hard on poor Mr. Barstowe, Elsa. It was just an accident, you know. It was not his fault that the boat slipped away."

"It was, it was, it *was*!" cried Elsa, thumping the pillow malignantly. "I believe he did it on purpose, so that he could read me his horrid poetry without my having a chance to escape. I believe that's the only way he can get people to listen to it."

"But you used to like it, darling. You said he had such a musical voice."

"Musical voice!" The pillow became a shapeless heap. "Mother, it was like a nightmare! If I had seen him again, I should have had hysterics. It was *awful*. If he had been even the least bit upset himself I think I could have borne up. But he *enjoyed* it! He *reveled* in it! He said it was like Omar Khayyam in the wilderness and

Shelley's 'Epipsychidion'—whatever that is—and he prattled on and on and read and read and read till my head began to split. Mother"—her voice sank to a whisper—"I hit him!"

"Elsa!"

"I did!" she went on defiantly. "I hit him as hard as I could, and he—he"—she broke off into a little gurgle of laughter—"he tripped over a bush, and fell right down. And I wasn't a bit ashamed. I didn't think it unladylike, or anything. I was just as proud as I could be. And it stopped him talking!"

"But, Elsa *dear*! Why?"

"The sun had just gone down, and it was a lovely sunset, and the sky looked like a great beautiful slice of rare beef, and I said so to him, and he said—sniffily—that he was afraid he didn't see the resemblance. And I asked him if he wasn't starving. And he said no, because as a rule all that he needed was a little ripe fruit. And that was when I hit him."

"Elsa!"

"Oh, I know it was awfully wrong, but I just had to. And now I'll get up. It looks lovely out."

Marvin had not gone out with the guns that day. Mrs. Keith had assured him that there was nothing wrong with Elsa, that she was only tired; but he was anxious, and remained at home where bulletins could reach him. As he was returning from a stroll in the grounds he heard his name called, and saw Elsa lying in the hammock under the trees near the terrace.

"Why, Marvin, why aren't you out with the guns?" she said.

"I wanted to be on the spot so that I could hear how you were."

"How nice of you! Why don't you sit down?"

"May I?"

Elsa fluttered the pages of her magazine. "You know, you're a very restful person, Marvin. You're so big and outdoory. How would you like to read to me for a while? I feel so lazy."

Marvin took the magazine. "What shall I read? Here's a poem by—"

Elsa shuddered. "Oh, please, no!" she cried. "I couldn't bear it. I'll tell you what I should love—the advertisements. There's one about baked beans. I started it, and it seemed splendid. It's at the back somewhere."

"Is this it—Langley and Fielding's Baked Beans?"

"That's it."

Marvin began to read. "Our beans are the best. We buy Michigan beans because they are the best. The choicest part of the crop is picked by hand, to give us only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest grown. One must bake beans as we bake them, else they are not mealy, not digestible. They must be baked in live steam, else the top beans scorch before the others are even half baked."

Elsa was sitting with eyes closed and a soft smile of pleasure curving her mouth. "Go on," she said dreamily.

"Beans," resumed Marvin, with an added touch of eloquence as the theme began to develop, "must be baked without breaking, else they are not nutty. They must be baked with tomato sauce. Our tomatoes are ripened on the vines. The juice fairly sparkles. That is why Langley and Fielding's Baked Beans have that superlative zest, that flavor, that blend."

"Isn't it lovely!" she murmured. Her hand, as it swung, touched his. He held it. She opened her eyes. "Don't stop read-

ing," she said. "I never heard anything so soothing."

"Elsa!"

He bent toward her. She smiled at him. Her eyes were dancing.

"Elsa, I——"

"Mr. Keith," said a quiet voice, "desired me to say——"

Marvin started away. He glared up furiously. Gazing down upon them stood Keggs. The butler's face was shining with a gentle benevolence.

"Mr. Keith desired me to say that 'e would be glad if Miss Elsa would come and sit with 'im for a while."

"I'll come at once," said Elsa, stepping from the hammock.

The butler bowed respectfully and turned away. They stood watching him as he moved across the terrace.

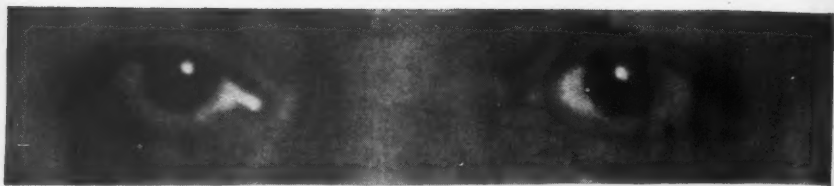
"What a saintly old man Keggs looks," said Elsa. "Don't you think so? He looks as if he had never even thought of doing anything he shouldn't. I wonder if he ever has?"

"I wonder!" said Marvin.

"He looks like a stout angel. What were you saying, Marvin, when he came up?"



"ISN'T IT LOVELY!" SHE MURMURED. HER HAND, AS IT SWUNG, TOUCHED HIS. HE HELD IT



EUSAPIA PALLADINO'S REMARKABLE EYES

My Own Story

By Eusapia Palladino

Editor's Note.—For more than twenty years Mme. Palladino has been importuned by noted journalists and editors of important publications, in all parts of the world, to tell or write something about herself and her marvelous psychic powers, but until now she has steadfastly declined either to reveal personal facts or to make any statement concerning the source of her mystic gifts. Several alleged "interviews" have been printed, but none of these has been sanctioned, endorsed, or even read, before publication, by Palladino or her sponsors. It has remained for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to give the real life story of this extraordinary woman in her own words.

WHATEVER may be said of Eusapia Palladino, the fact remains that this now famous Italian peasant has aroused and held the interest of some of the best known scientists of Europe. Men with records of notable achievement have found it worth while to devote much time to investigations of Palladino. She began to attract scientific attention about twenty-five years ago. Since then the investigations have been numerous. The men of recognized position who have conducted most of these have taken all the precautions against fraud that would suggest themselves to incisive minds. Palladino remains a mystery.

She has been detected in tricks in the early stages of séances, but the more startling phenomena, developed after she has apparently lost consciousness, have received no explanation that has banished from the minds of a number of scientists of high reputation the belief that Palladino is possessed of some form of supernormal power. Among those who have placed themselves on record as holding this opinion are Lombroso, Sir

William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Ochorowicz, Professor Wagner, of the University of St. Petersburg, Professor Schiaparelli, director of the Observatory of Milan; Professor Richet, of the Sorbonne, Paris; Gerosa, professor of physics; Ermacora, doctor of natural philosophy; Dr. Visani-Scozzi, specialist in nervous diseases, and numerous other men of influence.

The attention of Europe was first called to Palladino by Professor Chiaia, of Naples, who published a report on her in 1888. In this he suggested that she was well worthy of the interest of Lombroso. The latter met her in 1891, and after a number of séances referred to the manifestations of her power as follows: "I am filled with confusion and regret that I combated with so much persistence the possibility of the facts called spiritualistic. I say facts, because I am still opposed to the theory."

One of the most painstaking investigations of Palladino was made at the house of Professor Richet, on the island of Roubaud in the Mediterranean. The medium was taken there without a companion, and only Professor Richet, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor



THE ITALIAN PEASANT WOMAN WHOSE DEMONSTRATIONS OF
A SUPERNORMAL FORCE ARE THE MARVEL AND THE DESPAIR
OF SCIENCE AND HAVE CONVINCED THE KEENEST INVESTIGA-
TORS OF THE POSSIBILITY OF FACTS CALLED SPIRITUALISTIC

*Eusapia
Palladino*

My Own Story

Ochorowicz, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers were present at the séances. The report was written by Sir Oliver Lodge, some of whose conclusions are as follows: "However the facts may be explained, the possibility of the facts I am constrained to admit. There is no further room in my mind for doubt. Any person without invincible prejudice, who had the same experiences, would come to the same broad conclusion, namely, that things heretofore held impossible do actually occur. . . . I concentrated my attention mainly upon what seemed to me the most simple and visible thing, that is, the movement of an untouched object, in sufficient light for no

doubt of its motion to exist. This I have witnessed numerous times, the fact of movement being vouched for by both sight and hearing, and sometimes by touch. . . . Instead of action at a distance in the physical sense, what I have observed may be said to be more like vitality at a distance—the action of a living organism exerted in unusual directions and over a range greater than the ordinary. . . . The effect upon the observer is as if a portion of vital or directing energy had been detached. . . . The result of my experience is to convince me that certain phenomena considered supernatural do belong to the order of nature."

AS a child I knew much hardship. My mother died soon after my birth. I had no grandmother nor aunts, and so was placed by my father in charge of a family who had a farm near my native village of La Pouille. My father gave these people money. He was good, but I needed a mother—no child

ever needed a mother more than I. When I was about a year old I had a bad fall. A dent was made in my head, and over this dent the hair has always been white. People have told me that when I am in the trance-sleep a current of air comes from the dent, that the air is cold, and that it has a connection



HEREWARD CARRINGTON, A SKEPTIC AND A DETECTOR OF PSYCHIC FRAUDS, WHO HAS BECOME SO CONVINCED OF PALLADINO'S POWERS THAT HE HAS BROUGHT HER TO THIS COUNTRY FOR A SERIES OF SÉANCE INVESTIGATIONS BY SCIENTIFIC MEN. THE HAND IN THE BACKGROUND SHOWS THE TRICK METHOD OF "LEVITATING" OBJECTS USED BY FRAUDULENT "MEDIUMS"

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING SCIENTISTS, WHO HAS SECURED DEMONSTRATIONS OF SPIRITISM THAT ARE INEXPLICABLE



SIR OLIVER LODGE, PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS ALL-ROUND SCIENTIST IN THE WORLD, AND FOR FIFTEEN YEARS A BELIEVER IN THE UNCANNY POWERS OF MME. PALLADINO, WITH WHOM HE CONDUCTED AN ELABORATE SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS ON THE ÎLE ROUBAUD



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EUSAPIA PALLADINO AS SHE APPEARS AT THE BEGINNING OF A SÉANCE

with the things that happen during the séances. It may be so; I do not know.

When I was still very small I was put to work at many little occupations about the farmhouse. I had no play like most children, no companions; it was work always. Before I was ten years old my father was killed by brigands. He had not been able to do much for me, but when he went, so went the little money he had been paying, and that made matters worse. The people with whom I lived did not care for me. I had never known love, and yet I was very sensitive to the dreary coldness which always exists when love is absent. Inwardly I was a shivering child. Outwardly I was reserved and silent, except when I was angry.

There was a man who had been my father's friend. He was kind hearted, and he knew that I was unhappy. Because of this he took me to Naples and found a home for me in the house of a

My Own Story

husband and wife who were prosperous, but who had no children. They wanted to adopt a little girl. But I did not please them. I did not try. I would not comb my hair, nor eat with a fork. When they endeavored to teach me I would rage, would weep violently, would run from the house. Not until I was hungry would I go back. When I had found something to eat I would steal away to bed and go to sleep with eyes swollen from my tears.

At first my foster-mother would coax and scold me. Afterward she came to let me alone in my excitements. I was too emotional and untamed for her. I know now that she and her husband were good people, and that it would have been well for me if I could have lived with them, in their way. But I could not. One day when I refused to take my piano-lesson my foster-mother told me that if I would not obey her I must leave. She said she would tell my father's friend to come and take me away.

I did not wait for that. Quivering with anger, I ran to my sleeping-room, gathered some things into a bundle, and went into the street. I hurried along half blindly. My knees felt weak, and I trembled. I had not seen my father's friend for a long time, and did not know whether I could find him. I passed through many thoroughfares, and inquired of many people. They could tell me nothing. Nowhere in all Naples could I find my father's friend. But a woman to whom I spoke asked me questions, eyed me, and at last told me to come with her. I had no care now as to where I went, but in a little while we stopped in front of a house in a good quarter of the city. The people within seemed to be much interested in me. Again I answered questions. I told them where I was born, and they uttered exclamations. Years before, they had lived in the same vicinity. They said that I could stay, if I worked hard enough. I learned from their talk afterward that they intended to put me in a convent.

But that was not to be, and it was well. I should have run away. I should have broken all the rules. I could never have become a nun. It was not so written. I could never obey fixed laws. My own will guides me. It is enough. If I suffer from it, very well; it is my own suffering. As far as others are concerned, I would do them no injury, and I believe in God.

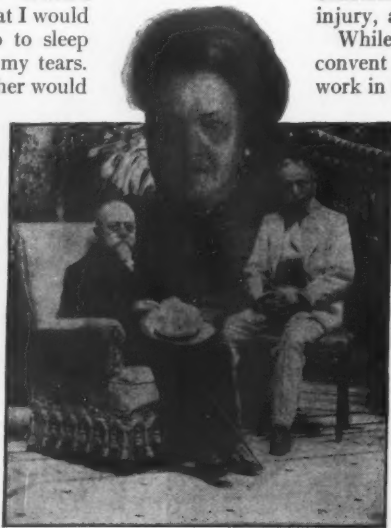
While waiting to put me in the convent my new friends set me to work in their kitchen. I had much

to do, and I did it in such a rapid, furious way that they would look at each other, and talk among themselves. I had no patience; I could not rest. Often I would grow excited without cause. Suddenly I would weep. When I went to sleep at night I would have strange dreams. I have always had them, and sometimes when bad luck is coming I dream of serpents. My friends told me that I frightened them by the way I cried out in my dreams. They saw the priest sooner than they had intended, and it

was arranged that I should be taken to the convent on a given day. I had made up my mind that I would not go.

The night that brought the turning-point for me was like any other. In the front rooms of the house there was company. I heard much talk and laughter as I cleaned the pans. It may have been the noise and gaiety that made me breathe fast and shake all over. Why should I, Eusapia Palladino, be nothing but a drudge, one who existed in the dismal shadows, while others laughed at life? I recall that night well. I wanted to break things, to fly out into the darkness, to move swiftly through space to a strange land that I had dreamed of, where, I thought, the people would be like me.

Suddenly my name was called—"Eusapia! Eusapia!" I went to the door of the brightly lighted room, thinking that they wanted me to bring them something. "Wash your hands, take off your apron, brush your hair, and



THE LATE CESARE LOMBROSO, A BELIEVER
IN PALLADINO; LOUIS LOMBARD, HIS
CHIEF PUPIL; AND HEAD OF
MME. PALLADINO

come in here," they commanded. I obeyed them in wonder.

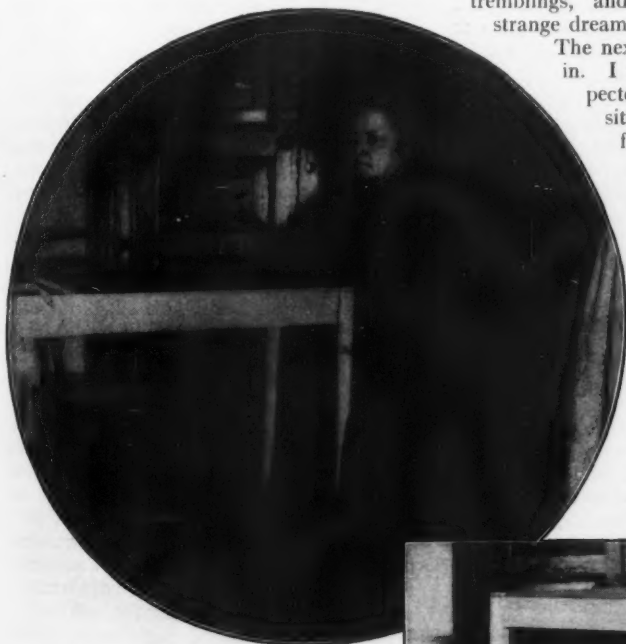
They were sitting around a small table. Their hands were on it, with their fingers touching. Two of them moved aside for me, and I was told to do as they were doing. "She is a strange girl," said my mistress to a gentleman. "Perhaps she can help us. We will see." The lamps were turned down, and we sat in silence.

The gentleman bore down upon the table with his hands. The other side of it rose and then dropped back. It was nothing. He tried many times. Always the table dropped

The gentleman was saying, "It is amazing; it is a miracle!"

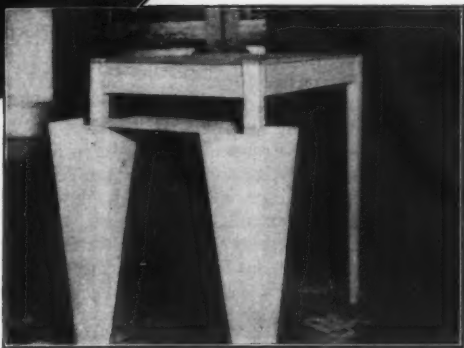
I was as astonished as they. I could not believe that I, Eusapia the dish-washer, had done things that the clever gentleman called miracles. They told me about these things. They said that the four legs of the table had risen from the floor at once, that some books, untouched by anybody, had moved about, that a decanter of wine on a side-table had risen in the air. They wanted me to try again, but I was afraid. And yet I was happier than I had ever been. In spite of the excitement around me, I was calmer. When I lay down to sleep I felt no more tremblings, and that night I had no strange dreams.

The next day people kept coming in. I found that I was not expected to do my work, but to sit with my mistress in the front room, while her friends gazed at me, and talked of things I did not understand. Nearly every evening at this time there was company. We always sat around the table, and many times, after I had forgotten where I was, they told me that the table had risen, that objects had floated in the air. I did not know why, and did not care. I only knew that I had



A CORNER OF THE SÉANCE ROOM IN NAPLES WHERE MANY IMPORTANT INVESTIGATIONS WERE CONDUCTED—
MME. PALLADINO AT THE
TABLE

back. I began to have a half dizzy feeling, a swimming of the head. My arms and body seemed to stiffen and shake, as if from a bursting force pushing for release. It was almost pain at first. But relief came. I breathed easily again, and looked up at the others, who had risen and were speaking eagerly.



A SÉANCE TABLE ARRANGED TO PREVENT FRAUDS. THE TUBES, WHICH WERE FASTENED TO THE FLOOR AND JOINED AT THE TOP BY A BOARD, PREVENTED THE MEDIUM FROM TOUCHING THE TABLE WITH HER LEGS

My Own Story

no more work in the kitchen to do, and that after each of the times we sat around the table I had a feeling of calmness and relief.

In those old days it was my ambition to be a laundress. Even after guests had begun to come nearly every night to the house in Naples I was thinking of this. I wanted to be independent—away from anybody who could say, "Eusapia, do this, do that; Eusapia, go there, come here."

But one evening there were guests whom I had never seen before, and who did things that were done for the first time in my experience. They looked everywhere, arranged the furniture to suit themselves, and two of them, taking places on either side of me, held my hands and feet. When I had gone to sleep and awakened again one of the gentlemen, who patted my cheeks, took from his pocket a handful of gold coins. I was dazzled, and could hardly believe that the gold was all for me. When we counted it afterward we found that it made a thousand francs—a fortune! I thought no more of being a laundress. The gentleman was Aksakof, counselor of state to the Czar of Russia.

My powers grew stronger. I will tell you why. John King came to me. But an English lady who had been married to a Neapolitan, and who believed in spirits, came first. She knocked at my door one morning and asked for Eusapia Palladino. I bowed and pointed to a chair. She leaned forward as she talked, and told me an odd thing. She said that a message had come to her from the spirit world, and this message was that John King desired to incarnate himself in the body of the medium called Eusapia, if she was willing. It was the first time I had ever heard of John King, but I welcomed him. He was with me at the next sitting, and since then he has never left me. I could not do without his aid.

I have heard that I imagine him. It is not true. Very rarely do I see him, but often he speaks to me, advises me, warns me. He calls me his daughter, and has helped me much in life. He is my guiding spirit, my second father. He was my real father in a previous existence on this earth, and he watches over me as a parent would his child. When I call to him, saying, "Come, my father, come," he never fails me. He comes. There are strange occurrences, and people marvel. I care not who believes. I know.

I will say here that no other spirits have ever spoken to me. I have seen none. John

King has kept them away from me. Sometimes I believe that I feel the presence of my mother, but the influence is not strong, and I have never been altogether sure that she can come to me.

After the visit of Aksakof to me in Naples, people called on me every day to ask for sittings. Learned men and journalists began to come from distant places. But I grew tired of séances. There were matters which I found more interesting. I married. I helped my husband in his shop, cooked and sewed for him. I enjoyed these things, and began to feel that I was like other women. But professors arrived from Paris. Lombroso came. At first I did not like him. He did not believe. He gazed at me with suspicion, asked many questions, and bound me with cords at one of the first séances. I was uncomfortable. And then Lombroso was always taking me away from my husband and my house. But he was very kind and gentle, and I grew to love him, Lombroso, who has passed beyond, and now knows many things that he was trying to learn!

My life became crowded. No more could I tend the shop or think of what my husband might like for dinner. I was taken here and there, into houses and rooms I had not seen before. The professors would tie me. Once they put my hands into iron rings, which I did not like. Several times they had a machine to weigh me during the trance-sleep, and they told me afterward that I had seemed to lose many pounds, which I would regain in a moment. Sometimes the room would be dark, and sometimes it would be light. Sometimes there would be no cabinet. The professors could make the arrangements to please themselves. I did not care, except that I wanted to do as they desired, and knew what conditions would bring the best results. I prayed to God that I might satisfy them, and begged my father, John King, to be with me always.

I traveled. I was taken to Milan, Rome, Carqueiranne, Geneva, Bordeaux, Paris, Cambridge, Warsaw, St. Petersburg. I had not realized before that the world was so big and had so many people. Always the people stared at me, and said things to each other that I did not understand. But always they were kind. Now I come to America, and I weep.

The boys who laugh, are they your journalists? I desire to meet only men. I am not at my ease among those who lack weight in

An Estimate of Palladino

By Prof. William James of Harvard University

I have not seen Eusapia Palladino and do not know whether I shall see her. After the careful and prolonged attention which European experts have given her, I see no possibility of anything worthy of being called an investigation in this country, unless some one should put up money enough to permit of twenty-five sittings at least being held by a small group of scientific men always the same. At present the money is not in sight; nor do I know of any scientific men who regard the matter seriously enough to give the time to it. Eusapia's methods are detestable—the cheating, the darkness, the holding, the calling out, her own restlessness, etc.; and nothing save the uniqueness of the phenomenon justifies one in paying it attention. As matters stand, however, it may break the bounds which science has hitherto set to nature's forces; and is worthy, after what has been observed in Europe, of any amount of labor spent in ascertaining just what the facts may be. Supposing Eusapia genuine, I have no inkling of a theory into which to fit her facts. That her phenomena *probably are* genuine seems to me established by Flammarion's, Morselli's, Bottazzi's, Courtier's, and the Society for Psychical Research reports. I shall be much surprised if later experts find that the whole repertory is composed of tricks.

William James

the front of their foreheads, where the soul is. I must have attention, concentration. I have received that from the learned men of Europe. Among them, above all others, I like to sit. I prefer men to women, but it is not a question of sex or country, but of intellect and earnestness. I do not object to doubt. I am accustomed to it. It fades away. I know when they come into the room with me who are the doubters. I like to convince them, and for this reason it is these that I ask to hold my hands and feet, to look everywhere, to do anything they please to satisfy themselves.

And yet the results are best when I have sympathy, and I am much less exhausted at the end. I am an instrument, to be played upon, like a piano. I give forth what I get from others. If some of those who dominate at a sitting are rude persons. I have discovered that the manifestations are rude and violent. Instead of easy movements, objects are banged about. I cannot control these things.

If the influences at a sitting are not kind and sympathetic, I do not allow myself to sink away into the deep trance-sleep. I am afraid. The connection of hands might be

broken, and this hurts me. Other acts which would be injurious to me might be performed. I must be on my guard. I do not dare to trust even John King to protect me when I am so helpless. The deep trance brings the best results, but much can be done before I have begun to sleep, or when I am in the light trance which leads to the deep trance if continued without the resistance of my will. In the light trance I have a consciousness of what is happening. In the deep one I know nothing.

In the light trance I know when I am tired. It happened once in Naples that when I was in this state I felt exhaustion and said that I desired to stop. But my sitters did not want me to, nor did John King. The influences impelling me to keep on were very strong, but my throat was dry from weariness. Some plates had come from a sideboard to the table. A moment later a water-bottle came, but it did not settle on the table. It moved through the air to my lips, and was tilted up. I drank, and was much refreshed.

In the light trance I am anxious to please those who are around me. I am impatient for developments, just as they are, and some-

times, without thinking of what I am doing, I try to start the manifestations. I may press the table with my hands, touch it with my leg. These movements have been called tricks. But in Paris I saw an air-ship start. It was pushed along the ground. Then it soared. "It is a miracle," the people said, and yet the beginning was a push.

Before a séance I may be indifferent, but when the people are around me I have a strong desire to accomplish what is expected of me. It affects my body. I have a feeling of numbness. Goose-flesh rises. In the small of my back I feel the flowing of a current. This ascends to my arms. I move them constantly, because motion on my part seems to help, and that which is desired takes place. It is now that I feel relief. There are thrills. I rest easily, comfortably. Afterward, when I allow myself to sink into the deep sleep, I feel no more, but when I wake up I am depleted—almost powerless even to lift my hands. And all the next day I must rest.

There are people who say that what has happened must have some easy explanation. They dislike to be mystified, forgetting that the world and the simplest things are mysteries. They seek for causes, and say that I use hooks, strings—that I have human aid. You may judge for yourself. The scientific men who are trying to make discoveries take me alone to the room they have provided. Everybody but themselves is barred out. Often they have women examine my clothing thoroughly. I tell them the best results come when I have a cabinet. They arrange it. I do not see it until I reach the room. They may enter it at will. Two or three of them may sit in it during the séance.

Once in Paris, I was told afterward, they placed wires on the table in positions that would cause a bell to ring if the four legs of the table rose from the floor. If all the legs did not rise, or if I touched the table with my foot or leg, the bell would not ring. It rang often. These scientific men are so careful! But when the séance is over they say they cannot understand. I wish they could. I want to help them. If I should be the means of bringing about some great discovery, I should be very proud, and would feel that my life on this earth had been useful.

This is why I am willing to submit to any test—in the darkness or light, with a cabinet or without it. I will go anywhere. For

serious men, who treat me kindly, I am willing to do whatever is suggested. When they obtain results that satisfy them I am happy. But I can never tell. It depends, I think, upon those around me. Before a séance I do not think of it, except to hope that it will be good. In my daily life I sew and cook whenever I get a chance. I like to make little dishes. When the séance comes I do my best. It is my work.

I have been asked why I always request the cabinet. This is because I am accustomed to it. When I have it new surroundings seem less strange. In the first days I knew nothing of cabinets, but they were provided, and now, from habit, I have come to expect them at my séances. Sometimes I have done without the cabinet, but I have a feeling that it is useful. I will try to explain this to you by an illustration. When I blow out with my lips the air spreads. You feel it only slightly against your cheek. But when I roll a paper and blow through that, the air comes strongly to you. This, I believe, is the usefulness of the cabinet. It seems to concentrate the force.

I have been asked, too, why I prefer darkness to light. My answer is much the same. In the beginning when they wanted to get good results they turned down the lamps. It was so arranged by those who made the preparations, and now I have grown to want the darkness. I think it is the best condition. It brings me greater ease and peace. Light seems to have a disturbing effect upon my mind and body, and the influences are less concentrated. Sudden light, when I am sinking into sleep, is injurious to me. I feel pain in my eyes and head. My heart flutters. I find it hard to breathe. I tremble. But when gentlemen insist upon having the light I am willing, if it is not changed, to have the glare beat upon me.

I have been asked many times for my own explanation, but I have none. I know only that I can feel the force; that it seems to flow out of me; and that I obtain it in part from others. When the chain of hands is broken I can do nothing. Strong men give me added power. The movement of objects corresponds to the movements of my body and to the direction of my will before I have sunk into the deep sleep. After that, as I have said, I know nothing. Perhaps some day we will know all about this force. Only God and his people know now, and perhaps—the devil.



That Turner Person

HOW "WOLFVILLE" REVIVED A SHATTERED ROMANCE

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



ALK of your hooman storm-centers an' nacheral-born hubs of grief," observed the Old Cattleman reminiscently, as he rapped the fire from his brier-root preparatory to filling it again, "but after a varied, not to say toomultuous, experience, I'm yere to say that as ag'inst all competitors that Turner person goes holdin' as good as four kings an' a ace. An' at that, before ever he is through, Wolfville owes him for one of its most impressive for'ard steps. Also, once we're onto his angles, he sort o' oozes mod'rate into our regyards.

"Which his baptismal name is 'Lafe,' but he never does deerive no ben'fit tharfrom in Wolfville, him behavin' that eegregious from the jump he's allers referred to as 'that

Turner person' whenever alloosion to him is compelled by the exigencies of conversation.

"He succeeds in focusin' the gen'ral eye upon him before he's been in camp a day. Likewise, it's jest as well Missis Rucker herse'f ain't present none in person, or mighty likely he'd have focused all the crockery on the table onto him, which you can bet your case *peso* wouldn't have proved no desid'ratum. No, Missis Rucker ain't what I calls onyoosual peevish for a lady, but to sit thar quiet an' be p'inted to by some onlicensed boarder as a Borgia that a-way would be more'n female flesh an' blood can b'ar.

"It's like this. The Turner person comes weavin' into the O. K. Restauraw along with the balance of the commoonal herd, an' pulls a cha'r up ag'inst the viands with all the aplomb of the oldest inhab'tant. After grin-

nin' up an' down the table as affable as a wet dog, he ropes onto a can of air-tights, the same bein' peaches. He he'ps himse'f plenty copious an' starts to mowin' them away. None of the rest of us is noticin' partic'ler, bein' engaged on our own hook reachin' for things, when of a sudden he emits a screech that would have left a bobcat all spraddled out.

"I'm p'isened!" he yells. "I'm as good as too dead to skin right now!" Followin' this yere fulm'nation, he takes to dancin' stiff-laiged, meanwhile clutchin' hold of the buckle on his belt.

"Thar should be no dissentin' voice when I states that at eepocks when some locoed maverick stampedes a entire dinin'-room by allowin' he's been p'isened, prompt steps should be took. Wharfore it excites no s'rprise when Jack Moore, to whom as kettle-tender for the Stranglers all cases of voylance is ex-offishio put up, capchers that ghost-dancin' Turner person by the collar.

"Whatever's the meanin' of this mid-prandial upheaval?" demands Jack. "Which if these is your manners in a dinin'-room, I'd shore admire to see you in a parlor once."

"I'm p'isened!" howls the Turner person, p'intin' at the air-tights. "It's ptomaines! I'm a gone fawn-skin! Ptomaines is a center-shot!"

"None of us holds Rucker overhigh, an' yet we jestifies that husband's action at this crisis. Rucker's headin' in from the kitchen, bearin' aloft a platter of salt hoss. He arrives in time to gather in that Turner person's bluff about ptomaines, an' onderstands how he's claimin' to be p'isened. Shore, Rucker don't know what ptomaines is, an', comin' down to the turn, said word is calc'lated to set every gent in the outfit to walkin' in a circle, bar Doc Peets, an' the Doc, for what novel writers calls the 'nonce,' is over to Tucson. As I frequent remarks, Doc Peets is the best eddicated sharp in Arizona, an' even 'ptomaines' ain't got nothin' on the Doc.

"Rucker plants the salt hoss on the table an' appeals to us. 'Gents,' he says, 'am I to stand mootely by an' see this caravansary, the best j'int on the sunset side of the Missouri, insulted?' With that he comes down on the Turner person like a crock of milk from a top shelf, whar that besotted individyooal is still ghost-dancin' in the hands of Jack Moore.

"What's these yere slanders," shouts Rucker, 'you-all is levelin' at my wife's hotel? Yere we be, feedin' you on the fat of the land, an' the form your gratioode takes is to go

givin' it out cold you're p'isened! You pull your freight,' he concloodes, as he wrestles the ghost-dancin' Turner person to the door, 'an' if ever you-all shows your villifyin' snoot inside this hostelry ag'in I'll fill you full of buckshot.'

"Of course thar's nothin' in that crack about buckshot save vain hyperbole, Rucker not possessin' the spunk of bullsnares. The Turner person, however, lets him get away with it, an' submits tamely to be buffaloed. That of itse'f shows he ain't got a heart in his stomach as big as a horned toad's. The eepisod does Rucker a heap of good though, an' he puffs up immod'rate. Given any party he can buffalo, an' the way that weak-minded married man expands his chest, an' goes to struttin', is a caution to turkey gobblers. An' all the time a jack-rabbit of ordinary resoolution an' force of character would make Rucker take to a tree or go into a hole.

"Is the Turner person p'isened? No more'n I be. Which it's that alarmist's heated imagination, aggravated by what left-over delusions is born of the nose-paint he gets in Red Dog before ever he makes his Wolfville déboo at all. Two hookers of Old Jordan from Black Jack, an' he is so plumb well it's reedick'lous.

"Most likely you-all'd go thinkin' now that, havin' let sech a hooman failure as Rucker put it all over him, this Turner person'd lie dormant a spell, an' give his se'f-respect a chance to catch its breath. Not he. It's no longer away than second drink-time the next day, when he locks gratooitous horns with Black Jack. To this last embroglio thar is, an' could be, no deefense, Black Jack bein' that amiable havin' trouble with him is like goin' to the floor with your own image in the glass. Which he's shorely a long-sufferin' barkeep. Mebby it's that same identical genius for forbearance that a-way, on Black Jack's part, which loores this Turner person into attemptin' them outrages on his sens'ibilities.

"The Turner person is at the Red Light, sloppin' out the legit'mate forty drops, when, apropos of nothin', as I once hears Doc Peets remark, he cocks a eye at Black Jack, for all the world like a crow peerin' into a bottle, an', says, 'Which your feachures is displeasin' to me, an' I don't like your looks.'

"Even at this, Black Jack don't take no instant ombrage, but keeps on swabbin' off the bar as mild as the month of May. 'Is that remark to be took sarkastic?' he asks at last, 'or shall we call it simply a brainless effort to be funny?'

"None whatever!" retorts the Turner person. "That observation's made in a serious mood. Your countenance is ondoubted the facial failure of the age, an' I requests that you turn it the other way while I drinks."

"Not bein' otherwise engaged at the moment, Black Jack repairs from behind the bar, an' seizes the Turner person by the y'ear."

"An' this is the boasted hospital'ty of the West!" wails the Turner person, strugglin' to free himse'f from Black Jack, who's voloominously bootin' him towards the street.

"Yere, you Jack!" sings out Faro Nell, 'don't you-all go hurtin' that pore tenderfoot none."

"Cherokee Hall, as I more than once makes plain, deals bank in the Red Light, an' Nell acts as lookout to the game. She's a shade too late touchin' the Turner person, however, for Jack's already booted him out.

"Shore, Jack apologizes. 'Beg parding, Nellie,' he says. 'Your least command beats four of a kind with me; but as to that insolent

shorthorn, I has him all thrown out before ever you gets your stack down.'

"The Turner person picks himse'f out of the dust, an' while he feels his frame for dislocations with one hand, he feebly menaces Black Jack with the other. 'Some day, you rum-sellin' ground-hawg,' he says, 'you'll go too far with me.' On the hocks of this yere deefiance the Turner person retires, at the same time turnin' up his nose at Black Jack in disgust, same as does Congressman Stanbury when old Sam Houston kicks him.

"As showin' how little these vicissitooedes preys on this Turner person, it ain't ten minutes till he's hit the middle of Wolfville's single causeway, roarin' at the top of his lungs: 'Cl'ar the path! I'm the gray wolf of the mountings, an' gen'ral desolation follows whar I leads!' Yere he gives a prolonged howl.

"The hardest citizen that ever belted on a gun couldn't kick up no sech row as that in Wolfville an' last as long as a drink of whis-



"IN HALF THE SWISH OF A COYOTE'S TAIL JACK MOORE'S GOT THE TURNER PERSON CORRALLED"

That Turner Person

key. In half the swish of a coyote's tail Jack Moore's got the Turner person corralled.

"This camp has put up with a heap from you," explains Jack, "an' now we tries what rest an' refection will do."

"I'm a wolf—" shouts the Turner person.

"We savvys all about you bein' a wolf," says Jack. "Also, I'm goin' to tie you to the wind-mill, as likely to exert a tamin' infloence."

"Jack conveys the Turner person to the wind-mill, an' ropes his two hands to one of its laigs. 'Thar, wolf,' conclodes Jack, makin' shore the Turner person is fastened secoore, 'I shall now leave you ontill every element of wildness has exhaled, an' you-all begins to feel more like a domestic anamile.'

"From whar we-all are standin' in front of the post-office, we can see the Turner person as he's roped to the wind-mill laig.

"Whatever do you reckon's wrong with that party?" Enright inquires gen'ral like. 'I don't take it that he's actchooally locoed none.'

"Thar's half a dozen opinyons on the p'int involved. Dave Tutt suggests that the Turner person's wits, not bein' cinched on any too tight by nacher in the beginnin', has slipped their girths same as happens with a saddle. Cherokee Hall inclines to a theery that whatever mental defections he betrays is born primar'ly of him stoppin' that week in Red Dog. Cherokee insists that sech a space in Red Dog shore ought to be s'fficient to give any sport, however firmly founded, a decisive slant. As ag'inst both the others, Dan Boggs holds to the view that the uncommon fitfulness, in the habits of the Turner person, arises from a change of lick, an' urges that the abrupt shift from the beverages of Red Dog—the same bein' indoobitably no more, no less, than so much liquid loonacy—to the Old Jordan of the Red Light is bound to confer a twist upon the straightest intellectpools.

"Which I knows a party," avers Dan, "who once immerses a tenpenny nail in a quart of Red Dog lick, an' at the end of the week he takes it out a corkscrew."

"Go an' get him, Jack," says Enright, p'intin' to the Turner person an' addressin' himse'f to Jack Moore. "Him bein' tied thar that a-way is an inhuman spectacle, an' if little Enright Peets Tutt should come romancin' along an' see him it'd have a tendency to harden the blessed child. Fetch him yere, an' let me question him a lot."

"Front up," says Moore to the Turner person, when the latter's been drug before Enright; 'front up, frank an' cheerful, an' answer questions. Also, omit all ref'ences to bein' a wolf, as not calc'lated to do you credit.'

"Whatever's the matter with you?" asks Enright, speakin' to the Turner person friendly-like. "Which I begins to think thar's somethin' wrong with your system. The way you go squanderin' up an' down the face of nacher, offendin' folks, it won't be no time before every social circle in the Southwest'll be closed ag'inst you. Whatever's wrong?"

"Them's the first kind words," ejacyoolates the Turner person, almost beginnin' to weep, 'which has been spoke to me since I yoonites my fortunes with this yere territory. If you-all will ask me into yon s'loon, an' protect me from that murderer of a barkeep while I buys the drinks, I'll show you that I've been illyoosed to that degree I'm no longer reespons'ble for my deeds. It's a love-affair,' conclodes the Turner person, gulpin' down a sob, 'an' I've been crooelly misonderstood.'

"A love-affair," repeats Enright, plenty soft, for the simple mention of love never fails to get him where thar's a palin' off his fence. 'I ain't been what you-all'd call in love none since the Purple Blossom of Gingham Mountain marries Polly Hawkes over on the Painted Post. Polly was a beauty, with a arm like a canthook, an' at sech dulcet exercises as huggin' she's got b'ars left standin' sideways. However, that's back in Tennessee, an' long ago.'

"Enright, breshin' the drops from his eyes, herds the Turner person into the Red Light an' signs up to Black Jack. He shoves the bottle Jack brings towards the Turner person. 'Onfold,' he says. 'Tell me as to that love-affair wharin you gets cold-decked.'

"Faro Nell abandons her p'sition on the lookout stool, an' shows up int'rested an' intent at Enright's shoulder. 'I'm in on this,' says Nell.

"Be thar any feachures," asks Enright, 'calc'lated to offend the y'ears of innocence?'

"None whatever," says the Turner person. "Which I'm oncapable of shockin' the most fastidyus."

"Ain't thar time," asks Nell of Enright, 'for me to round up Missis Rucker an' Tucson Jennie? Listenin' to love-ales that a-way is duck-soup to them.'

"You-all can tell 'em later, Nellie," re-

turns Enright. Then to the Turner person, 'Roll your game, *amigo*, an' if you needs refreshment yere it is.'

"It ain't no mighty reecital,' observes the Turner person loogubrously, 'an' yet it ought to go some distance, among fair-minded gents, in explainin' what elements of the weird an' rannikaboo enters into my recent conduct. I'm from Missouri, an' for a liveli-hood an' to give the wolf of want a stand-off, I follows the profession of a foonerall director. My one weakness is my love for Sally Parks, who lives with her folks out in the Sni-a-bar hills. The nuptial day is set, an' I goes hibernatin' off to Kansas City to fetch the license.'

"How old be you?" breaks in Enright.

"Me? I'm twenty-six the last Joone rise of the old Missouri. As I was sayin', I hitches my hoss in Market Squar' an' takes to reconnoiteer-in' along Battle Row, wonderin' wherever them licenses is for sale. Final, I fronts up to a satisfied-look-in' party, who's pat-tin' a dog. After talk-in' about the dog, an' allowin' I'm some strong on dogs my-se'f, all by way of commencin' conversation, I asks whar do I go for a license.

"Over thar," says the dog party, p'intin' across to a two-story edifice he allows is the City Hall. "Walk right in. First floor, first door an' the damage is a dollar."

"Thus steered, I goes teeterin' across an' follows directions. I boards my dollar an' demands action. The outcast who's dealin' the license game writes in my name, an' shoves the paper across. In a blur of bliss I files it away in my jeans, mounts my hoss, an' goes pirootin' back to Sally at her ancestral Sni-a-bar.'

"Is your Sally sweetheart pretty?" asks Faro Nell.

"She's a lump of loveliness,' returns the Turner person, 'a shore-enough lamp of beauty! Sweet? Bee-trees is gall an' worm-wood to her.

"It's set,' goes on the Turner person, 'that we-all is to come flutterin' from our reespective perches the next day. Doubtless we'd have done so, only them orange-blossom rites strikes the onexpected an' goes glancin' off. It's the Campbellite preacher who's been

brought in to marry us. The play's to be made at Sally's paw's house, after which, for a weddin' trip, she an' me's to go wanderin' out towards the Shawnee mission whar I got some kin. The parson, when he's got the entire outfit close-herded into the parlor, asks —bein' a car'ful old practitioner—to see the license. I turns it over, an' he takes it to the winder to read. He gives that docyooment one look, an' then glowers at me personal mighty baleful.

"Miserable wretch," says he, "do you want to get yourse'f tarred an' feathered?"

"In my confoosion I thinks this outbreak is part of the cer'mony, an' starts to say, "I do!" Before I can edge in a word, however, he

calls over Sally's old man. "Read that!" cries the preacher, holdin' the license under old Parks's nose. Old Parks reads, an' the next news I gets he's maulin' me with his hickory walkin'-stick like he ain't got a minute to live.

"Without waitin' to kiss the bride, or recover my license, I simply t'ars the front out of the house, an' breaks for the woods. The next day, when old Parks takes to huntin' me



"HIS BAPTISMAL NAME IS 'LAFE,' BUT HE NEVER DOES DEERIVE NO BEN'FIT THARFROM IN WOLFVILLE"

That Turner Person

with hounds, I sneaks across into Kansas an' makes for the settin' sun.'

"An' can't you give no guess," says Enright, 'at the cause of that fam'ly uprisin'?"

"No more'n rattlesnakes onborn!" replies the Turner person, 'unless it's his glee at gettin' me for a son-in-law has done drove old Parks plumb crazy.'

"Which it couldn't be that," says Enright, takin' a hard, thoughtful look at the Turner person. Then, followin' a pause, 'Thar's some myst'ry yere!'

"Ain't you-all made no try," puts in Faro Nell, 'sech as writin' letters, or some game sim'lar, to cl'ar things up?'

"You-all don't know old Parks, miss, in all his curves," urges the Turner person, 'or you'd never put that query. Why, it's lucky he ain't wearin' his old bowie at that weddin', or he'd 'a' split me into half-apples. If I goes to writin' missives that a-way he'll locate me; an' that invet'rate old homicide'd travel to the y'earth's ends to c'llect my skelp. That ain't goin' to do me; for, much as I love Sally, I'd a heap sooner be single than dead.'

"That party ain't locoed," says Texas Thompson disgustedly, jerkin' his thumb at the Turner person, whar we leaves him sobbin' in a ch'ar when Enright gets through. 'He's simply a howlin' eediot. Yere he escapes wedlock by a mir'cle; an' now he can't think of no better way to employ his liberty than in cryin' his heart out because he's free. Considerin' how she later gets that Laredo divorce, an' sells off my cattle at public vandoo for costs an' al'mony, if when I troops to the altar with that lady I makes Missis Thompson my guardian angel had gone at me with an ax, that faithful sperit would have been doin' no more than its simple duty in the premises.'

"Enright takes it onto himse'f to squar' the Turner person at the Red Light an' the O. K. Restauraw, an' since his onsuin' conduct is much within all decent bounds, except that Rucker steps high an' mighty when he heaves in sight an' Black Jack gives him narrow looks, nothin' su'gestive of trouble occurs. In less'n a week he shakes down into his proper place in the commoonal economy, an' all's as placid as duck-ponds. He's even a sort o' fav'rite with Faro Nell, Missis Rucker, an' Tucson Jennie, they claimin' that he's sufferin' from soul-blight because of a lost love.

"For myse'f I don't reckon thar's anythin' in this yere fem'nine claim, but of course I don't say so at the time. As for Dan Boggs, he holds that the Turner person's merely a liar, an' refooses to believe him utter. 'Because it's prepost'rous,' insists Dan, 'that folks would go in on a cold collar an' frame up a weddin', an' then, led by the preacher, take to mobbin' the bridegroom on the threshold of them ceremonies.'

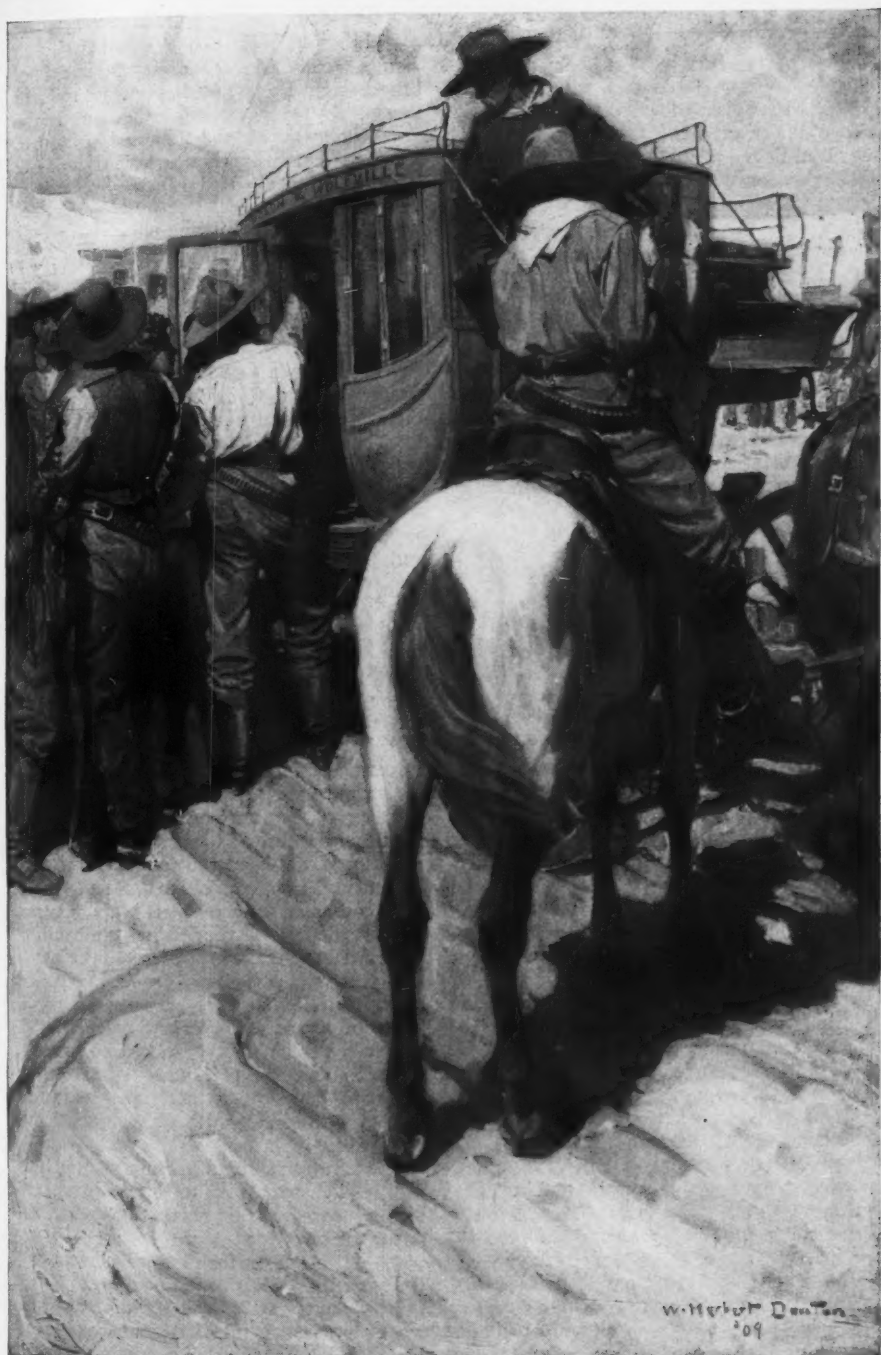
"I ain't none shore," says Texas Thompson, to whom Dan imparts his convictions, 'but what you've drove the nail. Which if that Parks household really has it in for this Turner person, they'd have let him go the route plumb down to "I pronounce you man an' wife." Could revenge ask more than merely seein' him a married man?'

"In about a fortnight, when that Turner person's got cooled out an' the last effects of what Red Dog lickie he imbibes former has fully disappeared, he mentions to Enright casyooal-like that if the town sees nothin' ag'inst it he reckons he'll open an ondertakin'-shop.

"You-all, I takes it," argues the Turner person, 'sees at a glance I'm no man to go hintin' that what former foonerals has been pulled off yere ain't been all they should. An' yet, to get a meetropolitan effect you ought to have a hearse an' ploomes. It'll make sech villages as Red Dog an' Colton set up, an' be a distinct advantage to a camp which is strugglin' for consid'ration. Yes, sir,' goes on the Turner person, warmin' with the theme, 'what's the public use of obsequies if you-all don't exhaust 'em of every ounce of good? An' how can any outfit expect to do this, an' said outfit shy that greatest evidence of civil'zation, a hearse? Given a rosewood coffin an' a black hearse with ploomes—me on the box—an' the procession linin' solemnly out for Boot Hill, if we-all ain't the instant envy of the territory, you can peg me out by the nearest ant-hill until I pleads guilty to bein' wrong.'

"Thar's no need of all this yere eloquence," replies Enright blandly. 'What you proposes has been a dream of mine for years. You open your game as foonerall director, an' if we can't find material for you local, we'll go rummagin' 'round as far as Lordsburg an' Silver City to supply the deficiency.'

"Feelin' Enright's behind him, the Turner person goes to work with sech exyoobrant enthoosiasm that it ain't a month before he brings over his hearse from Tucson, said



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

"WE SEES THE TURNER PERSON ABOARD THE STAGE, AN' WISHES HIM ALL KINDS OF LUCK"

That Turner Person

vehicle having been sent on from the East. She's shore a jo-darter of a catafalque, an' we p'rades up an' down the street with it, gettin' the effect.

"Dan Boggs voices the common sentiment. 'Thar's a conveyance,' says Dan, 'that comes mighty near robbin' death of its sting. Any sport is bound to cash in more content when he savvys his last appearance is shore to be a vict'ry, an' that he'll be freighted to his final sepulcher in a wagon like that.'

"'It is shore calc'lated to confer class on the deeparted,' assents Dave Tutt.

"These encomiyums exalts the sperits of the Turner person a whole lot. He buys the old Lady Gay dance-hall, the same bein' long out of commission, makes a double door in front to back in the hearse, an' reopens that defunct temple of mirth as a ondertakin' establishment. Over the front he hangs up a sign that reads:

COFFIN AND CASKET
EMPORIUM.
LAFAYETTE TURNER
FOONERAL DIRECTOR
CORPSES SOLICITED.

"That sign is like so much velvet in itse'f, an' more'n doubles the day's receipts at the Red Light. Also, two or three shady characters vamoses town, for fear a nacheral public eagerness to see that hearse in action leads to fell results.

"It's the day next on the hocks of the installation of the Turner person in business, an' that fooneral director is lookin' out of the front winder of his coffin emporium, wishin' some gent'd start somethin' with his gun, an' mebbly bump him off a load for his new hearse, when Enright emerges from the post-office with a semi-disgusted, not to say reepellent, look on his face. Doc Peets is with him, the Doc havin' got back from Tucson, an' the pa'r is holdin' a powwow.

"The rest of us might have took more notice, only our sombreros is fittin' some tight on account of the interest we evinces the day prior in la'nchin' the Turner person in trade. As it is, we bats a lackluster eye an' wonders feeble what's corr'gated our old war-chief's brow. It don't go no further than wonder, however, until, after a few moments' talk with Faro Nell, Enright sends across for the Turner person. Missis Rucker an' Tucson

Jennie is canvassin' some infantile mal'dy of little Enright Peets Tutt in the front room of the O. K. House, an' like they smells the onyoosual in the air, they j'ines the balance of us who, swept on by what cur'osity is aroused, is driftin' into the Red Light to note what happens next.

"'Young man,' says Enright, when the Turner person has come in, 'as a preelim'nary let me inquire be you preepared to surrender them destinies, of which you're plumb on-fitted to have charge, into disgusted albeit kindly hands?'

"The Turner person, who's made some oneasy at seein' Jack Moore edgin' 'round his way, allows in tremblin' tones he is.

"'Thar is those,' goes on Enright, 'who, with the best intentions in the world, has been explorin' the ins an' outs of them Sni-a-bar troubles of yours, an' while the cloud has measur'ble lifted, the fresh light shed on your concerns leaves you in a most imbecile sityooation. Which if I thought that little Enright Peets Tutt, not yet in even ropin' distance of his teens, hadn't got no more sense than you, much as I dotes upon that angel baby, I'd shore go yearnin' for his demise. However, proceedin' with the deal, thar's this to say. Nellie thar'—p'intin' at Faro Nell—'writes to your Sallie sweetheart, while I opens negotiations with your comin' daddy-in-law, old Parks. I plans at first to read you them replies, but after advisin' with the Doc, it's deemed s'fficient to tell you what you're goin' to do, an' head you fo'th to its accomplishment. Our conj'int findin's, the same bein' consented to by old Parks in writin' an' tearfully desired by your Sallie sweetheart as well, in what she commoonicates to Nellie, is that you proceed to Sni-a-bar an' get them interrupted nuptials over. After which you'll be free to return yere with your wife, an' take up the hon'rble c'reer you've marked out for yourse'f. As the preesidin' officer of the Strangers my word is that you be ready to start by next stage, which, onless Old Monte is so deep in licker he tips that conveyance over a bluff, should permit you to clasp your Sallie sweetheart to your bosom, an' kiss the tears from her cheeks, by the middle of next week.'

"'But,' protests the Turner person, his voice soundin' like the terrified bleatin' of a sheep, 'can't you-all give me no glimmer of what's wrong that time? I don't hone to go back as a lamb to the slaughter. What guarantee have I got Sallie's paw won't get to goin'?

with that old bowie he calls his "bootcher," an' leave me on both sides of the road? It ain't fa'r to compel me to go knockin' about like a blind dog in a meat-shop, in the midst of perils sech as these.'

"Your Sallie," returns Enright, 'encloses a letter to you by the hand of Nellie yere, which may or may not wise you up as to what insults you perp'trates on her fam'ly. Also, said missive furnishes the only chance of you findin' out the len'th an' breadth of your ignorant iniquities at this end of the trail. For myse'f, the thought of what you-all does that time is so infooriatin' I must reeuse to go over it in words. Only, if in his first rage old Parks had burned you at the stake, I shore wouldn't have condemned him. As to your safety pers'nal, you can regyard it as asshored. Your Sallie sweetheart will protect you, an' your footure parent-in-law himse'f acquits you now of havin' med'tated any contoomely. He allows it's got down to whether he prefers a fool in his fam'ly or see his darter wretched for life, an' he's simply nerved himse'f up to take the fool.'

"Yere's your Sallie sweetheart's letter," says Faro Nell, as she puts an envelope which smells of voylets into the Turner person's hands.

"The Turner person reads it. After bein' confosed by shame for a moment, he begins to cheer up. 'Folks,' he says, kissin' his Sallie's letter an' tuckin' it away in his coat, 'I trusts a gen'rous public will permit me, after thankin' them Samaritans whose kindness has smoothed out the kinks in my affairs, to close the incident with onlimited drinks for the camp.'

"We sees the Turner person aboard the stage, an' wishes him all kinds of luck. As Old Monte straightens out the reins over his six hosses, an' cleans the lash of his whip through his fingers, Doc Peets—who is old man Enright's other se'f—gives the Turner person a partin' word.

"Neither I nor Sam," says the Doc, 'wants you to go away thinkin' that you an' your bride ain't goin' to be welcome as roses when you an' she comes rumblin' in on your return.'

"That's whatever," coincides Faro Nell.

"Also," breaks in Enright, 'should old Parks go to pawin' the sod, or shakin' his horns in anger, you-all are to put up with them demonstrations an' not make no aggra-

vatins' remarks. No one knows better than you by now, how much cause you gives that proud old gent to feel harrowed.'

"Of course all of us is preyed on by anxiety to know whatever awful thing it is the Turner person does. Thar's no use askin' the Doc, an' Faro Nell don't know, that Sallie girl sheddin' not the slightest ray on anythin' beyond a wild eagerness for the Turner person to come back.

"It's Missis Rucker who smokes old man Enright out. 'Sam Enright,' she says, an' her manner is plenty darklin', 'you mustn't forget that whenever the impulse moves me I can shut down utter on your grub. Let me add, too, as from a lady who not only knows her p'sition but keenly feels her rights, that onless you comes through with the trooth about this Turner person's felonies, some sech drastic step is on its way.'

"You will see, Missis Rucker," says Enright, who's to be excoused fer turnin' a bit white, 'that no reason exists for threatenin' when I asshores you I already decides to lay bar' everything. I do this, not through fear, but lest some folks go surmisin' 'round to the inj'ry of the innocent. I can see, too, as I r'collects back, how the Turner person slumps into that mistake, him first talkin' dog to that canine party in Battle Row, an' then askin' whar does he go for the docyooment he's in quest of.'

"Sam Enright," interrupts Missis Rucker, whose flashin' eyes shows she's growin' hysterical, 'don't harass our souls no more with p'intless speeches meant to exculpate this Turner profligate in what crimes he's been about. You tell me flat what it is he does, or take the consequences. What is it sets that Campbellite preacher to millin', an' starts old Parks to fralin' the Turner person with his walkin'-cane?'

"Why, my dear madam," returns Enright, makin' haste with his reply, 'the paper he gives the preacher sharp is a dog-license. Which, if you must have it, that Turner person's simply seekin' to wed the belle of Sni a-bar on a permit to keep a dog!'

"All the same," observes Texas Thompson to Dan Boggs, as the two meets later in the New York Store, 'thar's one element to a dog-license that'd improve a marriage license beyond gold an' precious stones. Which said instrooment runs out in a year.'

The next story in the new series of complete "Wolfville" stories will appear in the March issue.

A New Civilization

This is the initial article in a new series by Harold Bolce, whose contributions to recent issues of the COSMOPOLITAN, setting forth the conflict between college teaching and orthodox authority, awakened a profound and wide interest. The present series will deal with the most remarkable phase of this vital issue, *viz.*, the effect of such instruction upon the minds of the young women now attending our colleges in increasing thousands. The writer's investigations convince him that the more than seventy thousand women students coming annually from our universities and colleges constitute the vanguard of a great spiritual movement. It will shock the conservative to learn that these educated young women are repudiating ancient and even sacred authority, but it will gladden the hearts of the believers in many modern gospels to know that they champion the doctrine that the human race is divine and destined to assert dominion. The friends of higher education for women regard this crusade as the greatest force in the Christian centuries. They believe that it means a new civilization and, indeed, a new Christianity. Whatever the point of view of the reader, it will be admitted by all that herewith is presented a startling account of teaching, which, reaching the coming generation through the mind of educated American womanhood, means the overthrow of both sacred and secular tradition, and the reconstruction of society.

The Crusade Invisible

By Harold Bolce



IN its manifold ramifications, its unseen workings, and its revolutionary results the college education of American women has no historic parallel. The seventy thousand and more young women in America annually receiving university and college instruction may be regarded as the evangels of a new era. They are an unaggressive but incomparably potent power in destroying what they believe to be the age-worn rookeries of creeds, to make way for new palaces of thought and to clear fields for efficient service to mankind. They believe much, but they believe little hitherto considered canonical, and insist that grave authority must prove its right to be heard. They are taught to believe that "the sense of the divine presence is taking on new form in accordance with more careful psychology and a greater precision of thought," and that

"the Superman, or Uebermensch, is God, just as much as any deity in the sky."

It was shown in a previous series of articles in this magazine that the startling, iconoclastic curricula of American colleges justified the initial announcement that these institutions were blasting at the Rock of Ages. The present array of facts shows that the arriving generation of women in America, instead of being shocked or standing idly by to watch the assault of scholarship, are using the fragments of ancient faith for the building of a new gospel—a gospel that sweeps aside nearly everything cherished by the Christian centuries.

This review deals with the teaching in Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith, Holyoke, Wellesley, the Woman's College of Baltimore, Wells College, Elmira College, Mills College, Rockford College, Randolph-Macon College, Radcliffe, Barnard, the women's departments of Tulane University, Western Reserve Univer-

sity, and Brown University, and the co-educational institutions in the United States. In addition, graduate instruction in philosophy in Yale, Columbia, New York University, Pennsylvania, and Brown University is considered, for such institutions open to women the door to the higher heresies. These articles have been prepared with the cooperation of presidents of universities, professors, and women students, and partly with the assistance of a college girl graduate who has made the rounds of these centers of learning. It is the first adequate glimpse into the secret and significance of the education of women in the United States. It reveals what may well be called the Crusade Invisible—the most remarkable intellectual and spiritual movement in either ancient or modern times.

This movement, asserting the poised, dynamic forces of the spirit, is anomalous, in that it has conquered opposition without militant methods. Nearly every ology and ism and cause, including woman's suffrage and economic idealism, has been or is a challenge, but the college education of women, the scope of which is of undreamed magnitude, has no firing-line. It is not trumpeted. The great crusade is moving without banners. In England and in other foreign countries, women are militant, demanding various rights, and there is in America a faint echo of that cry; but I wish to make it clear and emphatic at the outset that the crusade of which I write has no connection with the movement for woman's suffrage. It may be that some American women will handcuff themselves to the bulwarks behind which masculine legislation sits entrenched. It is not impossible that enthusiastic followers of Mrs. Pankhurst will, in this country, go to prison for their political faith, refuse food, and force the tyrant authorities to insert it through determined feminine lips with surgical instruments; and at some remote day some American women may clamor in the streets for a new Commune. But no movements of this or of any kindred character are getting their inspiration in the college courses taught to women in America. "The life to strive for," they are told, "is the life of perfect poise and noble beauty," and with this standard before them their educated armies are pouring into fields of high ideals and consecrated service to humanity. The motto, "Freely we have received, freely we give," is introducing a

new spiritual element into their cause. The woman of education, seeking to bestow, not to exact, causes Professor Zueblin to say of such a spirit that she goes "trailing the beatitudes."

"All good service is worthy," says President James Taylor, of Vassar, "and Vassar scouts the common opinion of the agitator that the best life is in the public eye. It does not love notoriety for the undergraduate, and declares it to be unhealthful, intellectually and socially. It is positively *against the tendency to put the tag of social service only on a service which has a committee and a board and public meetings and newspapers behind it.*" Doctor Taylor stated to me that, in his opinion, the education of women in America is the most important fact of modern times. "It is increasing," said he, "at a marvelous rate, and the presence in the Republic of a vast army of intellectually trained women, with broad outlook and the highest ideals, means the dawn of the greatest day civilization has known."

Coming out of the great colleges of America to-day is an annual procession of American girls gifted with graciousness and talent, and trained for the affairs of life, but who are not marching back to old altars. They have been taught, at the University of California, for example, to reject plans of salvation that cannot be accepted by the reason, and at the University of Michigan that "the Church must make up its mind whether the permanent elements of religion are to remain fettered, perhaps stultified, by hypotheses relevant to the fourth century, or are capable of plangent statement in terms of our contemporary outlook upon the world and life."

Such is the college attitude toward life, a point reached by trampling underfoot the dogmas of the ages. And young women are coming out of college believing that "*it is absurd for humanity to stake its hope of salvation on much of what the Christian world has accepted as inspired writing*; that no one can be true to the religion of spirit "who makes creed the condition or test of fellowship"; and that "the civilized man has come to himself," and can no longer be satisfied with mere external rites and ceremonies. What is being taught to women is not new; what is new is that women are accepting the modern heresies and interweaving them into the fabric of society. "*Make your soul worth saving, and it will be saved,*" I heard an educator say to a college girl who asked



SCENE FROM A CLASSIC PLAY GIVEN BY
THE STUDENTS ON THE GREEN AT
WELLESLEY

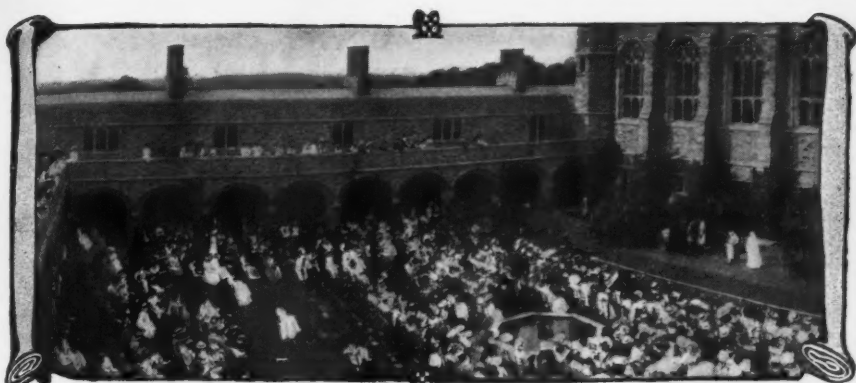
him if he believed in the centuries-old doctrine of the atonement on Calvary.

In fact, everything that has hitherto been stated regarding the academic effort to dismantle old-time structures of belief could be re-emphasized in the presentation of what is taught to American young women, and it would have this added significance, that the women students who hear this disturbing gospel not only hear it gladly, but are translating its tenets into action, and have begun thereby to transform our times. It has been mistakenly assumed that their instruction must, in some way, differ from that given to young men. In reality, the courses of instruction, with few exceptions, are identical with those in the institutions of learning reserved exclusively for men. To get into Radcliffe, for example, the same examination precisely must be passed as for entering Harvard, and the teachers in Radcliffe are members of Harvard's faculty. Columbia professors instruct the girls of Barnard. Practically all the important colleges, west of the Atlantic seaboard, are coeducational, and in these, of course, women receive not only the same instruction accorded the men, but receive it at the same time and in the same classrooms. The sweeping significance of this situation will be readily understood by all who know of the doctrines taught in the leading American colleges for men.

Several of the most important institutions of learning in the United States, such as the University of Chicago and the University of California, have more women students than men. Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr, has compiled statistics showing that while the increased attendance of men in universities, in recent years, has been over eighty per cent. the increase in the number of women has

exceeded one hundred and twenty-five per cent. The fact, therefore, that more than four hundred coeducational institutions on this continent are addressing their revolutionary teachings to an army of young women—an army that is annually multiplying its numbers—gives a new significance to what is being taught in these colleges. Much alarm was felt in religious circles when it was learned that Yale and other leading institutions teach that our ideas of right and wrong do not come from supernatural sources, but are the product of experiment and experience in civilization. It will give new cause for alarm to learn that more than a thousand American girls in Syracuse University are taught that "if conscience be the voice of God in man, then either many individuals and societies have mistaken the voice of God, or else God has changed his mind frequently with respect to what was right for individuals and societies in the same age or different stages of their experience."

As an illustration of how conscience may be educated, Syracuse teaches that the conscience of Saul of Tarsus was the same when he persecuted the Christians to death in Jerusalem as it was when he became Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles. His conscience, it is set forth, "was right in both cases, so far as the individual was concerned, for in the former case he thought he was doing God service, but from the viewpoint of experience, on the way to Damascus, his action as a persecutor was wrong, while his conduct as an apostle was right." This is pointed out as a clear case where conscience needed educating.



AN OPEN-AIR PLAY IN THE CLOISTER
GARDEN AT THE COLLEGE LIBRARY,
BRYN MAWR

Chicago University inveighs against all forms of authority, and sets forth, as follows, what it regards as illogical: "God, the Unchangeable [according to the Christian], deposits his changeless truth in the Bible, the professor tells the pastor what the Bible means, then the pastor tells the church-members; but the church-members say who the pastors shall be, and the pastors say who the professors shall be, and the professors what the Bible means, and the Bible is God's Word—and so you are back where you started from." As to the origin of right and wrong, the question is asked, "Which is right, the idea that the knowledge of God is a miraculous communication to man in his initial God-like perfection, or that man and man's religion, in every respect, slowly came to be through the long processes of evolutionary growth?" This great university gives the sanction of its scholarship to the statement that "it is the conclusion of the investigation and reflection of the modern world that the latter is the fact."

It is the alarm and protest of American communicants that girls go from Christian homes to study in institutions in which the Bible is not taught. The Bible is taught in the coeducational universities of the United States, but the character of that teaching will startle Christendom when the truth is known. The University of Michigan, for example, declares that the books of the Bible are a composite of myth and legend, in the form of epos, hero-saga, fable, proverb, precept, folk-lore, primitive custom, clan and domestic law, and rhapsody. It is further set forth that these are of various and dubious origin;

that the texts have been edited and interpolated, "and often corrupted and marred by endless copying"; that the Scriptural writings were ascribed, as a rule, to men who never wrote them; that they are nearly all difficult to understand; and that it is preposterous to ask humanity to stake its hope of salvation upon such a book. And at Chicago and California it is contended that, *to the scientific mind, there is no "historic certainty that Jesus ever lived,"* and that no such record "which is known to us only through tradition is the basis of saving faith." It is further explained to the eager women students that "the Babylonian calculations put the Biblical to utter shame"; that from the creation to the deluge, according to the Biblical record, ten kings reigned for 432,000 years; and that from the deluge to the Persian conquest was an astronomical period of 36,000 years"; but without treading upon myth, or calling attention to the remarkable correspondence of the Babylonian figures with the conclusions of modern science as to the age of man upon earth, "the bare facts," it is taught, "furnish food enough for reflection."

With all its challenge, the doctrine of evolution is taught in all the advanced colleges. It is explained to the girls of Cornell that both man and the simian stock sprang from the same progenitor, and that this early antecedent of man "was a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits." But the teaching goes still farther behind the record of Holy Writ, declaring that before this four-footed "Adam" there was a "pre-Adamite," and that, "if we look still farther back in the dim recesses of time, we shall see the genealogical line running through a long series of diversified forms of marsupial, of reptile, of fish, to an ultimate

ancestral animal—a fish-like creature, which united both sexes in itself, and in which the lungs existed as a float and the heart as a simple pulsating vessel. No paradise was the birthplace of this first parent, but the shore of a restless sea, whose changes by day and by month begot in him that periodicity of function which, like an echo over eternities, to this day survives in his latest human descendant."

Thomas Howard MacQueary, a few years ago, was expelled from the church for teaching, among other things, that the facts of paleontology, embryology, etc., proved man's origin from a lower animal form, and disproved the popular theological view of his origin. These doctrines now form part of the unchallenged instruction in American colleges for men and women, and it is an interesting indication of the great change taking place in contemporary thought that this excommunicated clergyman is to-day a teacher of young men and young women in a Western institution of learning.

Thus without awakening a conflict, save in a few instances, the colleges have inaugurated a crusade of higher criticism far more sweeping and iconoclastic than anything that has ever disturbed the church. "The genesis of this earth," the girls of Cornell are taught, "is not explained by a single creative act, but implies a process extending over the immensity of geological ages." Moreover, the doctrine that the Infinite created this earth by divine fiat, that the creative days numbered six, and that on the seventh God rested and hallowed the day, is rejected as a picturesque but impossible myth. The whole Bible is assailed, its reputed errors being pointed out as ruthlessly by professors as if these so-called slips in Holy

Writ were the blunders of some ancient almanac.

Taking up the Biblical record in detail, the University of Michigan, notwithstanding the presence there of a multitude of girls, is absolutely daring in its repudiation of sacred writ. It is taught that the popular idea of the Exodus, around which has clung, not only romance, but the record of the revelation of God to man, "has no foundation in fact." It is explained that the Christian world has read the Bible without critical knowledge, and that few people who are not college bred observe that the Old Testament "bristles with evidences of composite origin"; and the contrast is exhibited between the "two

creation-myths in Genesis first and Genesis second." Two accounts of the fall of the walls of Jericho have been welded to form the sixth chapter of Joshua, it is declared, and the same holds true of the story of the Egyptian plague. These young ladies who come from Christian homes are asked if they have "ever tried to separate the two self-contained but mutually exclusive stories of Joseph's sale into Egypt."



COMMENCEMENT AT VASSAR—PROCESSION OF THE JUNIORS

According to one tale, Joseph's brethren hate him "because he has visions which foretell his superiority." According to the other tale, "Joseph's brethren hate him because he is the favored son, who has received a garment significant of princely rank." According to the one story, when they decide to kill him, Reuben dissuades them, and they cast Joseph into a disused cistern, and Midianites steal him away and sell him to Potiphar, the governor of the prison. According to the other story, both of which the University of Michigan rejects as mythical, Judah dissuades them, and "they sell Joseph to a group of Ishmaelites, and the Ishmaelites sell him to an anonymous person in Egypt, who has a wife."

Not content with discrediting the older history of Israel, the scholars proceed to cast doubt upon the more intimate New Testament. It is explained that, while scholars agree, in the main, that the Old Testament stories must take their place with the Greek records of Theseus, Perseus, Jason, Hercules, and other heroes, many people still fondle the delusion that the New Testament is sound, and that, therefore, "the citadel of dogmatic Christianity" is inviolable. Students are reminded that they have heard, in a general way, of attacks on the New Testament, and that their former teachers, "out of a sadly mistaken sense of duty," have informed them that all this amounts to skepticism. The university teaching therefore proceeds to break down, if possible, the validity of the Gospels and the later books of the new dispensation. It is explained that the New Testament, like the Old, "cannot be treated as a book"; that it contains literature composed at intervals during a period of one hundred and thirty years; and that it has twenty-seven contributions of the most varied character. The academic

statement is made that the four Gospels were "probably substituted for one gospel under suspicious circumstances." And they are against the sacred writ, saying that it has been subjected to mutilation, and that changes were made to suit the policy of the dominant religious thought at various times. "All the Gospels have been worked over, Mark, like the others," it is insisted.

It is further taught that, while Mark and Luke "recount that Jesus held one view about divorce, Matthew's recital is at variance"; that the words said to be uttered by Jesus during the tragedy of the Garden are mere guesswork, "for the disciples were a stone's cast from him, and overcome with

sleep." The university asks who heard the Nazarene utter these words, if the disciples were some distance away and asleep? Which is correct, Luke, who says that the Last Supper was eaten on the fourteenth of the month, or John, who says the date was the thirteenth? Again, discrepancies are cited in the reports of what Jesus said from the Cross, and the students are told that John "records a conversation of Jesus with Mary and the disciple whom he loved, who were not present at the time." Then they are asked how they can reconcile "the account of the post-mortem appearance of Jesus to the disciples at Emmaus, as recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Luke, with the information in the first chapter of Acts."

Two accounts of the death of Judas further confirm the Bible's fallibility. The twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew is cited, which states that Judas, after the betrayal, cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and went and hanged himself. The students are asked to contrast that account with the record in the first chapter of Acts, where it is stated that Judas bought a

field with the blood-money, and there met an accident, and miserably died; and that all the people of Jerusalem knew of it, and that they called the field Aceldama.

Practically all the universities in the United States teach that Christianity has borrowed traditions from other faiths, and that its very legends, as they call them, have been borrowed from older pagan myths. Thus the University of Michigan teaches its students that Ishmael, Moab, Rachel, Leah, and Hagar are not the names of persons, but of clans or districts, and that names like Sarah and Laban refer, not to men and women, but to gods and goddesses. It is taught by Professor Wenley that the prophets, from Elijah,



THE OWL OF 1910 LENDING DIGNITY TO THE "TREE DAY" EXERCISES AT BARNARD



THE GIRLS OF ROCKFORD COLLEGE IN A
CLASSIC REPRESENTATION ON
THE CAMPUS

David, and Samuel, to the author of Daniel, were turned from their historical position, and by religious interpreters "tricked out in every device of unlicensed phantasy." Even David, the shepherd king of Israel, is assailed at Ann Arbor. He is held up to the view of American students as "a brigand sheik originally, acted upon imaginatively until he actually becomes a vicegerent of Yahweh."

Going back to the great guide and law-giver, the students are taught to put Moses aside as a myth, and the story of the infant Moses floating in a basket in the bullrushes of the Nile is compared with the story of Romulus, who was similarly entrusted to the Tiber. "We possess," it is taught at Michigan, "no real knowledge of Moses, who was not a man, but an idealized epitome, thrown back by the latter age upon a supposititious heroic past."

The profound significance of this scholastic denial of the reality of the great figure dominating the centuries before the birth of Christ appears when it is recalled that the Nazarene frequently alluded to Moses. In the eighth chapter of Matthew it is recorded that, after Jesus made the leper clean, the beneficiary of the Messiah's healing was admonished to show himself to the priest and offer the gift that Moses commanded. In the sixteenth chapter of Luke the Nazarene is quoted as referring to what Abraham said across the bridgeless gulf to Dives, who had asked that Lazarus be returned to earth to warn the rich man's relatives. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead," is the statement that Christ ascribed to Abraham. In the third chapter of John Jesus says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." In the fifth chapter of John Jesus says, "Had

ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me." The University of Michigan, insisting that Moses was a myth and all the references to him correspondingly groundless, sets forth in substance that mankind's Messiah was mistaken in all his allusions to the lawgiver of Israel. It is incumbent upon students of America to choose between the college teaching and the utterances of Christ, so far as the historic accuracy of the Scriptures is concerned.

The students are admonished to surrender their idea, gained at uninformed family altars, that Christianity is the only religion worth considering. Agreed that the various faiths of the world count 1,540,000,000 adherents, Christianity, in its many branches, numbers but a fraction more than thirty-three per cent.—520,000,000. Even more startling is the situation in the British Empire, where Christianity occupies third place. Of King Edward's subjects, 206,000,000 profess Hinduism, 75,000,000 Mohammedanism, and 60,000,000 Christianity. In other words, our religion has made little impression upon Asia, "the mother of immortal civilizations, the birthplace of the ethnic faiths regnant now, the home of 900,000,000 men." And the classes are asked to reflect upon the fact that "to-day, Islam rules the land which Jesus illuminated!"

From a number of institutions girls have gone as missionaries to the Far East, but the coeducational classes of Michigan are taught that fatuity can go no farther than to attempt to make a Hindu turn his back upon his own ancient culture to accept Christianity. The conclusion is that if there is to be Asiatic



SCENE FROM "A WINTER'S TALE," IN THE
OPEN-AIR THEATER ON PROSPECT
HILL, MT. HOLYOKE

Christianity it must come through Asiatics, that Arab Christianity must come through Arabs, and negro Christianity through negroes. "We shall have to drop the futile task of cutting alien civilizations to our pattern, as the prelude to religious conversion, and proceed to dissuasive plans for their transformation from within by their own effect, is the teaching."

Chicago University, which, in its foundation, has affiliations with a great religious denomination, announces that, "in the light of comparative historical study, the claim to exclusiveness, selectness, singularity, and incomparableness, on the part of Christianity as a positive religion, must be entirely abandoned." Students are asked to take a broad view of Christianity, the instruction setting forth that it is by no means assured that Christianity will survive indefinitely. Human empires that have been hammered and hardened as for eternity have gone down. Peoples that once dictated their omnipotent wills to the whole known world have vanished. Languages which once informed the civilized dwellers on all the Mediterranean shores are now reduced to a mummified existence in grammars, encyclopedias, and lexicons. And, in view of this illimitable City of the Dead, with its buried hopes and shattered illusions, "we may not have the dogmatic courage to see, with reference to any positive religion, that what has been must continue to be."

What some of the college girls themselves say of contemporary university philosophy reveals great thoughtfulness. Miss Bertha L. Daeley, of North Dakota, said: "In regard to the influence of the new idea of philosophy, there is much to be said, as philosophy

is now presented to the young women of the country to experience its influence in decided steps. First, if the girl comes to college with belief in any special religion, she is soon reduced to the doubting stage.

One of the main causes of this, I think, is the tendency to belittle all authority, whether divine or human." Miss Daeley's conclusion from this is startling, but is not the universal testimony of the young ladies who have spoken for their colleges. She says that "the next step in the working of the student's mind, if she is at all genuine and conscientious, is a blind endeavor to find out for herself just what the truth is about life and death, and in too many cases she finds herself in such a labyrinth of opinions and creeds that the result is absolute confusion or a settled agnosticism." This college girl adds that the courses in the girls' colleges "give us a psychology without soul, a science which excludes the necessity of a Creator, and an ethics which is based on the unstable will and inclination of the multitude."

Prof. Sophie Chantal Hart, of Wellesley, in discussing the change that takes place in the minds of college girls, said: "Girls, until college years enfolded within the family, in a world in which personal relations are paramount, in which obligations are to immediate loved ones, plunge suddenly into a college community in which people unrelated by old ties live together. Many readjustments of standards are necessary, for this new community-whole is a more complex whole; its interests are defined with a sharper intensity. In the give and take of this life, principles begin to emerge as the basis of human duties and relationships. . . . Colleges are, in short, great clearing-houses for the new thought, the new activity in social welfare.

... The college, with its larger organization, has some advantages which aid its efficiency in this task. It is its special privilege to effect the fusion of the practical with the philosophic side, to scrutinize the methods and achievements of the actual worker in accordance with underlying principles, to discover the rationale of his efforts and illuminate them with new meaning. Another privilege the college has is that from time immemorial it has assembled the people who love ideas and fertilize them; by the touch of one personality upon another, it passes on the living fire; out of all that the race has accumulated in vision, in achievement, in aspiration, it lights the way for the new generation."

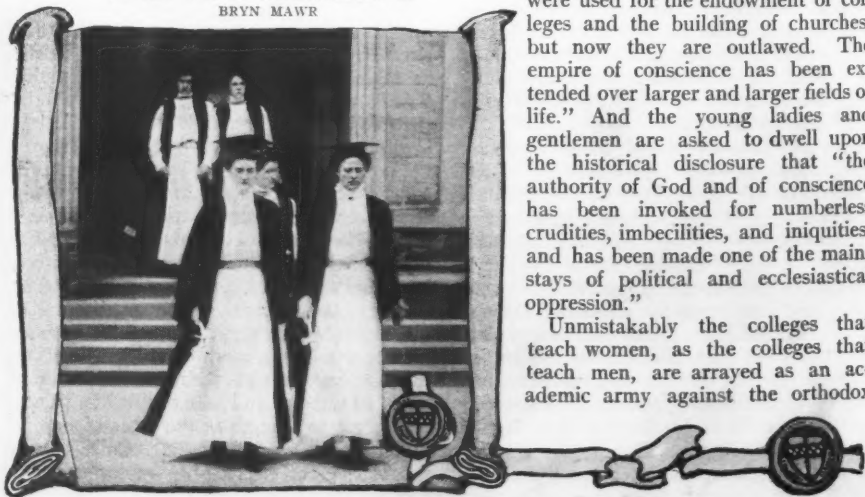
Professors in a number of universities teach, and emphasize the teaching, that Christianity, as interpreted in past ages, was instrumental in lowering the status of women. The present liberation of the mind of woman is coincident, it is pointed out, with the repudiation of theological authority. Miss Thomas tells how she revolted at the conception of woman entertained and taught by Paul of Tarsus, and as interpreted by Milton and other great writers on religious topics. She says that when she was planning her college education, a career severely condemned in her girlhood, she never dared to ask a direct question concerning the relative status of men and women, lest she be crushed by the reply of her elders, rooted and grounded in the Christian faith. "I remember," said she,

"often praying about it, and begging God, if it were true that because I was a girl I could not successfully master Greek and go to college and understand things, to kill me at once, as I could not bear to live in such an unjust world. When I was a little older I read the Bible entirely through with passionate eagerness because I had heard it said that it proved that women were inferior to men. Those were not the days of higher criticism. I can remember weeping over the account of Adam and Eve because it seemed to me that the curse pronounced on Eve might imperil girls' going to college; and to this day I can never read many parts of the Pauline epistles without feeling again the sinking of the heart with which I used to hurry over the verses referring to women's keeping silence in the churches and asking their husbands at home. I searched not only the Bible, but all other books I could get for light on the woman question."

The admonition of Bryn Mawr's president, that everything in the Scriptures reflecting upon women should be repudiated, even though it is in God's Word, is echoed by instruction throughout the colleges of America. Boston University, which is largely attended by women, enjoins its students to cast off the authority of the past. "We need look back only a hundred years to find advance in Christian codes. The saints of a century ago would hardly be tolerated to-day. Distinguished saints owned distilleries, and defended the slave-trade. Lotteries were used for the endowment of colleges and the building of churches, but now they are outlawed. The empire of conscience has been extended over larger and larger fields of life." And the young ladies and gentlemen are asked to dwell upon the historical disclosure that "the authority of God and of conscience has been invoked for numberless crudities, imbecilities, and iniquities, and has been made one of the mainstays of political and ecclesiastical oppression."

Unmistakably the colleges that teach women, as the colleges that teach men, are arrayed as an academic army against the orthodox

ON THE WAY TO COMMENCEMENT AT
BRYN MAWR



church and orthodox interpretations of Holy Writ. "It is evident to everyone who thinks," Boston University teaches, "that habit takes the place of thought with the great majority of people. They live by the community intellect. They assent to the ideas about them. They are averse to the labor and the pain of thinking. Indeed, they are unable to think." An analogy expressive of the scholastic idea of how the church answers argument is presented to the students of Boston University in Macaulay's story of the Hindu who was setting forth the sin of destroying animal life, and insisting on the duty of a vegetable diet. "Some one showed him his vegetable diet under a microscope, but the Hindu managed the matter, not by changing his diet, but by smashing the microscope."

Boston University also totally rejects the belief that the kingdom of heaven is coming upon earth with the accompaniment of signs and wonders. The doctrine of a material heaven, with streets of gold and walls of jasper, is ridiculed. The students are asked to picture for themselves what the kingdom of God would be like if it appeared on earth. "If the New Jerusalem should descend out of heaven, with its walls of precious stones, its pavements of gold, and its gates of pearl, there would be something that we could see, and the light would shine far off, and the nations would gather to behold the sight; but a moment's reflection convinces us that this would be only a celestial show, with no more spiritual significance than a splendid circus."

Such teaching is indulged in for the purpose of leading the minds of the students away, if possible, from what scholarship considers gross and superstitious forms of faith. "We have had the Bible with us now for many hundreds of years," the students are taught, "but there has been a most distressing slowness in understanding it. Its spiritual doctrines have been warped and distorted. The church very frequently falls behind the intellect of the educated community, and appears as an enemy of truth. If the church could have had its way, modern civilization would

never have developed, and humanity would have been ruined. We should have been living in filth and squalor and superstition and intellectual abjectness of every kind."

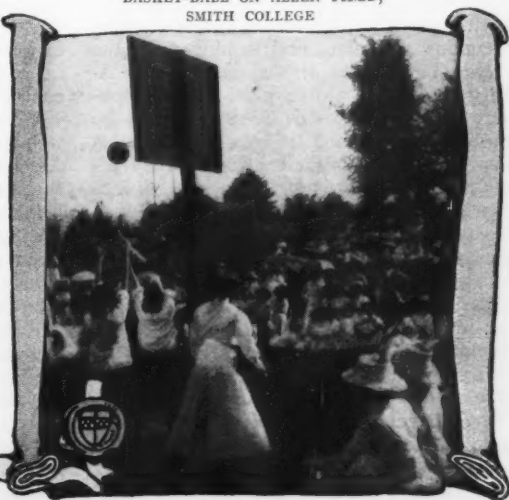
In the place of revealed truth, the students, both women and men, are offered philosophy that denies the possibility of arriving at any ultimate and changeless standard. Nevertheless, as Mary Whiton Calkins, professor of philosophy and psychology in Wellesley, teaches, "the passion for the higher certainty, the most inclusive reality," has taken possession of the souls of students in contemporary America. She tells her students that modern investigators could not check themselves if they would, although the search is "a hopeless pursuit of ultimate reality."

Face the philosophy of life without flinching is her counsel; for "our quest is an endless one. We never reach a satisfying conclusion of thought; no results withstand the blasting force of our own criticism." Yet she insists that the true lover of philosophy finds a satisfaction in the bare pursuit of ultimate reality, and keen exhilaration in the chase. "There is exceeding joy," she teaches, "in getting even a fleeting vision of the truth."

Modern education makes students capable of asking intelligent questions. For them to know that they do not know the truth is considered by Professor Calkins and by many other educators of women to be a great gain.

Under the spell of brilliant and earnest educated American womanhood—a woman-

BASKET-BALL ON ALLEN FIELD,
SMITH COLLEGE



The Crusade Invisible

hood that is at all times profoundly feminine—we are entering a new age, which is reading a modern meaning into the ancient texts that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and that the “thoughts that come with doves’ feet rule the world.” Thousands of contemporary women students are fashioning their lives in accordance with the conviction that right thinking will save humanity. As Louise Collier Willcox says, men had “forgotten that external deeds must be the blossoming of hidden thoughts.” Yet it is not a passive acceptance of life, with no effort to solve its problems, that characterizes the college-bred multitudes of young women. “Seek, then, serenity,” the girls in Radcliffe are taught, “but let it be the serenity of the devotedly and socially active being.”

The new philosophy is illuminated by idealism and by a reverent faith. It is taught at Radcliffe that “our own wills are by nature inwardly restless, until they rest in harmony with God’s will.” And the girls at Vassar are enjoined to “try to see, beyond the contradictions and perturbations of life, some steadfast truth; beyond the mysterious chances and changes, that which abides; beyond the strange blending of sorrow and joy, pleasure and pain, victory and defeat, some well-ordered and beautiful plan, some lofty and unchangeable principle; and beyond life’s facts its verities—the laws that are not of to-day or yesterday, but live on forever.” The philosophy taught here includes the thought that “whatever the God of heaven and earth is, he can surely be no gentleman,” meaning by that, that a kingly non-resident accepting adulation, and looking upon the toiling inhabitants of the earth as grasshoppers, has no proper place in contemporary life. “God’s services are needed in the dust of our human trials even more than his dignity is needed in the empyrean,” the Radcliffe classes learn. Such philosophy finds fruition in daring thought on the part of American women. “With what stolidity the men of the past age bore the eternal damnation of their fellows,” writes Mrs. Willcox, in “The Human Way.” But nowadays, she says, “there are few among men thick-skinned enough to accept a heaven haunted by shrieks of hell.”

The thoughts of contemporary women, college bred, are away from theology and denominational divisions. They learn to eliminate not only denominations and creeds from

their spiritual philosophy, but the Bible, too, comes to be looked upon as merely one of the records of man’s communion with the Infinite. It is asserted that “men have said that the Bible is God’s word,” but that “God never said so, for, as Emerson said, ‘God never speaks.’” It is not strange, in the view of such instruction, that Mrs. Willcox, who has voiced with power many of the convictions of her sisters, should say that “man’s silence is nearest to God’s speech.”

The whole upheaval caused by contemporary education is engineered by our scholars for the purpose of pointing their students away from traditions and the ruins of religion to the living present. “God is preparing a new springtime of the spirit for humanity, and the dead forms of the past are being burst asunder by the budding of a new day.” And what seems impious is proclaimed by men and women who insist that the God of our fathers has not retired to a distant heaven. It is asserted that “if God is the God of the past only, then he is a past God.” “Land and sea, heaven and earth, lie before us like an open book—God’s book—and we are beginning to spell out its meaning a little, a sublime book ever being written, and it is a book which no human copyist has mutilated or corrupted, and from which no line has been lost.”

The men who teach the two thousand or more women at Chicago do not deny that God revealed himself to ancient prophets. The point is made that “it is not that God was not there—he was there. It is that he is also here,” and in explanation of the belief that God was more active in antiquity, the higher critics of Chicago say that in this belief, as in many other things, “distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Whatsoever opinion we may entertain, whether favorable or adverse, in regard to the American education of women, this is true, that they are following what they believe to be the call of the Infinite. Their lives are illumined by what they and all who are with them in spirit recognize as the Higher Light. With purity of heart and serene minds, and with the belief that the race of man is divine and destined to exert increasing sway over the visible and invisible world in which we dwell, college-bred girls by the thousands are beginning to devote themselves, thus spiritually awakened, to the leading of mankind to peace and power along new lines.

What the effect of the “higher heresy” will be upon the home life in America, and what the effect of such education will be in regard to marriage and divorce, will form the theme of Mr. Bolce’s next article.



The ROOM of the TRUNDLE-BED

by Anna E. Finn

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright

I

PRUDENCE MORRIS laid the letter down, carefully wiped her spectacles and placed them by the folded sheet on the little mahogany work-stand, and looked long and thoughtfully out the window. The low, rolling country stretched away from her as far as her failing eyes could see, but the meadows and the orchards everywhere were tender green and white in blossom, beneath the blue of the spring sky. Everything in nature was quiet, as quiet as her long slender hands that lay, aged and wrinkled, in her lap and contrasted with the gray of her Friends dress.

It was a long while since a little boy had lived in the house. There *had* been a little boy once. The uneventful passing years had not been able quite to obliterate all the marks he had left behind him when he had grown to be a man and gone away. True, the apple-tree outside her window gave no token of the day he had fallen from its topmost bough, but there were deep scratches on the slender railing of the banisters—dints where the heavy little shoe-heels had passed on their swift downward and forbidden flight; and from where she sat she could see the carefully mended Canton tea-pot her grandfather had brought from China nearly a century ago.

The silence and the loneliness of the interval between the boy's departure and the now—broken only by the flying visits and the monthly letters—came back to her, and she set her lips tightly. Yet had she ever refused him anything in her power to grant? After all, it was not much that he asked, this

nephew of hers that long ago she had tucked into his trundle-bed at night, now an officer in the navy; she had not even withheld her consent when he had won by competitive examination his appointment to the Naval Academy. She remembered the long sleepless night that followed before she would give him her consent. It was against all her instincts and her

Quaker birth, this business of training men to kill other men, and through those dark hours she had prayed over it and asked for light. She never quite knew why she did consent. Partly from her own foolish pride, she sometimes thought, because he had mentally outstripped the other boys—the boys of her neighbors who really *were* mothers. He had spent his "leaves" at home dutifully, but before their close they had become exquisite torture to her. He no longer needed her—her little money or her great care. She had made the trip to Annapolis to see him graduated—a quaint, lonely figure in the midst of all that girlish gaiety and June rose-bloom. It was there that she had first met Mary and seen them together. She had taken the train home the next morning and entered the silent house alone. She had done her best to make a man of him. They had visited her on their wedding trip; she was glad when they were gone, yet there were moments when she fancied Mary understood. She had almost resented Mary understanding.

Then the silence of the long, long years had closed in again; only the monthly letters from him and the notes from Mary, and by and by the news of another little boy. She had pictures of him—pictures in strange heathen garb taken out in China with his amah, pictures of babyhood and early childhood; but Prudence had locked them carefully in her lower bureau drawer and took them out only on Sunday afternoons when the maid was gone and she was quite alone. Photographs collected dust—and faded!

She had never seen the child. And now he must be about the age his father was when he fell from the apple-tree, and his father

had asked her to take care of him for two months. Mary was very ill. The doctors said she must have a change. He was going with her, but she would need all his care. Would she look after the Commodore?

They hadn't even given the boy a name, or if they had they never called him by it; it had been "the Commodore" ever since Prudence could remember. But how could she refuse? She rose suddenly and unlocked the big, old-fashioned desk that had belonged to her father, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote a brief consent.

When she returned from the village post-office the sun was setting and lay in patches of light over the sitting-room carpet and the slippery horsehair mahogany furniture. She hastily pulled down the green blinds at the curtainless windows.

"Jane cannot remember, it seems."

She ate her frugal evening meal alone as usual—served on blue china a century old—and then with lighted taper in her hand ascended to her lonely room, with its plain, old-fashioned furniture. Halfway up the stairs she paused, raised the taper, and looked hard at the dents in the banister's railing. Very slowly, very faintly, she smiled.

II

"THEE does not take tea, I suppose. Thy mother allows milk?" asked Prudence in her crisp, decided way.

The Commodore raised his eyes from the pattern on the Bull china he had been examining with interest. "Milk please, auntie. Aren't these plates funny? They look like some my father got in Hongkong, but not quite. I think these are funnier than ours."

The elderly form at the other end of the table stiffened imperceptibly. "The plates were brought from Canton many years ago by thy great-great-grandfather." She hesitated, and her eyes fell suddenly before the Commodore's gaze, and she began to pour her tea. "I shall have to ask thee not to call me 'auntie.' My name is Prudence."

She could feel, rather than see, the hot flush that crept over the child's face.

"I beg your pardon," said the Commodore almost in a whisper; "I thought it sounded more friendly. My mother told me I must try to be friendly and take care of you. She —" The Commodore broke off suddenly and began violently to mash his baked potato. His *mother!* His mother, now start-

ing out on her long journey westward in search of health, miles and miles and *miles* away, and every minute leaving him farther behind.

Prudence's hand trembled in raising the tea-cup to her lips. Friendly! Take care of her! Since when had anyone taken care of her?

"It was kind of thee to think of that," she said, "and kind of thy mother, too, to give thee such instructions. I did not mean to wound thee, but I like my own name best." A kind light stole into her eyes. "I have never been called by a more friendly name. I am not used to it; and old people do not like to change their ways." It was the longest speech she had made in months, the only explanation in years.

The Commodore suddenly raised his head and suspended operations on the potato. "I should have asked you first, I suppose."

"If thee is really interested in the old things I will show thee the cabinet after tea. Thy father used to like it as a boy."

"Really! Oh, that will be splendid! He told me about the cabinet and the attic and the apple-tree—"

"Thy father was full of mischief, but he has grown to be a good man," interrupted Prudence, not without a certain self-complacency, "but I must warn thee of these things: the cabinet is only to be opened by me, and I should prefer that thee did not climb the apple-tree—or any other. Thy father nearly lost his life when a boy, from a bad fall when climbing so."

The Commodore's heart sank again suddenly. He had no intention of arguing the decree, remembering his mother's parting words to be patient, and when he spoke it was in a purely speculative, if regretful, way. "Do you suppose that is worse than falling off the tops'l-yard? Of course a fellow has to have a steady head and a pretty tight grip if he expects to go in the navy."

Prudence shuddered a little at the English. "Thee expects to follow the service, too?" she asked dryly, leading the way to the sacred cabinet.

"Yes, *ma'am*," said the Commodore.

He tried to get up interest in the cabinet's treasures, but he kept thinking regretfully of the apple-tree in its white bloom. He had seen it the first thing late that afternoon on entering the yard. It would have made a fine ship for a little boy—a ship with white sails, with the birds for crew and the clouds

and the sky all around and above for the sea; for the top bough seemed pretty near the low-hanging clouds, he thought. He sat patiently on a low hassock at his great-aunt's feet, however, and tried to listen while she told in her precise way the history of the Canton tea-pot. It really did not look either valuable or attractive to the Commodore, and he had no inclination to examine it, as Prudence feared he might. She replaced the relic and ceased speaking. He was grateful for the silence—her Quaker speech confused him.

The Commodore was very tired. Presently he suggested it to her, and asked if he might go to bed. He waited patiently and in silence while she carefully relocked the cabinet door and lighted his candle for him, and then followed her up-stairs. His room was the one his father had had when a boy, and was across the big hall from his aunt's. The walls slanted on one side, and over in the corner was a trundle-bed.

Prudence carefully placed the candle on the high mantel. "Does thee need any help?" she asked, thinking suddenly of another little boy. It had been years since a little boy had used this room.

The Commodore shook his head. "No, thank you, Aunt Prudence," he said with evident thought and care.

She wondered why the title seemed so formal and so cold, then she leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "Thee may call me when thee is ready, and I will put out the light."

"I could blow it out myself," suggested the Commodore, "if you put it lower down," and he looked from the great bare marble-top bureau to the empty mahogany table.

"I never trusted thy father with a light," said his aunt; "I thought it dangerous."

The Commodore watched her as she went out of the room and carefully closed the door. And then his gaze went back to the empty bureau and the empty table. The whole room seemed empty to him, although the bed and all the furniture were the biggest he had ever seen. Over in one corner stood his little trunk—the only object that seemed familiar. He remembered how carefully his mother had packed it, and he thought of all the new sailor suits it contained. His aunt evidently did not care much for navy things—topmasts and playing ship. Perhaps she would not like his sailor suits. He would wear a Russian blouse to-morrow. He wanted to please her. How quiet and dim

the room was and how cold in spite of the spring weather; and he wondered if he had ever seen such dark corners. He began to undress slowly, thinking of his father and trying to imagine how he had acted here such a long, long time ago. He could not remember that his father had ever told him of this room. It was very different from his own when they had had shore stations. After a while he went over to the bed.

"I'll have to hunt around for myself in there," he said half aloud, trying to laugh, and he jumped suddenly at the sound.

He pattered across the floor in his bare feet and opened the door a crack. It was very quiet. Across the hall he could see a dim light in his aunt's room. He had been a long time in undressing. Perhaps she had gone to bed. It was a pity to disturb her. Should he close the door? The room would be very dark when the candle was burned out. She might not like it left open, though; she seemed very particular. He compromised by taking one of his travel-stained shoes and placing it so that the door, which was loose on its hinges, stayed ajar. He thought seriously of blowing out the candle, but remembered his aunt's words. Was it dangerous? His mother had trusted him. He stood gazing up at the sputtering candle on the high mantel shelf, until his small figure in its blue and white pajamas began to shiver. It might be dangerous *here*; and while the candle was very small and the room was very large, it *was* a little ray of comfort. The candle would burn out soon—*very* soon.

He knelt down and said his short prayers. It seemed strange to be resting against the hard side of the trundle-bed instead of his mother's knee. He shivered again and swallowed pretty hard. "O God," he added, praying aloud for company, "I'm sorry to worry you when I know you must be very busy taking care of all the people in the world, but I'm just a little shaver; perhaps you'll lose me in this bed—it's so big; but you're a strange man and can do wonderful things, so please have your eye on me, most 'specially while I have to sleep in here—all alone, God."

He did not hear the door creak softly or the faint footfalls that paused a moment and then receded from his door as he got into bed, but he did not fall off into sleep at once, as was his usual way. Things were queer in this house anyway, with no one to hear a

little fellow's prayers and tuck him in. He could hardly remember a night when his mother had not heard his prayers or tucked him in; or if some illness or important thing had prevented, there had always been his father there—his father, so tall, so strong, with the merry laugh. He remembered that his father had slept in this very bed when he, too, was a little shaver. He remembered his father had once told him gently, as they sat before a big wood fire in the twilight, how he had never known any mother but Aunt Prudence; and since Aunt Prudence hadn't heard *his* prayers to-night or tucked *him* in, undoubtedly she had never done so for his father. The Commodore wondered suddenly if his father had been lonely in his trundle-bed at night, if he had been happy in this big bare room—his father who loved warm fires and heavy rugs and books and all the rare things he had gathered for the Commodore's mother. Perhaps the room wasn't so bare then, although now there were certainly no traces of a stamp- or stone-collection or of whittling in wood. Had a little boy ever *dared* to whittle in wood in this big lonely house? Had his father *really* climbed that apple-tree?

He tried not to think of his mother—so long seriously ill—as she kissed him good-by, and of the anxious eyes of his father when he took him to the train and put him in charge of the conductor. *Was* something very wrong with his mother? Perhaps she was going to die, and then his father would have to leave him with Aunt Prudence when he went off on his cruises! Oh! *was* his mother—his beautiful, tender, loving mother—going to go and see God? The Commodore gave another hard swallow and sat up in bed, staring hard at the candle, which suddenly sputtered fiercely and went out. Then he turned and hid his face on the big hard pillow—even the pillows here were not soft, and he had been used to softness all his life. Suddenly he drew the covers over his head.

"O God, I want my mother! *My mother*, O God!" he cried in choking breaths.

Half an hour later when Prudence Morris crept stealthily into the room she found him under the covers asleep. She smiled a little to herself at the small shoe in the doorway, nodded approvingly at the clothes carefully folded on a chair near by, and then her face changed swiftly as she drew back the covers and looked at his face. With an impulsive

gesture foreign to her she reached out and laid her hand on his head. The child stirred in his sleep, and opened his eyes. She looked down at him in silence, and he smiled up at her—a brave, manly smile. Years ago another little boy had smiled at her so. She leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

"I came to tell thee," she said slowly, "that I've been thinking it over. I would like thee to call me 'auntie'"; as she paused a moment in embarrassment she noted the growing wonder of his eyes, "and if thee is very careful, and wears thy oldest clothes, thee may play ship in the apple-tree."

III

THE spring slipped into early summer, and the Commodore as naturally slipped into the routine of the life in the old house. Prudence never knew exactly what he did to pass the time, but he was always punctual for meals and courteous to Jane and on hand every afternoon at five to escort her on her walk. He kept well and did not seem interested in her cabinet and got no broken bones from climbing the apple-tree, so she left him much to himself, which the Commodore appreciated. She caught sight of him occasionally from her window where she sat darning the alarming holes that grew in his stockings. Sometimes he would be in the apple-tree, and once she listened while he hove up anchor and sailed away through storm and stress, through fair weather and foul, to the harbor of his dreams.

By and by there came days when the Commodore's voice was rarely heard beneath Prudence's window, and she would lay aside the little stockings and fold her tired hands and strain her eyes toward the fields where she knew he had followed Sam to work. She grew accustomed to the holes, and her hands felt strangely idle when the weather became so hot that the Commodore shed stockings altogether and wore barefoot sandals. She grew to listen for his voice returning, for the stamp of his feet in the attic on wet days; and always she waited with a peculiar eagerness as the hands of the old clock in the hall slowly revolved toward five o'clock. He would search her out then—very tired sometimes from a strenuous day in the hot sun, and sometimes with strange smudges on his face and hands left there through his efforts at a quick toilet in her behalf. They would descend the broad stairs together—those broad,

bare stairs that reechoed to her slow, careful tread and the child's quick one. Together they would go out into the summer evening, her hand resting on his shoulder for support, for the rheumatism had grown bad of late; and very slowly they would walk around the old-fashioned garden, on out across the orchard. The walk was the one outward link that bound them together. Prudence never thought of seeking the child out and making his interests hers, nor dreamed that he was ever lonely or missed passionately the gentle mother far away, nor knew of the long strange thoughts he had at night when he first went to bed as he lay looking out across the big room to the moonlight sifting through the dormer-windows and laying fantastic patches on the walls and floor. Once she was dimly conscious of the boy's need when a letter from his father came asking her if she could keep the Commodore all summer. Mary was improving, but could not be brought home yet, and he had to return to recruiting duty. In the early autumn he would get a week's leave and go and bring her back, and together, perhaps, they would come and get the Commodore.

By the same mail came a letter for the boy, telling him to be a little man and bear the protracted parting bravely. It enclosed a penciled note from his mother. His father's letter the Commodore gave to his great-aunt to read, but his mother's note he deciphered laboriously, alone in the silences of the topmost boughs of the apple-tree. Some day when she was well again he would tell her all about these weeks — how often a little chap could get lonely on a big place like this, with only his aunt and Sam and Jane to talk to; how he had missed her, oh! *how* he had missed her at night; how worried his aunt had been the day he went to the Sunday-school picnic and how she needn't have been, for he had had a stupid time; how he had wanted to join the Chester



TAKING ONE OF HIS TRAVEL-STAINED SHOES,
HE PLACED IT SO THE DOOR
STAYED AJAR

The Room of the Trundle-Bed

boys at the swimming-hole, but she had been afraid; how lonely he had been—and up in the topmost boughs of the apple-tree the Commodore choked over the note he held.

IV

THE peace of the quiet days was suddenly broken the morning of the first harvest day when the hired hands told Sam and the Commodore that the town was ablaze with circus posters. After that the harvest held no interest for the Commodore. He left the men in the field and went back to the house. Jane, in the kitchen making cookies, saw him coming across the orchard, on the run, his hat pushed back from his face as usual, his sailor blouse revealing his strong, sunburned little throat and chest. He rushed into the kitchen.

"It's coming, Jane," he cried, a catch in his voice, "the circus; and there are to be two rings and three clowns and a lot of wild animals in cages, and little chaps like me that ride bareback, and trained dogs, Jane—you *know* how I love dogs, Jane——"

"Law, child, of course I do, but we never have no dogs around these parts. Miss Morris, she is *that* scared of dogs——"

"Oh, yes, Jane, yes, I know, but the Chesters have a beauty. I've seen him sometimes when I've been going to church—I mean meeting—and Reilly, he was the coxswain down south, you know, had a Boston bull, and I know *all* about dogs, Jane. It's fifty cents for the circus and ten cents extra for the trained dogs, Abe Bennett says. Now *do* you suppose——"

The Commodore suddenly broke off. Jane had always been a sympathetic listener, but he had never spoken so before his great-aunt, and there she was now, standing by the pantry door. For a moment the Commodore felt the blood pouring into his sunburned cheeks, and then he broke out again.

"It's true, auntie—Aunt Pru—Aunt Prudence—auntie—fifty cents for the whole show *except* the trained dogs, and ten cents for the dogs—I think that's cheap—that makes sixty—and they'll all be here to-morrow afternoon——" he broke off for want of breath, and he even went so far as to lay one very dirty small hand on the immaculate gray sleeve of his great-aunt's Quaker dress. Jane suddenly went back to her cookies. She had grown old in Miss Morris's service. She remembered how, years ago, another little

boy had been refused a similar request; how he had run away and seen the show and confessed afterward, and then spent three long days locked in his room on bread and water, except for the cookies she had smuggled in—yes, cookies, and like these very cookies, too! If Miss Morris refused this child——

Prudence Morris looked down at the small dirty hand, a troubled expression on her face. She felt an inexpressible desire to lay her own wrinkled hand upon it and hold it there—and she did so. A circus! If it had only been another Sabbath-school picnic or a magic-lantern show; but a circus where there were wild beasts in cages and jumping horses and dogs—dogs that she hated—doing crazy tricks!

"Only think, auntie, such a lot for sixty cents! It's a lot of money, of course, and my father doesn't allow me to *ask* for things, but if you'll advance it I'll work it-out with Sam or Abe or—or—perhaps help Jane——" Jane caught her breath and let a batch of cookies burn while waiting for the answer, "A real circus *and* those dogs!" The voice had a touch of an appeal in it now.

Miss Morris hesitated, then she laid one hand on the boy's upturned head. "In my day," she said, "the children were not permitted to go to shows." She paused, finding it difficult to go on. "There will be a great crowd, dear child, and perhaps thee may be exposed to illness; perhaps, perhaps thee might get injured in some way. I hear the animals are safely caged and the dogs trained, but animals have been known to escape—the weather is very hot—if thee should get hurt or ill think of thy mother and father and—me! I will send thee with Jane and Sam to see the parade. I——"

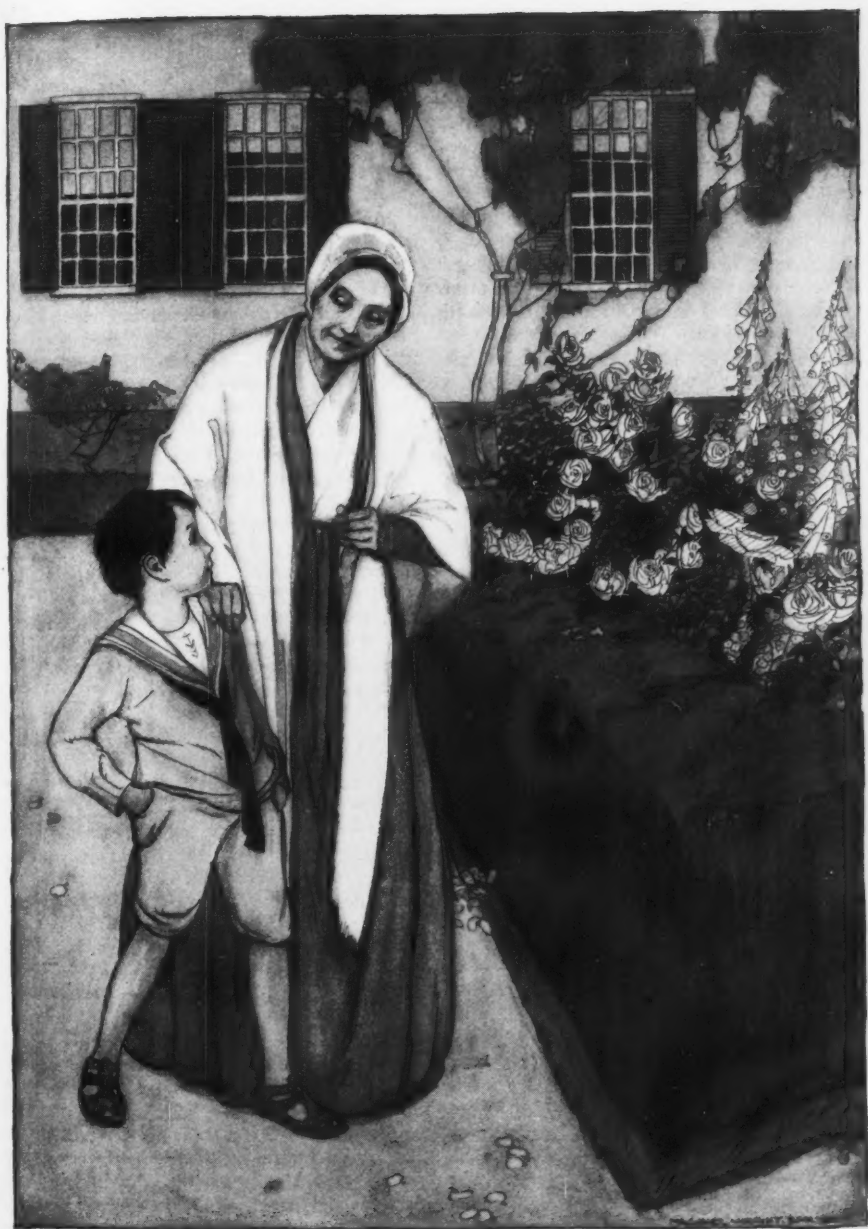
The Commodore looked up into her face with dim eyes. His under lip quivered ever so little. He tried to smile.

Prudence suddenly sat down on the step that led from the pantry to the big kitchen. She drew the Commodore to her, unmindful that Jane was watching and that the second batch of cookies was burning to a crisp.

"Child, child," she said, "I can refuse thee nothing. Jane shall take thee, and Samuel care for thee both."

V

THERE was a long wakeful night full of blissful visions for the occupant of the



Drawn by Maginel Wright Enright

TOGETHER THEY WOULD GO OUT INTO THE SUMMER EVENING, HER HAND RESTING ON
HIS SHOULDER FOR SUPPORT, AND VERY SLOWLY THEY WOULD WALK
AROUND THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

trundle-bed, followed by a more blissful day. The big house stood silent in the midst of deserted garden and orchard; the apple-tree was empty; the fields were empty, too, while the harvest hands waited for the coming and the going of the circus. Miss Morris moved about the still house nervous and overwrought. She tried to keep the Commodore's grateful little sunburned face before her memory as he had turned and looked at her from the front seat of the wagon with Sam, and guarded by old Jane in the rear. There had been sixty cents for each and a quarter extra in Jane's keeping for peanuts to add to the basket lunch. Miss Morris had hesitated on the extra for the dog-show, but the Commodore had politely reminded her of it as she counted out the three fifty-cent pieces and the extra quarter. Strange how the child's fancy ran to dogs! He had his father's taste for them, and Miss Morris could remember yet how persistently his father had wanted a dog of his own. It was the one thing he had ever really wanted, except that stolen day at the circus, that she had denied him.

The long day drew to its close, and the late summer evening failed to bring back the wagon with Sam and Jane and the Commodore. It grew dusk, and Prudence walked the length of the big hall twenty times. She had let him go against her better judgment—some accident had happened—one of the trained dogs—of course a dog was the trouble.

She started nervously as a short, sharp bark reached her from the driveway in the rear. Then she heard a confused murmur of familiar voices and then the Commodore's, clear and distinct above the others.

"He's lost; they've left him behind. Of course we'll take care of him," and then the short, sharp bark again.

Miss Morris turned and went swiftly down the hall and through the pantry to the back porch. On the bench beneath the kitchen window stood the lantern, and she caught it up as she passed and held it high that its light might the more distinctly fall on the farm wagon standing there.

Bob, the tired horse, stood with his head dejectedly hung low, patiently waiting to be stalled and fed. Jane was standing near the wheels, talking in excited, pleading tones, while Sam was vainly trying to withdraw the Commodore's arms, which were

tightly wound around the neck of a big collie which he was holding close.

"What is it? What has happened?" asked Prudence.

The noise suddenly ceased. Sam and Jane were silent, and even the big collie stopped barking. The Commodore stood up in the farm wagon still tightly holding on to the dog. The light from the lantern, which Prudence turned on them, revealed the two plainly, and the rest lay in darkness and—silence.

"It's one of the trick dogs, auntie. Isn't he a beauty? He must have strayed away when they were breaking up the circus tent. We found him on the road. He has a hurt foot"—the Commodore's excited voice dropped lower pityingly—"he could hardly walk, and we took—I mean I made Sam take him in the wagon. We drove back to find the circus, but it had gone, so we've brought him home."

The tone was final, and in the lantern light Prudence could see his child face shine out, happy, satisfied.

"I tied my handkerchief around his foot, but it wasn't big enough to help the bleeding much, so Sam lent me his big red one—the color was better for the blood, anyhow—and Jane was *just* as good, too, and covered him with her green plaid shawl. It was very *nice* of Jane, wasn't it, auntie?"

Jane stirred uneasily in the shadow. Still Prudence waited in silence with the big lantern held high.

"We're awfully tired, auntie, but the show was fine. I'm not very hungry, but I'm pretty cold. Won't you please tell Sam to help me carry the dog into the kitchen? He said he thought—"

The lantern was suddenly lowered until its light rested on Sam's freckled face. "Samuel, take this—this animal to the barn and tell Abe, who is waiting to help thee, to drive it to his home to-night."

The Commodore balanced suddenly on the front wheel for a breathless moment, and then sprang down to the ground close to his aunt's side. He reached up and pulled at her hand desperately. "Oh, auntie, not *that!* Jane said he could go in her kitchen if you'd let him. It's Jane's kitchen, isn't it? You've always said it was Jane's kitchen—and he's just as clean, auntie—and—he's hurt!"

Prudence did not seem to hear him. She continued to look at Sam, who stood hesita-

tingly near. "Did thee hear me, Samuel?" she asked. "Drive the dog to the barn and see that Abe takes him away to-night. I will pay Abe for his keep until his master can be found. See that his hurt is bound properly, but take him off the place."

Sam climbed into the wagon again and picked up the lines. The collie gave a short sharp bark of protest. The Commodore threw himself in a huddled heap at his aunt's feet, his form shaking, his cold hands grasping at the folds of her dress.

"He's my dog! He's *my* dog until the circus people get him! Oh! *tell* Sam to bring him into Jane's kitchen!"

"Drive on, Samuel."

Sam chirruped to Bob, who pricked up his ears sleepily and started down the road to the barn, but the collie, in spite of his hurt leg, suddenly jumped over the foot-board, ran limping toward the huddled heap at Prudence's feet, and sniffed around it and began to whine and try to find the Commodore's face with his hot tongue. Prudence gave a low startled cry and retreated to the porch with the lantern held firmly in her hand. The Commodore, suddenly conscious of the dog's breathing on his neck, flung his arms around him passionately.

"You're mine—you're mine until the circus people get you! They haven't any right to take you from me—it's stealing. You're all I've got to love here"—the voice trailed off in terrible broken sobs.

Abe, having heard the confusion, appeared from the barn and was now silently regarding the scene. Prudence turned the lantern upon him.

"Drive the dog to thy home at once and care for him to-night. I will tell thee further what to do in the morning. I will *not* have a dog here! Samuel, carry the child to his room."

Prudence sat in her room before the dying fire, her mouth set in a straight hard line. Now and then she went to her door and listened, but the wild sobbing in the room across the hall had ceased. Earlier in the evening she had entered and tried to make peace, but there was no peace to be made there. The Commodore's grief had spent itself, and she had hardly known the little flushed face turned to her on entering. When he had seen who it was he had deliberately dropped his eyes and gone over to the

window and stood looking out into the darkness. She had spoken to him, but he had answered her but once, and she never forgot either his face or his words:

"You took my dog away. He was *hurt*, too. He was all I have to love *here*."

By and by she had left him and come back to her own room. The blood of his father had told at last—after all, it was her blood, too! There was no peace. Prudence wondered if there ever would be again! The big log on the old andirons broke suddenly and lit up the room with its ancient furniture and the old figure in Quaker dress. Then it slowly, very slowly, grew dimmer, and still she sat and watched the gray embers on the hearth.

She rose suddenly as a thought struck her with a terrible overwhelming conviction, and hurriedly lighted a candle and crossed the dim cold hall. The old clock on the landing rang out three. She closed the Commodore's door and locked it and stood there, her heart beating heavily, with the cold key in her hand. Then she unlocked it again with trembling fingers and crept across the silent room to the trundle-bed. It was empty.

VI

At seven the next night they found the child and the lame collie on the turnpike road, and brought them back to the old place on the hill. It was Sam who, as leader of the search-party, carried the boy in and laid him on the best horsehair sofa in Prudence's sitting-room.

"Here he is, ma'am. Found him and the dog just petered out, up near the cross-roads," and Sam roughly brushed the hair back from the Commodore's forehead. "He ain't just himself, either."

Prudence, who had been mutely standing at the head of the sofa, with tightly clasped hands, leaned over the child suddenly. "Why, he's asleep, isn't he, Samuel?"

"You can call it that," said Sam bluntly, "but he dozes and then wakes and talks queer. Jane said——"

Miss Morris waved him aside. "That will do. Send Jane to me and then go for the doctor at once."

When she was alone she flung herself on the floor by the best horsehair sofa and suddenly and passionately drew one of the Commodore's hands to her, and, kneeling there so, she held it to her heart for a moment, then

The Room of the Trundle-Bed



THE COMMODORE FLUNG HIS ARMS AROUND HIM PASSIONATELY. "YOU'RE MINE! THEY HAVEN'T ANY RIGHT TO TAKE YOU FROM ME"

let it fall with a startled cry. It was dry and very hot.

The Commodore stirred a little and moved his head in a restless, uncertain way. He began to talk, and Prudence bent her ear close to his mouth to listen:

"It's a long way, isn't it, old chap; but my father'll be so glad—and we'll have some one who—wants—and—loves—us—there."

"Some one who wants and loves us there!"

Prudence Morris rose slowly and unsteadily, the calm that for years had rested on her withered face broken. Her thin fingers pressed themselves slowly down the length of her white kerchief. The big clock in its wonderful glass case on the high mantel ticked slowly—slowly. It was the only thing of which she was conscious. Once, years and years ago, she had stood almost thus—in this room—alone on the night after Gettysburg, a bit of yellow paper at her feet; and the clock had ticked slowly then, too—as slowly as her heart. She had been young then—up-stairs there was a new drab suit waiting in soft folds for her wedding day, and a new white kerchief, as white, as lineless, as delicate as her own fresh cheeks. But the slip of paper had changed all that, and the clock had ticked on and on and on through all the lonely years—years so many she had ceased to number them, with the dim wraithlike forms of the children who had never lived in that big house for company—years broken only by the time when this child's father had come to her and joyously, like the low, soft music of an echo of what they really might have held and meant, by this child now.

Then the dream passed, as all her dreams had passed, and she was conscious of the Commodore and his need, and in her slow, deliberate way she went to hurry Jane.

When the old doctor came and stood by the trundle-bed in silence, Prudence read the message of anxiety in his face.

"It's pneumonia, Prudence," he said simply. "The little one has been too long exposed. We will do what we can and ask the Lord to help, but perhaps thee had better tell the father and the mother."

"I cannot, Josiah," she replied, just as simply. "The mother's lungs are worse, and the boy's father has been sent for again—out West. I was to break the news to him yesterday when he returned——" she broke off.

Josiah Miller regarded her gravely over his big-rimmed glasses and waited. She did not go on.

"Well, Prudence?" he said questioningly.

Prudence stretched out one hand and rested it against the side of the trundle-bed, and she looked at the old friend of years almost defiantly. "Thee will hear the story," she said. "He brought a lame dog home—a circus dog, a trick dog. I forbade him to let it enter and had it carried off to Abe Bennett's. I sent the boy to bed. I reasoned with him, but he would not listen, and I left him. I could not sleep. At three I went to his bed. It was empty. He had run away—to the dog and his father. He left me for the dog, Josiah——" she broke off suddenly and turned away.

The old Friend stood by the bed holding the Commodore's pulse, watch in hand. He looked down at it with unseeing eyes. Under his firm fingers the Commodore's little pulse played games of tag and hide and seek.

Prudence came back to the bedside. Her eyes met those of Josiah Miller in confession.

"He would not forgive me—I cannot forgive myself."

The old doctor put the watch back, then wiped his glasses with great care with a large linen handkerchief. Something began to thump violently beneath his waistcoat—in others he diagnosed it as the heart, but he, Josiah, had had no heart in years; none to speak of, at least, since Prudence had made her choice of Mark Hathaway.

"We will not speak of that," he said gently, and he replaced his glasses and carefully refolded the linen handkerchief. "We have only one thing in hand now—this little lad. Is thee as good at nursing as when his father was a boy?"

She nodded, beyond speech. Then, "Thee will save him for his mother—who may not live—for that father, Josiah—for—"

"Thee," said Josiah Miller gently.

VII

THE days and nights passed—long days fraught with a terrible anxiety; long nights, when Jane and Prudence and Josiah Miller struggled in a fierce battle for the child's life, when Sam dozed, dressed, on the settle in the hall, ready for any need that might arise.

To her own room, rarely visited, across the hall, and back to the room of the trundle-bed, Prudence went, and no farther. Jane brought her the little she would eat. She rested now and then on a couch at the foot of the bed, but sleep did not seem to come to her. She watched with a tireless devotion that never flagged, but Jane and the doctor, when they could get away from the child's side, talked over it together and regarded her with increasing anxiety. She seemed consumed with an inner fire that was wasting away the outer shell of her being, leaving the stricken soul alone in the silence to look out of her old eyes.

Once she went down-stairs, but no farther than the sitting-room in which ticked, ticked, the old mantel-clock in the wonderful glass case. It was to see Sam, who had brought around the agent of the circus that owned the strayed collie. Hidden by the folds of her gray skirt, Prudence held a purse. The dog was useless for show purposes now, but had always been a favorite of his, the stout circus agent with the red tie declared. He was a fine breed, too—he could not part with him unless—he named his price—an exorbitant one—and in silence and without question Prudence paid the money. The circus manager regretted he had not asked more. Sam wondered vaguely whence the wealth had come. Of the denials—the trip south for the rheumatism, the new Friends dress, the offering for the meeting—he never knew, and Prudence's face was as calm as her own peaceful landscape lying in the first touch of frost.

After the circus agent had gone, Prudence turned to Sam. "Thee will have the dog as thy special care until his master has recovered. Thee will see that all that is possible is done to help the hurt and make the foot well. Thee will have him sleep in thy own room until my further orders," and then with a motion of the hand she dismissed him.

For a brief moment after he had gone she lingered, listening to the ticking of the clock.

The Room of the Trundle-Bed

Was its message always death, she wondered. Then very slowly she climbed the stairs.

At the head she met the old doctor descending.

"The crisis will come within forty-eight hours. I telegraphed to Boston last night for Eastern, the great specialist. I am going to meet him now. Prudence, thee doesn't mind?"

She folded her wrinkled hands one above the other that he might not see their trembling. "Thee thinks——?" she asked.

"I think, save by the Lord's good grace," said Josiah Miller reverently, "he cannot live."

He did not look at her face, but passed down the stairs in silence, and in silence Prudence opened the door of the room of the trundle-bed, and sat down in the chair by the Commodore's side. She sat so with her hands folded in her lap, waiting, watching and she looked out over the fields and the garden and to the old apple-tree where the fruit now hung heavy. The silence of the fields was unbroken by the boy's laugh, the stillness of the garden unstirred by his voice in passing; the apple-tree held no fruit as bright as his young face had been peering from behind the branches.

"We'll have some one who wants and loves us there!"

Prudence looked up to the blue, blue sky with its myriads of clouds, and she remembered suddenly how one day the Commodore had asked her if she thought they were the boats of the angels who bore the souls of little children to heaven. *Were they?* Would there be some one who loved and wanted him there? Were the souls of the frail young mother and the child to meet up there—*some-where*—in that space her dim vision could not fathom? She thought of the child's father—was he to be so doubly bereft? She remembered the few stricken lines that had reached her that morning:

"The words won't come, but think of me and the years you brought me up. Pull the boy through. Oh! for Mary's sake, for his own, for mine, for God's sake pull him through!"

He had never fancied it necessary to add "your own"!

There were steps in the hall, and she rose and quietly bade Josiah and the specialist enter. She searched his face with swift, questioning eyes as he bent above the bed and talked in low tones to Josiah Miller.

After a while they went out, and she mechanically counted their footfalls on the steps. One, two, three (that was Josiah's) four, five (the other man's), six, seven, until the pain in her head forbade her to count further. She waited for Josiah's return. Of course he would return and tell her—

The door opened gently, and Josiah came up to her. For the first time in all those years since he and she were young—since that last parting—he took her hands, and tried to speak. Through the shaded windows the sun made patches on the floor. The little figure on the trundle-bed was still.

She looked at him with a terrible pain shining in her eyes. The look compelled an answer, but he could not speak and bowed his head in silence.

"It is enough," she said. "Leave me. I am better alone. And tell them as thee goes I do not wish to be disturbed."

"I will come back," he said, "to help thee—to watch also."

"The change will come at midnight? Thee may come to me afterward!"

When he was gone Prudence drew the big bolt on the door—unused for years. It made a dull, grating sound, but the little figure on the bed neither stirred nor spoke. Then she went back to the seat by the head of the bed, and reached out and took one of the child's hands and held and warmed it in her own. The long hours of the day crept by and sank into twilight, but she remained seated, her eyes upon the little face on the pillow. Was it the twilight? How gray it had grown—*was it the twilight?*

She rose and drew the blinds. How often had her spirit seen the day close and had drawn the curtains in its silent tabernacle! Then she quietly lighted the lamp and shaded its glow from the trundle-bed.

When she went back she picked up the child's hand again. It was colder, and there was a curious rigid feel she knew. She chafed it between her own; she chafed his arm and then his other arm and hand, and refilled the hot bottles at the little feet and wrapped the cold little legs in warm flannel cloths. Somewhere outside—was it down in the parlor under its glass case, or miles away?—a clock rang out eleven. She stood resting from her labors and looking down on the Commodore's drawn face as she counted the slow, even strokes. Then the fire of her soul that had been smoldering for days flared into a white, consuming heat of love. She



Drawn by Maginel Wright Enright

SHE SANK DOWN ON HER KNEES BY THE BED, HER OLD FORM FLUNG ACROSS THE COMMODORE'S, HER FACE CLOSE TO HIS; AND HER FINGERS, OLD AND WRINKLED, BUT FIRM AND WITH AN ALL-COMPELLING POWER, STROKED HIS FOREHEAD

The Room of the Trundle-Bed

sank down on her knees by the bed, her old form flung across the Commodore's, her face close to his; and her fingers, old and wrinkled, but firm and with an all-compelling power, stroked his forehead.

Once she raised her face upward, and the long silence of the room was broken by her voice—strong, distinct, commanding:

"And he said unto her, Give me thy son. And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed. . . . And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again."

The voice ceased, and she laid her old face down close to the unlined one of the child.

Outside the door Josiah Miller and Jane and Sam waited. The clock struck midnight, and still the silence of the room was unbroken. Josiah walked the big dim hall with quiet tread. At one, unable to bear the strain longer, he knocked. There was a movement inside as of one rising heavily; then the pulling of the bolt. The sound reechoed through the quiet house. Prudence, tall, wraithlike, stood in the doorway. The shaded lamp behind her brought out her figure in sharp relief. Her eyes were glowing with a strange supernal fire. Her voice sounded as from a distance:

"Thee may enter, Josiah, and peace be to thee. The child sleeps."

The early twilight of a dull November day was setting in. Up-stairs in her own room Prudence sat by a big open fire. Her knitting—a child's coasting-cap—lay unopened in her lap. Her thin withered hands were folded above it. Every now and then she strained her ears for the sound of carriage wheels and Sam's return from the station. She had not been able to go. Her rheumatism had increased of late. An open fire was not exactly as good as a trip south, but it answered very well. How still the house

seemed! How like a dream the last week, that had brought the father and Mary to her—the week that, ending to-day, had seen them go—with the Commodore! It had been a week to remember, though. She was grateful for that, but oh! the silence of the garden and the bare, bare apple-tree—the silence of the house with the child gone!

The shadows thickened and hid the objects in the far corners of the room and stole nearer to the figure in the carved chair in the arc of firelight. The silence and the darkness were everywhere!

There was a scuffling sound at the door that stood ajar, and then it was slowly pushed open, and a lame collie limped into the room. He was a large dog with dumb big eyes, hunting for his master. He advanced, then paused, regarding the lonely figure in the carved chair—the silent figure with the folded hands and dim old eyes in which was reflected the hunger of his own. He had never dared intrude here before.

The old lady in the big chair suddenly leaned forward, aversion swallowed up in sympathy. "Thee may lie here if thee likes," said Prudence.

The dog limped across the arc of light and stood still, again regarding her, and then, as if satisfied, sank down by the warm hearth, his head on his paws, his tired, homesick eyes fixed on the fire. Why *was* the house so still? By and by the glow from the fire warmed and comforted him, and he dozed, dreaming of a little boy in a sailor blouse. The room was all in darkness now excepting for the glow from the fire.

Prudence leaned forward in her chair; the knitting slipped unheeded to the floor. Such strange, strange things as she saw in the fire—scenes that always ended with the face of a little boy in a sailor blouse.

The log broke and the flames flared up suddenly bright and warm. The dog awoke and turned clear, questioning eyes upon her.

"We will wait," said Prudence to the dog. "He will come again. Thee is his hostage."





Pavlova of the Twinkling Toes

THE STORY OF THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL OPERA, WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE CZAR TO SHOW US WHAT DANCING REALLY IS

By Pierre Van Rensselaer Key

PIROUETTING, coquetting, swaying and bending, leaping to the call of the music's rhythm; now floating about, like a tiny bit of thistledown blown hither and thither by the breath of the woodwinds, then, contrariwise, with varying quality of mood, suddenly bounding through space as does the athlete; with toes a-twinkle and skirts swirling in the flash of shadowy legs, she comes—a marvelous artist, a Russian creature who soars—Pavlova, Queen of the Dance.

This reincarnation of Terpsichore, première danseuse of the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, and member of the Czar's personal household, will peep cautiously from the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House on the night of March second, next. Then, pinching out the last kink in those wonderfully supple muscles, she will dart forth to startle, to amaze, to overwhelm. She will bring no accessories beyond the costumes essential in the dances she will introduce to fulfil the prophecies of superlative achievements in her art. There will be no glittering accouterments, such as other dancers have presented to coax public approval. Sweep-

ing jauntily forward on the Metropolitan's vast stage, she will stand, momentarily, alone, distinctive, saucy, supreme.

Denied a national dance, the people of this wealth-amassing country seem bravely graduating from the effects of the disgusting wriggle and the tiresome clump of the amusing clog. Looking upon it all for years from the comfort of cushioned chairs, we have finally awakened to an art which flourished beyond the seas before our independence was bought. With the swiftness of the dawn streaking across the fading gloom of night has this enlightenment come, and though we have been content for decades with an army of hop-skip-and-a-jump persons who taught nothing of enduring worth we owe them a certain measure of debt. They may not have had much to offer save the elongated shoe, a fluffy mass of frills fastened about the waist, two muscle-marked legs, and ten overworked toes, but they helped show us the way.

Before Pavlova's advent, while a pulse-throbbing public waits expectantly for that first airy kick, there will be momentary diversifications. We have had a few of them already: Rita Sacchetto, Italian dream-dancer, première with Loie Fuller and her

Pavlova of the Twinkling Toes

special troupe, and La Loie herself; Ruth St. Denis and Isadora Duncan; Signorina Galimberti, of the Manhattan; and Gina Torriani, head of the Metropolitan dancing forces. Like a tiny stream they have come, pausing briefly, then moving on. But as the big breaker follows in the wake of smaller waves, Pavlova's presence looms toweringly in the near beyond. When she bursts upon our vision there promises to be a shattering of old dance ideals and a possible summons for police aid to keep feverish lines of struggling humanity from melting through box-office windows.

Phlegmatic English folk stormed testily in the summer when the Czar said no to managerial entreaties for permission allowing the St. Petersburg ballerina to cross the channel seas. "And why not?" asked their lifting brows. "Every 'boo' shall be bottled, our applause unloosed, our pockets widely open." Still the persistent, negative "no." But John Bull's diplomatic cousin, with persuasive pleadings, finally whispered a last and victorious sentence into the ear of the head resting uneasily beneath the weight of the imperial crown. And Anna Pavlova, like a child permitted by a doting parent to run out to play, is to be "loaned" to the Land of the Free for exactly thirty days.

For nineteen summers and winters, not to mention the other seasons of the year, this wiry sprite of femininity has tripped to the count of her master's one-two-three. In this country, up to now, the ballet has been incidental to the opera; in France, Germany, and Italy it is a necessary adjunct; but in Russia it ascends to a lofty plane and becomes a source of gratification to cultivated visual senses—a harmonious affiliation to every performance, to which it is indissolubly linked. And so, while we have been in blissful ignorance, Pavlova, from the days when rag-dolls were her closest companions, has been at work, toiling, plodding, striving for the goal upon which at last she leaped with a Russian cry of triumph.

Imagine this child of six, apprenticed to a stern disciplinarian of the ballet, growing into womanhood through the monotony of hourly daily dance-technics; fancy soft muscles playing incessantly, week after week, year on year, until they finally become like strips of steel, responsive, agile, tireless; picture a slim figure, almost a wand in its leanness, with wisps of soft hair tossing about a perspiring little face screwed up in earnest

effort, twisting and turning for half-hour periods without rest, and one has a dim vision of Pavlova's early training. In Russia, even though you come of a dancing family, the ballet-master's net is not pleasant to those enmeshed in it. Not even when you really want to learn to dance.

During the early months, when the girl-novices are doing first steps, the tender legs, toes, and waists ache long after the sandman has made his nightly rounds. Years after, when calisthenics and physical culture have put wings on their heels and gutta-percha into their legs, these solemn-faced workers drop asleep to flitting shadows of the dance. Rising on one's great toe half a thousand times a week is a trick not mastered in an hour. Pavlova, in executing a virtuoso dance cadenza, is sometimes poised for six minutes on the tip of her pedal extremities. It took years of practice to climb to the uppermost rung of the ladder for the leap to this accomplishment. That is the reason her shoes are "longer than they really ought to be"; the great toes develop under constant use to a size rather beyond what might be termed normal.

While premières are being molded in Russian dance-colleges there are other essentials to be mastered besides controlling the muscles, balancing on the shoe-tip, and holding a given position until the body cries in pain. There is the art of pantomime, the interpretation of an idea with the face, the body, and the arms, hands, and feet. A curving arm extended a few inches too far in a given direction may convey to the spectators a totally different thought from the one desired. A too rigidly held torso may arrest the chief idea which it is the intention to illuminate. Exactness, to the minutest notch, is the Alpha and Omega in the dance-alphabet, which every Russian aspirant must conquer; and that means thought, endless practice, constant tutoring. No golden-voiced tenor, pouring out his soul in throat-trying phrases, puts more exertion into his task. It is nerve-splitting, muscle-wrenching work, no matter how easy it sounds or looks.

When this dance-gifted creature, mistress absolute of gesture, pose, and step, pauses tensely before her first American audience on the night when the March winds should blow, these weeks, days, and years of unremitting, never-ending toil should be considered; but when she is flitting airily through space



MORDKINE SWINGS PAVLOVA FROM THE STAGE, WHIRLING
HER IN AN EYE'S FLICKER TO HIS SHOULDER
AND SPINNING ALL THE TIME LIKE
THE SMALL BOY'S TOP

everyone, under the sway of her dominance, will be quite apt to forget.

When her engagement is concluded and she has faced the picked assemblages of New York's "diamond horseshoe" on fifteen

different occasions there is one gentleman who will not have forgotten that Pavlova has been here, visiting. Andreas Dippel is that man. To this buzzing, one-hundred-and-thirty-pound bit of Russian dancing fireworks

Pavlova of the Twinkling Toes

the Metropolitan management will pay one thousand dollars each night she salutes. Geraldine Farrar, great soprano though she is, considers herself fortunate to obtain such a sum. Antonio Scotti, a first baritone, is content with but a trifle more than half that amount; Enrico Caruso receives only double the Russian's wage for dispensing the liquid glory of that almost priceless throat. But Pavlova is on a par with singing prima donnas and tenors, and she knows it. After she had perked her saucy head into the depths of the formidable document prepared for her hieroglyphic signature by Gabriel Astruc, Paris agent of the Metropolitan, she chattered approvingly. The terms, she felt sure, would buy fresh ballet-shoes for some time, and as she always disposes of one pair at each performance it was highly necessary that she should think of them.

Ever since her appointment as première danseuse of the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera, five years ago, Pavlova's vogue has shot skyward like the sizzling rocket. She was four years older than sweet sixteen when the Czar's eagle-eye was fixed approvingly on the ballet-master's choice for the highest post among dance-honors in Russia. Since the night when her début threw the Cossacks and grand dukes into a "fit of frenzied applause" the Czar has kept his leading ballerina as closely at home as the teacher does the naughty boy who must remain in after school. On a few occasions she has been

allowed to make special appearances in Berlin and Vienna; and at every available opportunity Emperor William, it is said, has wriggled his mustachios in delight.

But Pavlova, despite the honors heaped on her dark, bobbing head, is yet unspoiled as well as unmarried. A little czarina in her own chilly land, she is saluted in the streets, huzzaed at by youthful admirers, and laden with gifts. A particularly graceful flourish in a dance may bring her, next day, a sparkling ring; an unusually expressive pointing of the toe strikes a jeweler's pet pendant, while a ten-foot leap is not unlikely to land her squarely upon a brand-new pearl necklace.

She is not beautiful of face, Pavlova. Her features refuse to follow severely classical lines even though her steps do. But there is expressiveness in the snapping black eyes, a mouth indicating temperamental depths, a nose denoting determination. When she is in action any possible thought of facial deficiencies vanishes.

Pavlova might enter, and win, a beauty contest—if they would permit her to dance.

Whether the spirit of the music be grave or gay, light or serious, intense or relaxed, she perfectly interprets its innermost meanings or superficial charms.

If it be a Spanish dance there is felt, with Pavlova, the absolute dashing abandon of the character. She does not need to teeter upon her toes to win the gloved pat-pat of admiring thousands. It is upon

the flat of her feet that much of her best dancing is done. According to enthusiastic critics and loyal lay subjects the greatest rôles of this Russian heart-stimulator are those having a dramatic subject.



WITH TOES A-TWINKLE AND SKIRTS SWIRLING IN THE FLASH OF SHADOWY LEGS, SHE COMES—PAVLOVA, QUEEN OF THE DANCE

Here, it is asserted, her dancing and mimic art possess qualities fairly indescribable. In these ballets Pavlova enters into the style and period of the time in which the action evolves; her impersonation, always, is replete with the minutest detail of the character she is momentarily interpreting.

That long, sinuous glide in the waltz, the mad half-turns in the tarantella are eloquently, superlatively Pavlovaesque. One beholds her, for the moment, in the maze of intricate whirlings; the next, she has gone and come back again, costumed anew, and, with seeming nonchalance, clears the full breadth of a fifty-foot stage in three stupendous bounds. She is the virtuoso of the dance and yet its poet. What Rubenstein was to the pianoforte technicians of his time Pav-

certo, the sonata of the dance. No difficult passage of bravura music ever sprang more fluently from the fingers of Teresa Carreno than do the difficult figures from this mistress of her art. Yet, in the folk-dances of her people, simple though they usually are, Pavlova wins equally well.

In Russia every member of the Imperial ballet, upon taking her coveted place, must strive to form a perfect part of the perfect working whole; to unite in portraying a dramatic or poetic idea through the medium of pose and step. Pavlova, greatest artist of them all, fairly talks pantomimically.

There are tongues in her toes, in her legs, in her feet. The ends of those long, artistically turned fingers flash messages; though she be vocally silent, her whole being speaks. At times, when she is at the climaxes of



RUTH ST. DENIS, THE INTERPRETER OF THE MYSTIC DANCES OF THE FAR EAST, AND SOME OF HER CHARACTERISTIC POSTURES



lova is to her colleagues of the dance. As Paderevski draws from his instrument luscious tones, so does this captivating Russian reveal hidden fires, smoldering poetic ecstasies of the dance she is playing upon. Her sense of rhythm places her always in full accord with the orchestra's throb. When with arched instep, elevated toe, proudly poised body, and aristocratically held head she prances to the footlights, there is felt a thrill to the magnetic darts she appears to radiate, like a wireless sounding a call to all instruments within its zone. She is the symphony, the con-

her dazzling dances, she appears a sort of ethereal body, half released from the earth. Rita Sacchetto is the dreamy forenoon of the dance; Pavlova its brilliant noontide. Audiences gaze approvingly upon the Italian and her stimulating expressiveness; but it is the Russian whose versatility and brilliance send through the nerve-cells the tingling thrill of delight.

Supreme though she is in her solos, it is with Michael Mordkine, premier of the Imperial Opera at Moscow, that Pavlova has gained immeasurable triumphs. In the athletic portions of the choreographic art

Pavlova of the Twinkling Toes



RITA SACCHETTO, THE LYRIC-DRAMATIC DANCER
OF MUNICH, WHO WILL BE SEEN IN
NEW YORK THIS WINTER

these two stand unapproached. Together they form a harmonious unit as smooth and frictionless as the quietly moving engine. Their feats are performed with an ease almost uncanny. When Mordkine swings Pavlova from the stage, whirling her in an eye's flicker to his shoulder and spinning all the time like the small boy's top, the stock of our adjectives is too weak to describe it. Under the spell of this pair some onlookers are apt to forget that a wide-open mouth is not a slightly object to the nearest neighbors.

There will be no interpretation of Beethoven's Symphonies by Pavlova during her New York engagement, no graceful motion to the airs of Mozart or Chopin. The "revival of the Greek art of two thousand years ago" she will leave to Isadora Duncan, who may trot and lope with bare feet to the measures of the musical classicists to her heart's content—so far as Pavlova may care. Likewise, to Ruth St. Denis's mystic postures in her Indian dances will the Russian marvel remain indifferent. These and others who gambol, recline, and run are tickling a public's senses; they seldom, if ever, rouse it to exclamations of amazement through achievements due to dearly bought technique. Most of these special dances are conspicuous for an utter absence of anything artistic; in its place is substituted the facile fussing of the dance-fakir. But whatever these dancers may have been or are we must salaam to their ingenuity. They have garnered the gold pieces, with the bas-relief of the screaming eagle, in plenteous parcels, leaving us laughing at our own gullibility, but wiser, and more able, now, to detect the real from the counterfeit.

Meanwhile, during the coming weeks, when Pavlova is supervising the making and putting of filmy and wondrous costumes into deep brass-bound trunks, we shall await her nimble-footed witchery. And on that night of nights, with the orchestra's violins sweeping the gorgeous opening phrases to our eager ears, and the foot and overhead border lights streaming their glare to the waiting stage, she will come, with a bound, a flash, bursting upon our now rapt vision—Pavlova, Queen of the Dance.

BEAUTIES of the PLAYS



ADELINE GENEÉ, THE DANISH DANCER, NOW APPEARING IN "THE SILVER STAR,"
IN WHICH SHE HAS HER FIRST SPEAKING PART



Copyright, 1909, by Charles Frohman

ADELAIDE NOWAK AND JOHN STOKES, AND SCENE FROM "THE HARVEST MOON."
BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND JULIE OPP, AND SCENE FROM "HEROD,"
BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS



LOUISE WOODS AND ANNE SUTHERLAND, AND SCENE FROM "IS MATRIMONY
A FAILURE?"



DAISY DUMONT AND ELSA RYAN. AND SCENE FROM "THE BELLE
OF BRITTANY"



FLORA PARKER AS FELICITAS, AND KITTY GORDON AND SAM BERNARD IN A SCENE
FROM "THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD"



MABEL ROEBUCK AND SCENE WITH HAROLD MEAD IN "IDOLS." A DRAMATIZATION
OF WM. J. LOCKE'S NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME



Drawn by Will Foster

SIR CHARLES FROWNED A LITTLE. "THE PRINCE AGAIN!" HE SAID, HALF PROTESTING. "HE SEEMS TO BE A GREAT DEAL IN YOUR THOUGHTS LATELY, PENELOPE"

("The Illustrious Prince")

The Illustrious Prince

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by Will Foster



SYNOPSIS: As the story opens the *Lusitania* has dropped anchor with her impatient passengers within sight of Liverpool. One man, however, Hamilton Fynes by name, presents a letter to the captain and is immediately given permission to go ashore. At the railway station another letter electrifies the station-master, and a special for London is soon ready. With only the crew in addition to the mysterious passenger the train rushes through the night with undiminished speed until London is approached, when an obstructing signal almost halts the train. The master at Euston station meets the special and is astonished to find the man dead with a knife sticking through his heart. And a country doctor not far from London has as a patient that night a man who is badly bruised, but who claims to have been run down by an automobile.

Miss Penelope Morse, an American girl; Inspector Jacks, of Scotland Yard; "Dicky" Vanderpole, secretary to the American ambassador; and James B. Coulson, another passenger from the *Lusitania*, then enter the story. Quizzed by the inspector, Penelope denies that she had had more than a casual acquaintance with Fynes, but seeking out Vanderpole she recounts incidents of a rather intimate acquaintance and informs him that Fynes was a despatch-bearer for the American government, whose messages were usually sent in duplicate. Calling on Mr. Coulson at his hotel that evening, Dicky is given a letter for his chief, and he leaves in a taxicab to deliver it. Upon the same evening the Duchess of Devenham, her daughter, Lady Grace, and Penelope are waiting in the Savoy Hotel for the men of their dinner- and theater-party—Dicky, Sir Charles Somerfield, and Prince Maiyo, of Japan. The prince comes late, offering as excuse a matter which required his personal and immediate attention. Dicky does not appear, and when the party leaves for the theater the prince calls Sir Charles's attention to a late paper, which announces the finding of Vanderpole's body in the taxi within fifteen minutes of his leaving the hotel. No light is thrown on the situation until the American ambassador, Mr. Blaine Harvey, sends for Penelope and intimates to her that he thinks Prince Maiyo is back of both murders. He then commissions her to court the prince's favor and find out whether he got the papers which were stolen from Fynes and Vanderpole.

XII

THE BALL AT DEVENHAM HOUSE



HE perfume of countless roses, the music of the finest band in Europe, floated through the famous white ballroom of Devenham House. Electric lights sparkled from the ceiling, and through the pillared way the ceaseless splashing of water from the fountains in the winter garden supplied a soft undernote to the murmur of voices, the musical peals of laughter, the swirl of skirts, and the rhythm of flying feet. Penelope sat with Sir Charles at the edge

of the ball-room, her face still rosy and animated. She wore a dress of dull rose-color, a soft, clinging silk, a creation of beauty, daring but delightful, which floated about her as she danced. Her eyes were very full and soft. She was looking her best, and knew it. Nevertheless she was, just at the moment, a little *distract*. She was watching the brilliant scene with a certain air of abstraction, as though her interest in it was, after all, an impersonal one.

"Jolly well everyone looks to-night," Sir Charles remarked. "All the women seem to be wearing smart frocks, and some of those foreign uniforms are gorgeous."

"Even the prince," Penelope said thoughtfully, "must find some reflection of the philosophy of his own country in such a scene

as this. For the last fortnight we have been surfeited with horrors. We have had to go through all sorts of nameless things," she added, shivering slightly, "and to-night we dance at Devenham House. We dance, and drink champagne, and marvel at the flowers, as though we had not a care in the world, as though life always moved to music."

Sir Charles frowned a little. "The prince again!" he said, half protesting. "He seems to be a great deal in your thoughts lately, Penelope."

"Why not?" she answered. "It is something to meet a person whom one is able to dislike. Nowadays the whole world is so amiable."

"I wonder how much you really do dislike him?" he said.

She looked at him with a mysterious smile. "Sometimes," she murmured softly, "I wonder that myself."

"Leaving the prince out of the question," he continued, "what you say is true enough. Only a few days ago you had to attend that awful inquest, and the last time I saw dear old Dicky Vanderpole he was looking forward to this very dance."

"It seems callous of us to have come," Penelope declared. "And yet, if we hadn't, what difference would it have made? Everyone else would have been here. Our absence would never have been noticed, and we should have sat at home and had the blues. But all the same, life is cruel."

"Can't say I find much to grumble at, myself," Sir Charles said cheerfully. "I'm frightfully sorry about poor old Dicky, of course, and every other decent fellow who doesn't get his show. But, after all, it's no good being morbid. Sackcloth and ashes benefit no one. Shall we have another turn?"

"Not yet," Penelope replied. "Wait till the crowd thins a little. Tell me what you have been doing to-day?"

"Pretty strenuous time," Sir Charles remarked. "Up at nine, played golf at Ranelagh all the morning, lunched down there, back to my rooms and changed, called on my tailor, went 'round to the club, had one game of billiards and four rubbers of bridge."

"Is that all?" Penelope asked.

The faint sarcasm which lurked beneath her question passed unnoticed. Sir Charles smiled good-humoredly.

"Not quite," he answered. "I dined at the Carleton with Bellairs and some men

from Woolwich, and we had a box at the Empire to see the new ballet. Jolly good it was, too. Will you come one night if I get up a party?"

"Oh, perhaps!" she answered. "Come and dance."

They passed into the great ballroom, the finest in London, brilliant with its magnificent decorations of real flowers, its crowd of uniformed men and beautiful women, its soft yet ever-present throbbing of wonderful music. At the farther end of the room, on a slightly raised dais, still receiving her guests, stood the Duchess of Devenham. Penelope gave a little start as she saw who was bowing over her hand.

"The prince!" she exclaimed.

Sir Charles whispered something under his breath.

"I wonder," she remarked, with apparent irrelevance, "whether he dances."

"Shall I go and find out for you?" Sir Charles asked.

She had suddenly grown absent-minded. She had the air of scarcely hearing what he said. "Let us stop," she said. "I am out of breath."

He led her toward the winter garden. They sat by a fountain, listening to the cool play of the water.

"Penelope," Somerfield said, a little awkwardly, "I don't want to presume, you know, nor to have you think that I am foolishly jealous, but you have changed toward me the last few weeks, haven't you?"

"The last few weeks," she answered, "have been enough to change me toward anyone. All the same, I wasn't conscious of anything particular so far as you are concerned."

"I always thought," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "that there was so much prejudice in your country against—against all Asiatic races."

She looked at him steadfastly for a minute. "So there is," she answered. "What of it?"

"Nothing, except that it is a prejudice which you do not seem to share," he remarked.

"In a way I do share it," she declared, "but there are exceptions, sometimes very wonderful exceptions."

"Prince Maiyo, for instance," he said bitterly. "Yet, a fortnight ago, I could have sworn that you hated him."

"I think that I do hate him," Penelope affirmed. "I try to. I want to. I honestly

believe that he deserves my hatred. I have more reason for feeling this way than you know of, Sir Charles."

"If he has dared——" Somerfield began.

"He has dared nothing that he ought not to," Penelope interrupted. "His manners are altogether too perfect. It is the chill faultlessness of the man which is so depressing. Can't you understand," she added, speaking in a tone of greater intensity, "that that is why I hate him? Hush!"

She gripped his sleeve warningly. There was a sudden murmur of voices and a trailing of skirts. It was a little party of the principal guests invading the winter garden. The duchess herself came first, her hand resting upon the arm of Prince Maiyo. She stopped to speak to Penelope, and turned afterward to Somerfield. Prince Maiyo held out his hand for Penelope's program.

"You will spare me some dances?" he pleaded. "I come late, but it is not my fault."

She yielded the program to him without a word. "Those with an X," she said, "are free. One has to protect oneself."

He smiled as he wrote his own name, unrebuked, in four places. "Our first dance, then, is number ten," he said. "It is the next but one. Shall I find you here?"

"Here or among the chaperons," she answered, as the party passed on.

"You admire Miss Morse?" the duchess asked him.

"Greatly," the prince answered. "She is natural, she has grace, and she has what I do not find so much in this country—would you say 'charm'?"

"It is an excellent word," the duchess answered. "I am inclined to agree with you. Her aunt, with whom she lives, is a confirmed invalid, so she is a good deal with me. Her mother was my half-sister."

The prince bowed. "She will marry, I suppose?" he said.

"Naturally," the duchess answered. "Sir Charles, poor fellow, is a hopeless victim. I should be surprised if she did not marry him some day or other."

The prince turned to look back for a moment. Then he stopped to admire a magnificent orchid. "It will be great good fortune for Sir Charles Somerfield," he said.

Somerfield scarcely waited until the little party was out of sight. "Penelope," he exclaimed, "you've given that man four dances!"

"I am afraid," she answered, "that I should have given him eight if he had asked for them."

He rose to his feet. "Will you allow me to take you back to your aunt?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "My aunt is quite happy without me, and I prefer to remain here."

He sat down, fuming. "Penelope, what do you mean by it?" he demanded.

"And what do you mean by asking me what I mean by it?" she replied. "You haven't any especial right that I know of."

"I wish to heaven I had!" he answered, with a noticeable break in his voice.

There was a short silence. She turned away; she felt that she was suddenly surrounded by a cloud of passion.

"Penelope," he pleaded.

She stopped him. "You must not say another word," she declared. "I mean it—you must not."

"I have waited for some time," he reminded her.

"All the more reason why you should wait until the right time," she insisted. "Be patient for a little longer, do. Just now I feel that I need a friend more than I have ever needed one before. Don't let me lose the one I value most. In a few weeks' time you shall say whatever you like, and I will at least listen to you. Will you be content with that?"

"Yes," he answered.

She laid her hand upon his arm. "I am dancing this with Captain Wilmott," she said. "Will you come and bring me back here afterward if you are not engaged?"

The prince found her alone in the winter garden, for Somerfield, when he saw him coming, stole away. He came toward her quickly, with the smooth yet impetuous step which singled him out at once as un-English. He had the whole room to cross to come to her, and she watched him all the way. The corners of his lips were already curved in a slight dawning smile. His eyes were bright, as one who looks upon something which he greatly desires. Slender though his figure was, his frame was splendidly knit, and he carried himself as one of the aristocrats of the world. As he approached she scanned his face curiously. She became critical, anxiously but ineffectively. There was not a feature in his face with which a physiognomist could have found fault.

"Dear young lady," he said, bowing low,

"I come to you very humbly, for I am afraid that I am a deceiver. I shall rob you of your pleasure, I fear. I have put my name down for four dances, and alas! I do not dance."

She made room for him by her side, and he sat down at once. "And I," she said, "am weary of dancing. One does nothing else, night after night. We will talk."

"Talk or be silent," he answered softly. "I believe that you are in need of silence. To be silent together is a proof of great friendship, is it not?"

She nodded. "It seems to me that I have been through a great deal in the last fortnight," she said.

"You have suffered where you should not have suffered," he said gravely. "I do not like your laws at all. At what they called the inquest your presence was surely not necessary. You are a woman, and had no place there. You had," he added calmly, "so little to tell."

"Nothing," she murmured.

"Life to me just now," he continued, "is simply a matter of comparison. It is for that, indeed, that I am here. You see, I have lived nearly all my life in my own country, and only a very short time in Europe. Then, my mother was an English lady, and my father a Japanese nobleman. Always I seem to be pulled two different ways, to be struggling to see things from two different points of view. But there is one subject in which I think I am wholly with my own country."

"And that?" she asked interestedly.

"I do not think," he said, "that the rougher and more strenuous paths of life were meant to be trodden by your sex. Please do not misunderstand me," he went on earnestly. "I am not thinking of the paths of literature and of art, for there the perceptions of your sex are so marvelously acute that you, indeed, may often lead

where we must follow. I am speaking of the more material things of life."

She was suddenly conscious of a shiver which seemed to spread from her heart throughout her limbs, but she sat quite still, gripping her little lace handkerchief in her fingers.

"I mean," he continued, "the paths which a man must tread who seeks to serve his country or his household—the every-day life in which intrigue or force is sometimes necessary. Do you agree with me, Miss Morse?"

"I suppose so," she faltered.

"That is why," he added, "it was painful to me to see you stand there before those men, answering their questions—men whose walk in life was different, of an order removed from yours, who should not even

have been permitted to approach you upon bended knees. Do not think that I am suggesting any fault to you—do not think that I am forcing your confidence in any way. But these are the thoughts which came to me only a little time ago."

She was silent. They listened together to the splashing of the water. What was the special gift, she wondered, which gave this



THE PRINCE EMPTIED INTO HER HAND THE SILVER FROM HIS POCKETS, HURRYING AWAY QUICKLY THAT HIS EYES MIGHT NOT DWELL UPON HER FACE

man such insight? He knew that it was through her those fatal despatches were to have been handed on to their destination! He must know that she was, to some extent, in the confidence of her country's ambassador. Perhaps he knew, too, that it had been her deliberate intent to deceive him, to pluck his own secrets, even from his heart! What a fool she had been to dream, even for a moment, of measuring her wits against his!

He began to speak again, and his voice seemed pitched in a lighter key. "After all," he said, "you must think it strange of me to be so egotistical, to speak so much of my likes and dislikes. To you I have been a little more outspoken than to others."

"You have found me an interesting subject for investigation, perhaps?" she asked, looking up suddenly.

"You possess gifts," he admitted calmly, "which one does not find among the women-folk of my country, nor can I say that I have found them, to any great extent, among the ladies of the English court."

"Gifts of which you do not approve, when possessed by my sex," she suggested.

"You are a law to yourself, Miss Morse," he said. "What one would not admire in others seems natural enough in you. You have brains and you have insight. For that reason I have been a little outspoken with you—for that reason and another which I think you know of. You see, my time over here grows nearer to an end with every day. Soon I must carry away with me all the delightful memories, the friendships, the affections, which have made this country such a pleasant place for me."

"You are going soon?" she asked quickly.

"Very soon," he answered. "My work is nearly finished, if, indeed, I may dignify it by the name of work. Then I must go back."

She shrank a little away from him, as though the word were distasteful to her. "Do you mean that you will go back for always?" she asked.

"There are many chances in life," he answered. "I am the servant of the emperor and my country."

"There is no hope, then," she continued, "of your settling down here altogether?"

For once the marble immobility of his features seemed disturbed. He looked at her in honest amazement. "Here!" he exclaimed. "But I am a son of Japan!"

"There are many of your race who do live here," she reminded him.

He smiled with the air of one who is forced to humor a person of limited vision. "With them it is a matter of necessity," he said. "It is very hard indeed to make you understand over here how we feel about such things; there seems to be a different spirit among you Western races—a different spirit or a lack of spirit, I do not know which I should say. But in Japan the love of country is a passion which seems to throb with every beat of our hearts. If we leave her it is for her good. When we go back it is our reward."

"Then you are here now for her good?" she asked.

"Assuredly," he answered.

"Tell me in what way?" she begged.

"Have you been studying English customs, their methods of education, their political life?"

He turned slowly and looked into her eyes. She bore the ordeal well, but she never forgot it. It seemed to her afterward that he must have read every thought which had flashed through her brain. She felt like a little child in the presence of some mysterious being, thoughts of whom had haunted her dreams, now visible in bodily shape for the first time.

"My dear young lady," he said, "please do not ask me too much, for I love to speak the truth, and there are many things which I may not tell. Only you must understand that the country I love—my own country—must soon enter upon a new phase of her history. We who look into the future can see the great clouds gathering. Some of us must needs be pioneers, must go forward a little to learn our safest, our best, course. May I tell you that much?"

"Of course," she answered softly.

"And now," he added, leaving his seat as though with reluctance, "the duchess reminded me, above all things, that directly I found you I was to take you to supper. One of your royal princes has been good enough to signify his desire that we should sit at the same table."

She rose at once. "Does the duchess know that you are taking me?" she asked.

"I arranged it with her," he answered.

"My time draws soon to an end, and I am to be spoiled a little."

They crossed the ballroom together and mounted the great stairs. Something—she

never knew quite what it was—prompted her to detain him as they paused on the threshold of the supper-room.

"You do not often read the papers, Prince," she said. "Perhaps you have not seen that, after all, the police have discovered a clue to the murderer of Hamilton Fynes."

The prince looked down upon her. "Yes?" he murmured softly.

She understood that she was to go on, that he was anxious for her to go on. "Some doctor in a village near Willington, where the line passes, has come forward with a story about attending to a wounded man on the night of the murder," she said.

He was silent. It seemed to her that there was something strange about the immovability of his features. She looked at him wonderingly. Then it suddenly flashed upon her that this was his way of showing emotion. Her lips parted. The color seemed drawn from her cheeks.

Prince Maiyo turned abruptly. "Will you allow me to precede you through the crush?" he said. "We are to go this way."

XIII

THE SPELL OF LIGHTS AND MUSIC

AFTER the supper there were obligations which the prince, whose sense of etiquette was always strong, could not avoid. He took Penelope back to her aunt, reminding her that the next dance but one belonged to him. Miss Morse, who was an invalid and was making one of her very rare appearances in society, watched him curiously as he disappeared.

"I wonder what they'd think of your new admirer in New York, Penelope?" she remarked.

"I imagine," Penelope answered, "that they would envy me very much."

"Well, at any rate," replied Miss Morse, who was a New-Englander of the old-fashioned type, "I hope we don't go to war with them. The admiral wrote me, a few weeks ago, that he saw no hope for anything else."

"It would be a terrible complication," the duchess sighed, "especially considering our own alliance with Japan. I don't think we need consider it seriously, however. Over in America you people have too much common sense."

"The government has, very likely," Miss Morse admitted, "but it isn't always the government that decides things or even rules the country. We have an omnipotent press, you know. All that's wanted is a weak president, and Heaven knows where we should be!"

"Of course," the duchess remarked, "Prince Maiyo is half an Englishman. His mother was a Stretton-Wynne. One of the first intermarriages, I should think. Lord Stretton-Wynne was ambassador to Japan."

"I think," Penelope said, "that if you could look into Prince Maiyo's heart you would not find him half an Englishman. I think that he is more than seven-eighths a Japanese."

"I have heard it whispered," the duchess remarked, leaning forward, "that he is over here on an exceedingly serious mission. One thing is quite certain: no one from his country—or from any other country, for that matter—has ever been so entirely popular among us. He has the most delightful manners of any man I ever knew."

Sir Charles came up, with gloomy face, to claim a dance. After it was over, he led Penelope back to her aunt almost in silence.

"You are dancing again with the prince?" he asked.

"Certainly," she answered. "Here he comes."

The prince smiled pleasantly at the young man, who towered like a giant above him, and noticed at once his lack of cordiality. "I am selfish!" he exclaimed, pausing with Penelope's hand upon his coat-sleeve. "I am taking you too much away from your friends, and spoiling your pleasure, perhaps, because I do not dance. Is it not so? It is your kindness to a stranger, and they do not all appreciate it."

"We will go into the winter garden and talk it over," she answered, smiling.

They found their former seats unoccupied. Once more they sat and listened to the fall of the water.

"Prince," Penelope said, "there is one thing I have learned about you this evening, and that is that you do not love questions. And yet, there is one other which I should like to ask you."

"If you please," the prince murmured.

"You spoke, a little time ago," she continued, "of some great crisis with which your country might soon come face to face."



"SHOW ME THE MYSTERY OF THIS LOCK," SHE BEGGED. "I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO OPEN IT EVER SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

Might I ask you this: were you thinking of war with the United States?"

He looked at her in silence for several moments. "Dear Miss Penelope," he said—"may I call you that? Forgive me if I am too forward, but I hear so many of our friends——"

"You may call me that," she interrupted softly.

"Let me remind you, then, of what we were saying a little time ago," he went on. "You will not take offense? You will understand, I am sure. Those things concerning my country that lie nearest

to my heart are things of which I cannot speak."

"Not even to me?" she pleaded. "I am so insignificant. Surely I do not count?"

"Miss Penelope," he said, "you yourself are a daughter of that country of which we have been speaking."

She was silent. "You think, then," she asked, "that I put my country before everything else in the world?"

"I believe," he answered, "that you would. Your country is too young to be wholly degenerate. It is true that you are a nation of fused races, a strange medley of

The Illustrious Prince

people, but still you are a nation. I believe that in time of stress you would place your country before everything else."

"And therefore?" she murmured.

"And therefore," he continued, with a delightful smile, "I shall not discuss my hopes or fears with you. Or if we do discuss them," he went on, "let us weave them into a fairy-tale. Let us say that you are the Daughter of All America, and that I am the Son of All Japan. Do you know what happens in fairy-land when two great nations rise up to fight?"

"Tell me," she begged.

"Why, the daughter of all the one and the son of all the other stand hand in hand before their people, and as they plight their troth all bitter feelings pass away, the shouts of anger cease, and there is no more talk of war."

She sighed, and leaned a little toward him. Her eyes were soft and dusky, her red lips a little parted. "But I," she whispered, "am not the Daughter of All America."

"Nor am I," he answered, with a sigh, "the Son of All Japan."

There was a breathless silence. The water splashed into the basin, the music came throbbing in through the flower-hung doorways. It seemed to Penelope that she could almost hear her heart beat. The blood in her veins was dancing to the one perfect waltz. The moments passed. She drew a little breath and ventured to look at him. His face was still and white, as though, indeed, it had been carved out of marble, but the fire in his eyes was a living thing.

"We have actually been talking nonsense," she said, "and I thought that you, Prince, were far too serious."

"We were talking fairy-tales," he answered, "and they are not nonsense. Don't you ever read the history of your country as it was many hundreds of years ago, before this ugly thing they call civilization weakened the sinews of your race and besmirched the very face of duty? Don't you like to read of the times when life was simpler and more natural, and there was space for every man to live and grow and stretch out his hands to the skies—every man and every woman? They call them, in your literature, the days of romance. They existed, too, in my country. Is it nonsense to imagine for a little time that the ages between have rolled away and that those days are with us?"

"No," she answered, "it is not nonsense. But if they were?"

He raised her fingers to his lips and kissed them. The touch of his hand, the absolute delicacy of the salute itself, made it unlike any other caress she had ever known or imagined.

"The world might have been happier for both of us," he whispered.

Somerfield, sullen and discontented, came and looked at them, moved away, and then hesitatingly returned. "Wilmott is waiting for you," he said. "The last was my dance, and this is his."

She rose at once and turned to the prince. "I think that we ought to go back," she said. "Will you take me to my aunt?"

"If it must be so," he answered. "Tell me, Miss Penelope," he added, "may I ask your aunt or the duchess to bring you to my house some day, to see my treasures? I cannot say how long I shall remain in this country. I would like you so much to come before I break up my little home."

"Of course we will," she answered. "My aunt goes nowhere, but the duchess will take me, I am sure. Ask her when I am there, and we can decide on the day."

He leaned a little toward her. "To-morrow?" he whispered.

She nodded. There were three engagements for the next day of which she took no heed. "To-morrow," she said. "Come and let us arrange it with the duchess."

Prince Maiyo left Devenham House to find the stars paling in the sky and the light of an April dawn breaking through the black clouds to the east. He dismissed his electric brougham with a little wave of the hand, and turned to walk to his house in St. James's Square. As he walked, he bared his head. After the long hours of artificially heated rooms, there was something particularly soothing about the fresh sweetness of the early spring morning. There was something which reminded him, however faintly, of the mornings in his own land—the perfume of the flowers from the window-boxes, perhaps, or the faint aromatic scent from the lime-trees in the park, heavy from recent rain. It was the quietest hour of the twenty-four, the hour, almost, of dawn. The night wayfarers had passed away, the great army of toilers still slumbered. One sad-eyed woman stumbled against him as he walked slowly up Piccadilly. He lifted his hat with

an involuntary gesture, and her laugh changed into a sob. He turned round, and emptied into her hand the silver from his pockets, hurrying away quickly that his eyes might not dwell upon her face.

"A coward, always," he murmured to himself, a little wearily, for he knew where his weakness lay—in an invincible repugnance to the ugly things of life. As he passed on, however, his spirits rose again. He caught a breath of lilac scent from a closed florist's shop. He looked up to the skies, faintly blue, growing clearer every moment. Almost he fancied that he looked again into the eyes of that strange girl, as he recalled her unexpected yet delightful frankness, which, to him, with his love of abstract truth, was so fascinating. Oh, there was much to be said for this Western world—much to be said for those whose part it was to live in it! Yet, never so much as during that brief walk through the silent streets did he realize how absolutely unfitted he was to be even a temporary sojourner in this vast city. What would they say of him if they knew—of him, a breaker of their laws, a guest, and yet a sinner against all their conventions; a guest, and yet one whose hand would strike them, some day or other, the great blow? What would she think of him? He wondered whether she would realize the truth, whether she would understand. Almost, as he asked himself the question, he smiled. To him it seemed a strange proof of the danger a weaker man would stand of passing under the yoke of this hateful Western civilization. To dream of her, to see her face shining upon him from every beautiful place, to feel the delight of her presence with every delicious sensation—in that was the warmth of the sunlight, the perfume of the blossoms he loved! There was joy in this, the joy of the artist and the lover. But to find her in his life, a real person, a daughter of this new world, whose every instinct would be at war with his—that way lay slavery. He brushed the very thought from him.

As he reached the door of his house in St. James's Square it opened slowly before him. He had brought his own servants with him, and in their master's absence sleep was not for them. His butler spoke to him in his own language. The prince nodded and passed on. On his study table—a curious note of modernism where everything seemed to belong to a bygone world—was a cable-

gram. He tore it open. It consisted of one word only. He let the thin paper fall fluttering from his fingers. So the time was fixed!

Then Soto came gliding noiselessly into the room, fully dressed, with tireless eyes but wan face—Soto, the most perfect secretary and servant evolved through all the years.

"Master," he said, "there has been trouble here. An Englishman came with this card."

The prince took it, and read the name of Mr. Inspector Jacks. "Well?" he murmured.

"The man asked questions," Soto continued. "We spoke English so badly that he was puzzled. He went away, but he will come again."

The prince smiled, and laid his hand almost caressingly upon the other's shoulder. "It is of no consequence, Soto," he said, "no consequence whatever."

XIV

A DAGGER AND A SILKEN CORD

"YOUR rooms are wonderful, Prince," Penelope said to him. "I knew that you were a man of taste, but I did not know that you were also a millionaire."

He laughed softly. "In my country," he answered, "there are no millionaires. The money which we have, however, we spend a little differently. But none of my treasures here cost me anything. They have come to me through more generations than I should care to reckon up. The bronze idol upon my writing-case, for instance, is four hundred years old, to my certain knowledge, and my tapestries were woven when, in this country, your walls went bare."

"What I admire more than anything," the duchess declared, "is your beautiful violet tone."

"I am glad," he answered, "that you like my coloring. Some people have thought it somber. To me, dark colors indoors are restful."

"Everything about the whole place is restful," Penelope said—"your servants with their quaint dresses and slippers feet, your thick carpets, the smell of those strange, burning leaves, and, forgive me if I say so, your closed windows. I suppose in time I should have a headache. For a little while it is delicious."

The prince sighed. "Fresh air is good," he said, "but the air that comes from your streets does not seem to me to be fresh, nor do I like the roar of your great city always in my ears. Here I cut myself off, and I feel that I can think. Duchess, you must try those preserved fruits. They come to me from my own land. I think that the secret of preserving them is not known here. You see, they are packed with rose-leaves and lemon-plant. There is a golden fig, Miss Penelope; the fruit of great knowledge, the magical fruit, too, they say. Eat that and close your eyes, and you can look back and tell us all the wonders of the past. That is to say," he added, with a faint smile, "if the magic works."

"But the magic never does work," she protested, with a little sigh, "and I am not in the least interested in the past. Tell me something about the future."

"Surely that is easier," he answered. "Over the past we have lost our control; what has been must remain to the end of time. The future is ours to do what we will with."

"That sounds so reasonable," the duchess declared, "and it is so absolutely false. No one can do what he will with the future. It is the future which does what it will with us."

The prince smiled tolerantly. "It depends a good deal, does it not," he said, "upon ourselves? Miss Penelope is the daughter of a country which is still young, which has all its future before it, and which has proclaimed to the world its fixed intention of controlling its own destinies. She, at any rate, should have imbibed the national spirit. You are looking at my curtains," he added, turning to Penelope. "Let me show you the figures upon them, and I will tell you the allegory."

He led her to the window, and explained to her the story of the faded images which represented one chapter out of the mythology of his country. And then she stopped him.

"Always," she said, "you and I seem to be talking of things that are dead and past, or of a future which is out of our reach. Isn't it possible to speak now and then of the present?"

"Of the actual present?" he asked softly. "Of this very moment?"

"Of this very moment, if you will," she answered. "Your fairy-tale the other

night was wonderful, but it was a long way off."

The prince was summoned away somewhat abruptly to bid farewell to a little stream of departing guests. To-day, more than ever, he seemed to belong to the world of real and actual things, for a sister of his mother's, a Lady Stretton-Wynne, was helping him receive his guests—his own aunt, as Penelope told herself more than once, struggling all the time with a vague incredulity. When he was able to rejoin her, she was examining a curious little coffer which stood upon an ivory table. She handed it to him.

"Show me the mystery of this lock," she begged. "I have been trying to open it ever since you went away. One could imagine that the secrets of a nation might be hidden here."

He smiled, and touched a little spring, and the lid flew open. "I am afraid," he said, "that it is empty."

She peered in. "No," she exclaimed, "there is something there! See!" She thrust in her hand and drew out a small, curiously shaped dagger of fine blue steel and a roll of silken cord. "What are these?" she asked. "Are they symbols—the cord and the knife of destiny?"

He took them gently from her hand and replaced them in the box. She heard the lock go in with a little click, and looked into his face, surprised at his silence.

"Is there anything the matter?" she asked. "Ought I not to have taken them up?"

Almost as the words left her lips she understood. His face was inscrutable, but his very silence was ominous. She remembered a drawing, in one of the halfpenny papers, of a dagger found in a horrible place. She remembered the description of that thin silken cord, and she began to tremble.

"I did not know that anything was in the box," he said calmly. "I am sorry if its contents have alarmed you."

She scarcely heard his words. The room seemed wheeling round with her, the floor unsteady beneath her feet. The place had suddenly become horrible—the faint odor of burning leaves, the pictures, almost like caricatures, which mocked her from the walls, the grinning idols, the strangely shaped weapons in their cases of black oak. She faltered as she crossed the room, but recovered herself.

"Aunt," she said, "if you are ready I think that we ought to go."

The duchess was more than ready. She rose promptly. The prince walked with them to the door and handed them over to his major domo.

"It has been so nice of you," he said to the duchess, "to honor my bachelor abode. I shall often think of your visit."

"My dear Prince," the duchess declared, "it has been most interesting. Really, I found it hard to believe, in that charming room of yours, that we had not actually been transported to your wonderful country."

"You are very gracious," the prince answered, bowing low.

Penelope's hands were within her muff. She was talking some nonsense—she scarcely knew what—but her eyes rested everywhere save on the face of her host. Somehow or other, she reached the door, ran down the steps, and threw herself into a corner

of the brougham. Then, for the first time, she allowed herself to look behind. The door was already closed, but Prince Maiyo was standing between the curtains in the room which they had just quitted, and there was some-

thing in the calm impassivity of his white, stern face which seemed to madden her. She clenched her hands and looked away.

"Really, I was not so much bored as I had feared," the duchess remarked composedly. "That Stretton-Wynne woman

generally gets on my nerves, but her nephew seemed to have a restraining effect upon her. She didn't tell me more than once about her husband's bad luck in not getting Canada, and she never even mentioned her girls. But I do think, Penelope," she continued, "that I shall have to talk to you a little seriously. There's the best looking and richest young bachelor in London dying to marry you, and you won't have a word to say to him. On the other hand, after starting by disliking him heartily, you are making yourself almost conspicuous with this fascinating young Ori-



"THE MAIN FACT IS BEYOND ALL DOUBT," PENELOPE DECLARED. "THOSE MURDERS WERE INSTIGATED, IF THEY WERE NOT COMMITTED, BY THE PRINCE"

ental. I admit that he is delightful, my dear Penelope, but I think you should ask yourself whether it is quite worth while. Prince Maiyo may take home with him many Western treasures, but I

do not think that he will take home a wife."

"If you say another word to me, aunt," Penelope exclaimed, "I shall shriek!"

The duchess, being a woman of tact, laughed the subject away and pretended not to notice Penelope's real distress. But when they had reached Devenham House she went to the telephone and called up Somerfield.

"Charlie," she said.

"Right o'!" he interrupted. "Who is it?"

"Be careful what you are saying," she continued, "because it isn't anyone who wants you to take her out to supper."

"I only wish you did," he answered. "It's the duchess, isn't it?"

"The worst of having a distinctive voice," she sighed. "Listen. I want to speak to you."

"I am listening hard," Somerfield answered. "Hold the instrument a little farther away from you—that's better."

"We have been to the prince's for tea this afternoon, Penelope and I," she said.

"I know," he replied. "I was asked, but I didn't see the fun of it. It puts my back up to see Penelope monopolized by that fellow," he added gloomily.

"Well, listen to what I have to say," the duchess went on. "Something happened there—I don't know what—to upset Penelope very much. She scarcely spoke a word coming home, and she has gone straight up to her room and locked herself in. Somehow or other the prince managed to offend her, I am sure of that. Charlie!"

"I'm beastly sorry," Somerfield explained. "I meant to say that I was jolly glad to hear it."

The duchess coughed. "I didn't quite hear what you said before," she said severely. "Perhaps it is just as well. I rang up to say that you had better come round and dine with us to-night. You will probably find Penelope in a more reasonable frame of mind."

"Awfully good of you," Somerfield declared heartily. "I'll come, with pleasure."

Dinner at Devenham House that evening was certainly a domestic meal. Even the duke was away, attending a political gathering. Penelope was pale, but otherwise entirely her accustomed self. She talked even more than usual, and though she spoke of a headache she declined all remedies. To Somerfield's surprise, she made not the

slightest objection when he followed her into the library after dinner.

"Penelope," he said, "something has gone wrong. Won't you tell me what it is? You look worried."

She returned his anxious gaze, dry eyed but speechless.

"Has that fellow, Prince Maiyo, done or said anything—"

She interrupted him. "No!" she cried. "No! Don't mention his name, please! I don't want to hear his name again just now."

"For my part," Somerfield said bitterly, "I never want to hear it again as long as I live!"

There was a short silence. Suddenly she turned toward him. "Charlie," she said, "you have asked me to marry you, six times."

"Seven," he corrected. "I ask you again now—that makes eight."

"Very well," she answered, "I accept, on one condition."

"On any," he exclaimed, his voice trembling with joy. "Penelope, it sounds too good to be true. You can't be in earnest!"

"I am," she declared. "I will marry you if you will see that our engagement is announced everywhere to-morrow, and if you will promise that for three months at least you will not mention marriage to me."

"I promise," he said firmly. "Penelope, you mean it? You mean this seriously?"

She gave him her hands and a very sad little smile. "I mean it, Charlie," she answered. "I will keep my word."

XV

BETRAYAL AND REPENTANCE

ONCE more Penelope found herself in the library of the great house in Park Lane where Mr. Blaine Harvey presided over the interests of his country. This time she came as an uninvited, even an unexpected, guest. The ambassador, indeed, had been fetched away by her urgent message from the reception-rooms, where his wife was entertaining a stream of callers. Penelope refused to sit down.

"I have not much to say to you, Mr. Harvey," she said. "There is something which I have discovered, and which you ought to know. I want to tell it to you as quickly as possible, and get away."

"Apropos of our last conversation?" he asked eagerly.

She nodded. "It concerns Prince Maiyo," she admitted.

"You are sure that you will not sit down?" he persisted. "You know how interesting this is to me."

She smiled faintly. "To me," she said, "it is terrible. My only desire is to tell you and have finished with it. You remember, when I was here last, you told me that it was your firm belief that somewhere behind the hand which murdered Hamilton Fynes and poor Dicky stood Prince Maiyo?"

"I remember it perfectly," he answered.

"You were right," Penelope said.

The ambassador drew a little breath. It was staggering, this, even if expected.

"I have talked with the prince several times since our conversation," Penelope continued. "So far as any information which he gave me or seemed likely to give me was concerned, I might as well have talked in a foreign language. But in his house, day before yesterday, in his own library, hidden in a casket which opened with a secret spring, I found two things."

"What were they?" the ambassador asked quickly.

"A roll of silken cord," Penelope said, "such as was used to strangle poor Dicky, and a strangely shaped dagger exactly like the one with which Hamilton Fynes was stabbed."

"Did he know that you found them?" Mr. Harvey asked.

"He was with me," Penelope answered.

"He even, at my request, opened the casket. He must have forgotten that they were there."

"Perhaps," the ambassador said thoughtfully, "he never knew."

"One cannot tell," Penelope answered.

"Did he say anything when you discovered them?" the ambassador asked.

"Nothing," Penelope declared. "It was not necessary. I saw his face. He knows that I understand. It may have been some one else connected with the house, of course, but the main fact is beyond all doubt. Those murders were instigated, if they were not committed, by the prince."

The ambassador walked to the window and back again. "Penelope," he said, "you have only confirmed what I felt must be so, but even then the certainty of it is rather a shock."

She gave him her hand. "I have told

you the truth," she said. "Make what use of it you will. There is one other thing which I perhaps ought to tell you. The prince is going back to his own country very shortly."

Mr. Harvey nodded. "I have just been given to understand as much," he said. "At present, he is to be met with every day. I believe that he is even now in my drawing-room."

"Where I ought to be," Penelope said, turning toward the door, "only I felt that I must see you first."

"I will not go with you," Mr. Harvey said. "There is no need for our little conference to become the subject of comment. By the bye," he added, "let me take this opportunity of wishing you every happiness. I haven't seen Somerfield yet, but he is a lucky fellow. As an American, however, I cannot help grudging another of our most popular daughters to even the best of Englishmen."

Penelope's smile was a little forced. "Thank you very much," she said. "It is all rather in the air at present, you know. We are not going to be married for some time."

"When it comes off," the ambassador said, "I am going to talk to the duchess and Miss Morse. I think that I ought to give you away."

Penelope made her way into Mrs. Blaine Harvey's reception-rooms, crowded with a stream of guests, who were sitting about, drinking tea and listening to the music. Curiously enough, almost the first person she saw was the prince. He detached himself from a little group and came to her at once. He took her hand in his and for a moment said nothing. Notwithstanding the hours which she had devoted to anticipating and preparing for this meeting, she felt her courage suddenly leaving her, felt a wild desire to escape at any cost. The color which had been so long denied her streamed into her cheeks. There was something baffling, yet curiously disturbing, in the manner of his greeting.

"Is it true?" he asked.

She did not pretend to misunderstand him. It was amazing that he should ignore that incident in his room, that he should think of nothing but this! Yet, in a way, she accepted it as a natural thing.

"It is true that I am engaged to Sir Charles Somerfield," she answered.

"I must wish you every happiness," he

said slowly. "Indeed, that wish comes from my heart, and I think that you know it. As for Sir Charles Somerfield, I cannot imagine that he has anything left in the world to wish for."

"You are a born courtier, Prince," she murmured. "Please remember that in my democratic country one never has a chance to get used to such speeches."

"Your country," he remarked, "prides itself upon being the country where truth prevails. If so, you should have become accustomed, by now, to hearing pleasant things about yourself. So you are going to marry Sir Charles Somerfield?"

"Why do you say that over to yourself so doubtfully?" she asked. "You like him personally, don't you?"

"Sir Charles Somerfield and I are almost strangers," the prince replied. "I have not seen much of him, and he has so many tastes which I cannot share that it is hard for us to come very near together. But if you have chosen him it is sufficient. I am quite sure that he is all that a man should be."

"Tell me in what respect your tastes are so far apart?" she asked. "You say that as though there were something in the manner of his life of which you disapproved."

"We are sons of different countries, Miss Penelope," the prince said. "We look out upon life differently, and the things which seem good to him may well seem idle to me. Before I go," he added, a little hesitatingly, "we may speak of this again. But not now."

"I shall remind you of that promise, Prince," she declared.

"I will not fail to keep it," he replied. "You have, at least," he added, after a moment's pause, "one great claim upon happiness. You are the son and the daughter of kindred races."

She looked at him as though not quite understanding.

"I was thinking," he continued simply, "of my own father and mother. My father was a Japanese nobleman, with the home-call of all the centuries strong in his blood. He was an enlightened man, but he saw nothing in the manner of living or the ideals of other countries to compare with those of the country of his own birth. I sometimes think that my mother and father would have been happier had one of them been a little more disposed to yield to the other. I think, perhaps, that their union would have been a

more successful one. They were married and they lived together, but they lived apart."

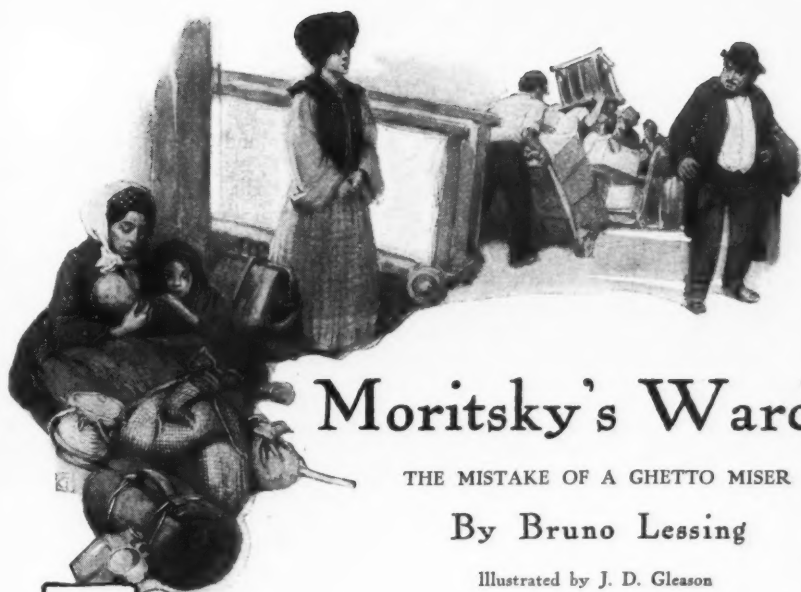
"It was not well for you, this," she remarked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Do not mistake me," he begged. "So far as I am concerned, I am content. I am Japanese. The English blood that is in my veins is but as a drop of water compared to the call of my own country. And yet, there are some things which have come to me from my mother—things which come most to the surface when I am in this, her own country—which make life, at times, a little sad. Forgive me if I have been led on to speak too much of myself. To-day one should think of nothing but of you and of your happiness."

He turned to accept the greeting of an older woman who had paused, for a moment, in passing, evidently anxious to speak to him. Penelope watched his kindly air, listened to his courteous words, noted the interest in his manner, notwithstanding the fact that the woman was elderly and plain, had outlived the friends of her day, and received but scanty consideration from the present generation. It was typical of him, too, she realized. It was never to the great women of the world that he unbent most thoroughly. Gray hairs seemed to inspire his respect, to command his attention in a way that youth and beauty utterly failed to do. These things seemed suddenly clear to Penelope as she stood there watching him. A hundred little acts of graceful kindness, which she had noticed and admired, returned to her memory. It was this man whom she had lifted her hand to betray! It was this man who was to be accounted guilty, even of crime! There came a sudden revulsion of feeling. The whole mechanical outlook upon life, as she had known it, seemed, even in those few seconds, to become a false and meretricious thing. Whatever he had done or countenanced was right. She had betrayed his hospitality. She had committed an infamous breach of trust. An overwhelming desire came over her to tell him everything. She took a quick step forward, and found herself face to face with Somerfield. The prince was buttonholed by some friends and led away. The moment had passed.

"Come and talk to the duchess," Somerfield said. "She has something delightful to propose."

The next instalment of "*The Illustrious Prince*" will appear in the March issue.



Moritsky's Ward

THE MISTAKE OF A GHETTO MISER

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason

MR. MORITSKY and Mrs. Moritsky were unhappy. Uncle Ezra had died in Russia, and somebody named Sinkovitch had written them that he had died penniless. Neither Mr. Moritsky nor Mrs. Moritsky knew who this Sinkovitch was, and they did not care. They had never cared much for Uncle Ezra, either, if the truth be told, although, in a vague way, they had imagined that he was well-to-do, and that when the time came for him to be gathered into the bosom of Abraham there would be something in the way of a legacy for them. But now he was gone, and this Sinkovitch who said he had died penniless wrote as though he knew what he was talking about. And there it might all have ended but for the concluding portion of this Sinkovitch's letter.

"Your beloved uncle," he wrote, "adopted a niece of his first wife, who has been taking care of him for the past two years. Her name is Elsa Vorhis. As she is now alone in the world something had to be done for her. As nearly as I can find, you are her only relatives. I am therefore sending her to America at my own expense, knowing that you will be glad to take care of the poor orphan. Please meet her at the steamer. She is eighteen years old."

Now if this Sinkovitch had announced that

Uncle Ezra had left them a white elephant to be cared for and cherished it could not have made them more unhappy, because—and you may as well know this at the very beginning—the Moritskys knew exactly how many pennies there are in a dollar and also knew what each penny is worth. Closefistedness to the extent to which the Moritskys practised it must be some sort of a disease. I know a married couple who had a strawberry bed and counted the strawberries each day to make sure no servant took one. Well, the Moritskys were worse. They had no children, their income was ample, and no earthly care weighed upon them save the desire to accumulate more pennies. Mrs. Moritsky was not quite so bad as her husband—women rarely are—but in the gradual course of the many years of their married life she had fallen into the habit.

"Oy! Oy!" wailed Mr. Moritsky. "She hasn't a cent, and we must support her! Oy! Oy! Such a terrible expense!"

"They eat an awful lot when they are eighteen," added his wife.

"And the clothes she will need! Oh, me! Oh, my! Nothing but money. And just now I need every penny I have for my business. Never in my life did I need the use of a few thousand dollars more than I do now, and Uncle Ezra goes to work and dies without

leaving a penny. Only yesterday I was thinking of borrowing some money from the bank. And now I must support that girl."

"Maybe she can work at something," suggested his wife.

"A greenhorn? She couldn't earn enough to pay for her hats."

"Maybe she'll get married quickly," was Mrs. Moritsky's next venture, and that gave Moritsky an idea.

"That is not bad, not bad at all," he said. "Maybe we can get her married right away. Why not? The schatchen will surely find some one who will take her. She is only eighteen, you know, and I'm sure she is good looking."

"But won't he want to see her first?"

"Nonsense! I'll arrange to give a little something for her dowry, and I'll bet the schatchen will find some one who will be glad to take the girl in order to get the money. It will be cheaper than supporting her."

And so it came to pass that Moritsky called upon Levy, the schatchen, or marriage-broker, and asked for a husband for Elsa Vorhis.

"H'm!" said the schatchen, after listening to Moritsky's recital, "it is not the regular way. They nearly always want to see the girl before they close the deal. You don't even know what she looks like?"

"Sure I do!" declared Moritsky stoutly. "She is very good looking. All our relations are good looking."

The schatchen turned his head to hide a smile. Then, "Well, maybe I can arrange it, but of course you won't get such a desirable party as you might if he could see the girl first."

"Oh, they are all alike," said Moritsky impatiently. "As long as you find a good man who has a job one is as good as another. She just needs some one to support her. And I'll pay two hundred and fifty dollars spot cash."

"I will see what I can do," said the schatchen.

The next day he appeared at Moritsky's house with his party. "His name is Lipsky," he said. "He has just got over an attack of rheumatism or he wouldn't look so bad."

I hate to describe Lipsky; even Moritsky frowned as he looked at him.

"Have you a job?" Moritsky asked.

Lipsky nodded. "I drive the delivery

wagon for the Hester Street Poultry Company," he replied.

"That is good," said Moritsky. "Maybe if you got a shave and put on your best clothes you would look much better. Fix yourself up and come around to-night for dinner."

Lipsky's eyes sparkled at the thoughts of dinner, but he had something more important on his mind. "I have been laid up for a week," he said, "with rheumatism. Tomorrow I go back again. But I am a little short of money: could you let me have about fifty dollars? It can come out of the lady's dowry."

"He will give you a receipt," interposed the schatchen.

Moritsky winced. "It is not regular," he said. "How do I know you will marry her?"

The schatchen drew himself up in affronted dignity. "Mr. Moritsky," he announced, "when I give my word it is as good as spot cash. Mr. Lipsky will marry the young lady. I guarantee it."

"Sure I will," exclaimed Lipsky. Moritsky sighed and paid the money. That night Lipsky, somewhat better groomed and more presentable, came for dinner. And the next night he came again, and the following night, too. In fact, he calmly established himself as a member of the Moritsky household, waiting patiently for the arrival of his bride and eating and drinking to his heart's content.

Upon the day that the steamer was due to arrive he suggested that perhaps it might be a good idea for him to accompany Moritsky to the pier.

Moritsky gazed upon him critically. "You'd better not," he said. "I will talk to her first."

It was with some trepidation that Moritsky approached a young woman who stood alone at the foot of the second cabin gangway. She was the only woman that he had seen who was alone, and he felt that if it was not she there must have been some mistake—probably she had missed the ship. But this solitary passenger seemed such a dainty creature and her great brown eyes gazed so fearlessly into his and she seemed to radiate such an atmosphere of charm and refinement that several minutes elapsed before he could muster up sufficient courage to approach her. It was Elsa Vorhis, and an expression of great relief came over her face when Moritsky introduced himself.

"I was afraid you were not coming," she

said, "and I lost your address. It is very good of you to come for me."

"She is very good looking," thought Moritsky, "but I suppose the good-looking ones eat just as much and cost just as much to support as the others. I'm glad she is going to be married quickly." Then, aloud, he said to her: "I will take you home. It is very lonesome with us—only my wife and myself—but as long as Uncle Ezra adopted you we will give you plenty to eat. Come with me."

He allowed her to carry her own bag, and led the way through the crowd at the end of the pier. Elsa followed him, losing sight of him several times; but she hastened her steps and finally found herself in the midst of a group struggling to board a street-car. She entered with the rest, and it was not until the car had gone nearly a mile and the conductor, elbowing his way through the crowded interior, asked for her fare, that she realized that she had lost her guide. He was not on the car.

Elsa explained the situation to the conductor. He could not understand a single word she said, but he knew that she must be a newly landed Russian immigrant.

"All right, girlie," he said. "I'll pay your fare. I'll let you off when we get to Grand Street—they all understand your lingo over there."

He smiled at her and motioned to her to sit down, and Elsa obeyed, somewhat bewildered, but feeling that he had understood her and would direct her. At Grand Street she left the car and stood upon the street-corner, her bag at her feet, gazing around at the throng hurrying in every direction. There was not a particle of fear in her heart. The turmoil of life around her impressed her profoundly and interested her. She had dreamed much of this new world, but had never imagined it was as great and as noisy as this. And then, suddenly, she became

aware that a young man had come to a standstill within five feet of her and was staring at her in open-mouthed wonderment. Her eyes happened to meet his—he had blue eyes, and although his countenance was grave his eyes seemed to be smiling. Elsa colored and stooped to pick up her bag. Then the young man approached her, raised his hat politely, and, without even smiling, said in Yiddish:

"Are you lost? If you will tell me where you are going I would like to carry your bag. It is too heavy for you to carry."

Elsa looked at him intently. Then her lips slowly parted and a feeling of gladness came into her heart. "I just came off the steamer," she said, "and Mr. Moritsky, a relative of my uncle, came for me, but I lost him, and I do not know his address. How can I find it?"

The young man took her bag and said, "Come with me."

And without a single word and without the slightest misgiving Elsa



I HATE TO DESCRIBE LIPSKY; EVEN MORITSKY FROWNED AS HE LOOKED AT HIM

followed him, and when they came to a crowded crossing she even clung to his arm.

"I live right close by here," the young man said. "My name is Jacob Aarons. I will leave you with my mother, and then I will go out and find your people. There are a great many Moritskys on the East Side, but I will go to all of them and then go to the police. He will be looking for you, too."

The Aaronses lived in one of the little brick buildings on Clinton Street that had, many years ago, before the Jews settled there, been the abode of aristocracy. A servant who admitted Jacob and his companion announced that there was no one at home. For a moment Jacob frowned. Then a smile came to his lips, and he ushered Elsa into the parlor.

"Would you mind sitting down for a moment and telling me something about yourself? After you have told me I will tell you why I asked."

Without a moment's hesitation Elsa told him her whole story. She narrated it with the simplicity of a child. There really was very little to it—a life of drudgery and privation until her distant Uncle Ezra adopted her, and after that the irksome life of a young person in enforced attendance upon a

crabbed invalid until death brought her release.

Jacob's eyes never left her face. When she had finished he said: "Now listen to me. I told you my name. I have never seen a girl like you in my life. I am twenty-four years old, and I have a good position. My father has a place of his own, so that my mother and sisters do not have to depend upon me. When I first saw you my heart nearly stopped beating. You have wonderful eyes, but it wasn't your eyes. You have a beautiful face, but it wasn't even your face. But through your eyes I saw the sweetest soul in all the world, and as long as I live I will never have use for any other woman but you. I know you will think I am crazy, but I am perfectly sane. I have always hoped I would meet a girl like you. If

I let you go now you will meet other men, and you will be with friends and I will not be able to see you. But I swear to you that I love you as well as if I had known you all your life. Will you trust me and marry me?"

He was trembling as he spoke—she could see his hands shake—but the truth shone out in his face, and her heart was beating tumultuously.

"I don't know! I don't know!" she whispered. "No man ever spoke to me like that before."

She was not thinking of the cheerless home that awaited her, nor did there occur to her the slightest thought of her

own friendless, lonesome condition. She was listening alone, with a woman's heart, to a lover's outpouring, and slowly she felt herself carried away. Jacob approached her and fell down upon his

knees beside her.

"You can trust me," he whispered. "You can trust your life to me, dear one. I know you as well now as I ever will as long as I live, and I love you. Say you will be my wife."

He took her unresisting hands in his and covered them with kisses. Then,



SUDDENLY SHE BECAME AWARE THAT A YOUNG MAN WAS STARING AT HER IN OPEN-MOUTHED WONDERMENT

gazing into her eyes, which now were filled with tears, he drew her head toward him and kissed her upon the lips. Then her arms were flung around him, and bursting into a fit of weeping she cried:

"Oh, I like you so much!

You are so nice! I will marry you. Nobody in the world was ever nice to me."

Then a shadow fell upon them, and looking up they beheld a gray-haired woman standing dumfounded in the doorway. Jacob rose to his feet, and taking Elsa's hand in his drew her toward his mother.

"Her name is Elsa Vorhis, mama. We are going to be married."

When Elsa saw the light that came into the old woman's eyes the tears rolled down her cheeks and a wave of happiness overwhelmed all her soul. "He is lovely," she said simply. And then, even though she was so astonished that she could not speak, there came to Mrs. Aaron's rescue some subtle instinct that was as convincing as it was unreasoning, and she folded the girl in her arms.

"I don't know anything about it," she said, "but you are a sweet girl, and you can always trust Jacob."

Jacob had but little trouble in finding Moritsky. Moritsky had spent half an hour in looking for Elsa, and then had gone home to wait until she arrived.

"I knew she would turn up all right," he said.

"She is with my mother," Jacob explained. "My name is Aarons."

Moritsky shook hands with him. It costs nothing to shake hands. Then he introduced Lipsky.

"This is the man I got for her," he explained. "She needs some one to support her, and Mr. Lipsky is going to marry her."

For a moment Jacob's heart almost stopped beating. "She—she said she was going to marry me," he faltered.

Moritsky gazed at him in amazement. "You only know her an hour, and she will marry you?" he exclaimed. "I suppose you expect me to give a big dowry?"



JACOB FELL UPON HIS KNEES BESIDE HER, THEN HE TOOK HER UNRESISTING HANDS IN HIS AND COVERED THEM WITH KISSES

"Not one cent," Jacob replied. "I fell in love with her the moment I saw her, and I do not want any dowry."

Then Moritsky's heart expanded, and he beamed with delight. "You are a noble fellow," he said, clasping Jacob's hand. "I know your father by name. You will be a good husband for her. Mr. Lipsky," he continued, turning to the schatchen's party, "I am sorry, but it is all off. I guess you are too old for her, anyway. Besides I wouldn't let her marry anybody against her own wishes."

Mr. Lipsky's eyes blinked. "Then you don't get back the fifty dollars."

Moritsky winced. He suddenly remembered not only the fifty dollars, but the meals that Lipsky had eaten at his expense. But, realizing the futility of attempting to recover anything from Mr. Lipsky, he made a lofty

The Vampire Moon

virtue of necessity. "Keep the money, Mr. Lipsky," he said grandly, "and all the meals you had. And please go away."

The saving of the rest of the dowry pleased Moritsky so much that he insisted upon buying a bottle of wine and accompanying Jacob to his home. "We will have a drink to the happiness of the young lady," he said, "and maybe if your father comes home I would like to talk some business with him."

There it all ends. And it would have ended happily for everyone, even Moritsky, if, upon his return home that night, he had not found a letter from this man Sinkovitch,

whom he did not know, which must have arrived on the very same steamer that brought Elsa.

"I find I have made a mistake," this Sinkovitch wrote. "Just after the young lady left a lawyer brought me your Uncle Ezra's will. He leaves nearly forty thousand rubles and two houses. They all go to you to be taken care of until Elsa gets married. Then they all go to her. Until she is married you have the use of the money if you give her a good home. After she is married you have nothing to do with her property."

And Moritsky groaned.



THE vital vapors to absorb,
The Moon, with famished face,
Suspends her lean, malignant orb
Above a dying face.

I watch her like a folded flower
As silently expand;
The pulses waning hour by hour,
And heavier the hand,

Till she hath brimmed her cup, and I
An empty chalice hold;
My heart in agony as dry,
In wintriness, as cold.

THE recent death of Father Tabb left a wide gap in the thin ranks of American poets of distinction. In a quiet way he had been singing for nearly fifty years, but his verses, uniformly brief and touching a chord of life, had gained for him an extensive following. The merits of the accompanying poem won it a ready acceptance here, and a few days later a letter from Father Tabb stated that he considered it the best work he had done. Our last contribution from him, therefore, becomes the most distinctive utterance of a life that "hath brimmed its cup," for, whatever the merit of a work of art, the author's seal of approval raises it at once into a class by itself.

The Story Of Charlemagne



Champion of the Church Patron of Learning by Charles Edward Russell

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World," "The Uprising of the Many," "Thomas Chatterton," etc.

Editor's Note.—The first instalment of this story sketched the conditions preceding and existing at the time of the appearance of this remarkable man, who, in spite of feudalism, the lack of learning and the decay of civilization, and the hordes of enemies surrounding his kingdom, lifted up the common people, revived learning and established schools, and pushed back the borders of his empire to such an extent that the author has characterized him as the "remaker of Europe, founder of modern civilization." The story is of interest to all who believe in the ability of man to rise from common things to heights of supreme achievement.

IV

THE KING OF ALL THE FRANKS

THIS is the colossal figure that now, in the midst of savagery and chaos, stood suddenly forth to establish order and to bring light. Of the four great warriors and conquerors that European history celebrates, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is the chief glory of Charlemagne that he was conspicuously the organizer, the civilizer, the father of governmental organization and method as we know them now in the spreading circles of the social system. He, indeed, was even greater as a magistrate and as a civic executive than as a soldier; he alone of these four worthies seemed to have always a distaste for that war game of which he was so eminently the master, and he alone to have thought much and instinctively upon the lowly foreheads

and patient shoulders that in all the eras of man have borne the burden of war.

Therein he differed profoundly from and far outstripped the spirit of his times. In the centuries that history has appropriately called the dark ages the chief end of governing man was to fight, and the slave vassals of the monarchs, great and small, were so frequently hurled upon one another that the puzzle is how agriculture or useful industry survived. At best the soil possessed by the Franks, some of the richest upon the earth, must have been very inadequately cultivated, a fact shown by the periodic famines and the recurrence of the diseases that follow in famine's wake. Probably nothing else reveals more clearly the hideous nature of the system that was weighing down the subject populations than these persistent starvations in the midst of a land of plenty and these incessant and purposeless wars fought by nations already physically exhausted.

It was of an ancestry bred to such perennial battlings that Charlemagne was

sprung, except for the redeeming part of him that was peasant. His father, Pepin the Short, first ruler of the Arnulf line, was an ardent professor of the trade of blows. Of his tumultuous wars the last endured nine years, being waged with extraordinary fierceness by the Aquitanians struggling for their liberty. So bitter, in truth, was this remarkable contest that the modern investigator is likely to suspect that King Pepin's yoke upon his subjects was not of the lightest, since they would dare so much to be free. Unluckily we have no testimony about it except by writers paid to extol Pepin; but even from these there appears the outlines of a patriotic heroism in which we should feel a keener interest if it were possible that the revolt was of the patient slaves of the soil and not of the nobles that drove the patient slaves up to the slaughter-line. The leader of the Aquitanians was one Waifar, whom we may believe to have been a man of unusual gifts, since for years he baffled the best efforts of Pepin's generals and carried on a withering guerrilla warfare. But at last he was captured, and Pepin manifested his loyalty to the essential spirit of the age by instantly putting to death so gallant an enemy.

He survived his victim only a few weeks, dying at Paris, September 24, 768, when he was fifty-four years old. He had lived and reigned for periods unusual for those days. Two sons survived him, this Charles, the figure of destiny that has already appeared on the stage as the guide and guardian of the Pope, and Carloman; Charles being aged twenty-five and Carloman fifteen. Between these Pepin had divided his kingdom, but there is an impenetrable mystery about the inheritance, for while both heirs were sons of one mother, Queen Berthrada, known as Bertha with the big foot, Charles was certainly born out of wedlock, and there is no record that he was ever legitimized. Pepin cut up the kingdom on new lines. The old division between Austrasia and Neustria was obliterated; Charles got Frankish Germany and a large part of northern France; Carloman received Swabia, Alsace, Burgundy, Provence, and part of Aquitaine. Being in some ways more like the royal brothers of tradition and history than their father and uncle had been, Charles and Carloman hated each other cordially.

What promised to be a bitter quarrel between them made an early appearance. Pepin had not been long dead when Waifar's Aquitanians revolted again, being led by Waifar's

father, crying for revenge. Charles called upon Carloman for help to suppress the rebellion; Carloman coldly declined to bestir himself, and Charles was obliged to go single handed to put down the insurrection. He resented his brother's disaffection, and by this incident the smoldering fraternal dislike would probably have been blown into civil war if Carloman had not suddenly died in 771, after reigning three years. In those days it would have been no nine days' wonder if he had been poisoned or stabbed, but it appears that he died naturally. He left a wife and two infant sons; and his queen gave eloquent testimony to the state of the times by fleeing with her children, in the dead of winter, over the Alps to Italy rather than allow herself to fall into the hands of her brother-in-law. Afterward men saw that in this she knew the times better than she knew Charles, since in no place would she have been safer than under his protection. She made her way to Pavia, where she took refuge with Didier, king of the Lombards. Charles was immediately invested with his brother's share of the kingdom, and Frankland passed again into the control of one ruler.

Between Charles and Didier the relations were already sufficiently strained by very different causes. In all the descendants of old Arnulf, whatever might have been their other virtues, appeared, as I have said, a certain disposition to view lightly the marriage relation. When King Pepin died Charles had to wife, in some probably irregular or morganatic union, Himiltrude, an excellent Frankish woman of whom he was very fond, but whose rank was much below his. That restless spirit, Queen Berthrada, went now to Italy to visit the Pope and for other purposes, and on her way she called upon King Didier of the Lombards. Didier lived in such an environment of seething and perpetual intrigue that in the securest times his throne was but tottering, and Berthrada found no difficulty in arranging with him a strengthening alliance to be bound by a double betrothal. Charles was to put away Himiltrude and marry Desiderata, Didier's daughter; at the same time Gisla, Charles's sister, was to be married to Prince Adalghis, Didier's only son and heir, and by these unions the Frankish and Lombard kingdoms were to be united forever; for so ancient is the hallucination that a marriage between the

children of kings has effect in drawing nations together.

For reasons of his own, and those good and sufficient, Pope Stephen particularly disapproved of Berthrada's match-making, and sent a letter, still extant, in which he bitterly denounced and forbade the proposed unions. Charles proceeded, nevertheless, to be separated from Himiltrude and to marry Desiderata. The Princess Gisla heeded the Pope's command, declined to wed Adalghis, and fled to a convent, probably to escape the strenuous Berthrada, and incidentally thereby avoided a union with one that, being put to the test shortly after, proved to be as worthless a character as the times had known. One year of the gentle Desiderata's company quite sufficed Charles. She was an invalid, she was unlikely to bear children, she seems to have been of no mentality that fitted her to be the consort of and companion to one of Charles's unresting mind and broad ambitions. With small ceremony, therefore, he

packed the lady home, where she arrived shortly before Carloman's widow and children took refuge at the Lombard court. In Desiderata's case the insult was aggravated (to the female sense) by the fact that upon securing his divorce Charles immediately married a beautiful Swabian on whom his eyes had long been set; a performance for which he was fiercely denounced even by Queen Berthrada.

In this untoward condition of affairs there came on a quarrel between Didier and the Pope, a quarrel concerning lands, cities, and

other matters, but chiefly concerning lands. I should point out here that throughout the dark and middle ages the possession of land, even of small areas of land, was held to be of such supreme importance that nations were often involved in long and bloody wars and thousands of persons were slain in a quarrel about a bit of earth that might now not be thought worth a lawsuit. The reason for this extraordinary avidity for land was that the land in those days being the sole source of

subsistence and wealth, the fortunate lived by exploiting the tillers of land, just as in our day they live by exploiting industry or transportation. Therefore, the ownership of a bit of land was the necessary machinery for the segregation of wealth, and the means by which land was obtained by and for the benefit of the fortunate often afford us, as we review the spirals of history, a curious parallel to other economic oppressions in later times. Perhaps there is no lesson of history surer than the long endurance of the essential meth-

ods by which exploitation thrives. The names of these methods undergo many changes; the spirit, purpose, and results seem much the same, no matter what the age or country.

V

THE BATTLE IN THE MOUNTAIN PASS AND THE FALL OF THE LOMBARDS

POPE STEPHEN died while this land quarrel was on, but his cause was ably taken up by his successor, who was that Hadrian cele-



"BERTHA WITH THE BIG FOOT," WIFE OF PEPIN THE SHORT
AND MOTHER OF CHARLEMAGNE AND CARLOMAN

brated in history for his firmness and wisdom. Didier moved first in the contention by seizing three of the Pope's towns and making a hostile movement toward Ravenna, which was one of the best of the papal possessions. Indignantly and on just grounds the Pope protested. Didier offered to restore the captured towns and to turn back from Ravenna if the Pope would recognize and crown the sons of Carloman as kings of Frankland. Hadrian, though hard pressed, refused to entertain such a proposal. Didier led his army upon Rome. The untterrified Pope hastily fortified the city, and threatened to excommunicate the first Lombard that made a forward movement. Neither Didier nor his army cared to incur this penalty. The Lombards turned back from Rome, but they continued to hold the Pope's towns and to threaten Ravenna.

In this emergency Hadrian was moved to appeal for help to Charles, and we are told that as the Lombards had blockaded all the Alpine passes it was necessary for the plucky messenger to make his way by sea to Marseilles, and thence northward by devious routes as best he could. The time was the middle of winter, and Charles was in Lorraine enjoying his annual hunt. He was not in the least eager to take up the Pope's quarrel, although as the heir of Charles Martel and of Pepin, and as the recognized champion of the Cross, he might be expected at all times to defend the Holy See. Moreover he was by inheritance the patrician or military ruler of Rome, and therefore in a certain way bound to recognize its claims upon him. But all his life he instinctively preferred reason to force, and fought only when he no longer had a chance to avoid fighting. He now tried hard to make an amicable arrangement of the difficulty between the Pope and the Lombard. This failing, he issued his order for the military forces of the kingdom to assemble at Geneva.

This meant practically all the men capable of bearing arms. Nobles came on horseback, supported by their faithful retainers and often armed; peasants trudged afoot and fully bore the rudest weapons. Some carried only flails, clubs, and scythes, a disadvantage of which little was thought in those days since it was certain that on the other side would be another detachment similarly equipped, and these Things, being only Things, might as well beat one another to death with flails as in any other way. Very

few of the Things in either army knew why they were dragged from their homes and set up to be shot at or mauled to death by other Things. The pleasure of their lords was that they should be made worms' meat, and more than that they knew not. Ostensibly the pleasure of their lords in this regard was not extended upon them without a loophole of escape from it. Should there be one among them that preferred to live he could purchase his exemption for two hundred and twenty-five dollars; but this apparently merciful provision was for the vast masses of mankind merely a bitter irony. Scarcely anyone below the grade of a thieving count, robber baron, highwayman, noble pick-pocket, or other captain of industry of those times ever in his lifetime saw so much money; and as for the peasants, they were slaves and bondmen and without possessions at all times except a scant supply of food from day to day, and a superfluity of labor and blows.

Of all Charlemagne's merits as a commander, the first was the amazing swiftness of his movements, a quality in which he resembles Napoleon. Habitually he struck before the enemy suspected an impending blow, and then struck again while the enemy was trying to recover from the first attack. He did not like war, but being into it he thought the best way was to make short work of it. In this instance he had long arranged in his capacious mind every detail of this, his first important campaign. He was like Von Moltke in 1870. Quickly he gathered his great host, quickly he prepared it, and in a short time his army was moving southward. Following a plan that he afterward saw tested in many a hard-fought and hard-won campaign, he divided his forces. Part, commanded by his uncle, moved over the Great St. Bernard pass; the main body he himself led by the way of Mont Cenis.

Didier had been amply warned of the coming of the invader and had determined not to repeat the blunders that had been the ruin of Aistulf when Pepin was allowed to pour his troops unopposed through the narrow Alpine roads. With the flower of the Lombard warriors he entrenched himself at Susa, the key to the southern end of the pass, and he sent a great army under his son, Prince Adalghis, to blockade the way through the mountains.

The Franks moved on and entered the defiles and gorges of Mont Cenis. It was a



Drawn by Arthur Becker

SUDDENLY, JUST BEFORE NOON, THERE WAS A WILD YELL IN THE HEART OF THE PASS,
AND A BODY OF FRANKS LEAPED UPON THE FLANK OF THE LOMBARDS

winding, dark, and perilous road, for it clung often between a torrent on one side and a precipice on the other, and there were many places where a small force intelligently directed might destroy the whole army. Avalanches overhung and menaced the invaders; and as most of the Franks had never even seen a mountain and had never dreamed of such surroundings, their path filled them with unspeakable terror. And at almost the summit of the pass they found the narrow road completely blocked and held by the Lombards posted in an apparently impregnable position.

For the first time, therefore, Charles was confronted with an emergency that tested all his resources and was of crucial importance to his career. Apparently he could not advance; certainly without such humiliation and loss of prestige as would endanger his throne he could not turn back; he could not hope that any reinforcements that he could receive would better his position. He tried to force the Lombard entrenchments, but every attack was easily driven back. It did not seem possible for human strength or endurance to pass the terrible barrier before him. He sat down to study the situation, while day after day his troops continued to hurl themselves upon the fortifications and to be repulsed like sea waves from a rock.

At last he had an inspiration to a desperate venture. Studying the grim peaks about him, he thought he perceived a route through which a small body of troops might creep unobserved and turn the enemy's position. The trouble was to find a leader that knew enough of mountaineering to find the way, and this was the more difficult for that Charles's forces were plainsmen. But they brought to his tent one night a native of the mountains, a minstrel and wandering singer, and Charles, looking upon him attentively, as was his wont with all men, thought he perceived the qualities of force and candor. The peril involved was great: a stranger might easily betray everything to the Lombards; but with the intuitive judgment of men and character that was one of the sources of his greatness Charles decided to take the risk.

Before dawn, therefore, the detachment set forth under the minstrel's sole guidance. That day the attack was renewed in front with the usual vigor and the usual result. The attention of the Lombards was fixed upon repelling these assaults. Charles,

conspicuous for his great form, stood and watched for the signal. Suddenly, just before noon, there was a wild yell in the heart of the pass, and a body of Franks leaped as if out of the side of the mountain upon the flank of the Lombards. At the same instant Charles urged forward a new attack in front. The Lombards, taken by surprise, instantly broke from the fortifications and fled in the utmost disorder, leaving all their baggage and throwing away their arms as they ran. Down the pass they sped, pursued by the whole Frankish army. The slaughter was great, and the defeat was overwhelming.

Before the last of the terror-stricken fugitives had emerged from the mouth of the pass Didier, in Susa, had heard of the disaster. Without a moment's delay he abandoned all the defenses he had created and fled along the road to Pavia.

Panic then fell upon the whole country; by the Lombards the advancing Franks were regarded with much of the superstitious terror that the people of an earlier century had felt for the Lombards. Didier shut himself in Pavia. Adalghis, the unfortunate commander at the pass of Mont Cenis, checked not his flight until he reached Verona. All armed opposition vanished from the field. Lombardy lay practically at the mercy of the invader.

Charles moved swiftly on, receiving the submission of city after city, and at last laying siege to Didier in Pavia. When his plans had been completed and the city encompassed with his trenches, he led a part of his army, now swelled to full numbers by the arrival of his uncle's division, to Verona. But Adalghis had no taste for further conflict with the terrible Franks. Alone he deserted his followers and stole from Verona, and after wanderings and adventures that long surrounded his name with an unwarranted halo of romance, he reached Constantinople and the court of the Emperor, where he sought protection. Verona, and with it the widow and sons of Carloman, fell into the hands of Charles. There is no reason to think that he treated his captives with anything but his usual humane consideration, though the records do not tell what became of them. From this time forth they cease to be factors in this story. Most likely they lived out their days in religious retreats.

The conqueror returned to Pavia, noted the satisfactory progress of the siege, and in his tent among the trenches celebrated



From a panel in the council-hall at Aachen

THE ENTRANCE OF CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS VICTORIOUS ARMY INTO PAVIA AFTER ITS SURRENDER BY DIDIER, THE LAST KING OF THE LOMBARDS

Christmas, for he was all his life devout and a careful observer of his religious duties. His plan was to reduce Pavia by starvation, since the walls were too strong to be taken by assault and Didier refused to surrender. Why, indeed, he held out is a mystery, supposing him not to have been wholly insane, for there was no possible source from which he could hope for the least help, and delay meant only prolonged suffering and the useless sacrifice of his subjects. But since he was obdurate and the siege therefore promised to be long, Charles determined to realize an old dream by visiting Rome.

To Europe, to civilization, to us, and to himself the consequences of that resolve were of very great importance, and the visit was spectacular and momentous for other reasons. No king of the Franks, no mayor of the palace, had ever gone to Rome; no Frankish ruler had ever felt the least prompting toward such an excursion nor conceived

advantage to lie therein, being most concerned about his fighting, his roast meats, and his women. But Charles was wholly different from these. He had been, for his times, well educated; he could actually read and write*; he knew two languages well and had a fair acquaintance with a third; he cherished a genuine taste for learning, for he had gathered enough of knowledge to glimpse the benefits that might come from gathering more. He was rather ashamed of

*Here it is to be noted that as sometimes happens in such annals a loose or obscure remark by one authority has given rise to a great deal of confusion. Einhard, the friend and biographer of Charlemagne, wrote this of his master:

"He also tried to write, and used to keep tablets and blanks in bed under his pillow, that at leisure hours he might accustom his hand to form the letters; however, as he did not begin his efforts in due season, but late in life, they met with ill success."

From this statement it has been concluded that Charlemagne could not write. There is, however, abundant testimony to the contrary.

The Story of Charlemagne

the barbarous ignorance of his court and of his people, for scarcely anyone outside of the monkish orders could be said to have a vestige of culture. He was ashamed, too, of the art of his country; he knew that in architecture, music, letters, and all the gentler pursuits of life the more fortunate people of the Italian peninsula immeasurably outshone the Franks, who were absorbed in fighting as a vocation and hunting and feasting for diversions. He had heard of the culture of which Rome was the guardian and exponent, and he determined to gratify at once two desires, both strongly appealing to the better side of his nature—to see the holy father of his church, and to see the memorials of the learning he had planned to introduce into his own country.

I think it likely by this time, thus early in his career, that his mind, prodigiously active and acute, had perceived that conditions in his country were not for the welfare of any of his subjects except the handful of nobles, and that they controverted every idea of the enlightened nations he was so fond of reading about. He had always been of a studious habit, and for all his cheerful countenance and his sanguine disposition he wholly preferred serious things. Perhaps the bent of his mind is best illustrated by his favorite diversions. In his age it was the universal custom that kings, nobles, and the powerful should be entertained at dinner by coarse jesters, fools, acrobats, and tumblers. Charles would have none of these, but daily at his table were read to him the works of grave historians and sacred philosophers; and to discuss such authors was always his chief delight, preferring them to all other topics except only the necessary affairs of state. Yet it is rather an odd fact and a strong revelation of the complex and humanly inconsistent character of the man that with the utmost sincerity he ranked as the next of his pleasures after historical and theological disquisition the joys of the hunting-field. So curiously blended in him were the civilized and the savage impulses. Of hunting he continued all his life to be passionately fond, even in his old age riding afield with all his youthful zest.

But as to learning, he must from the beginning have perceived that the first need of his people was a refining and elevating influence in their daily lives, for he had been but a short time king when he began to make quest about Europe for scholars and teachers, and

the first of his purposes in now visiting Rome seems to have been to observe diligently the true state of education in the city that in spite of all vicissitudes remained the capital of civilization.

At a distance of thirty miles the municipal officers came forth to meet him, and the enthusiastic pomp and fervor of the welcome at the city gates must have suggested a triumph like that of a returning victor in the days of Roman greatness. Pope Hadrian had good cause to be grateful to this valiant son of the Church, and Charles knew quite well how much the papal assistance might mean to him in the north. They spent many days together; Charles learned much about matters scholastic and ecclesiastical, and there is said to have passed from him a deed to the Pope of an immense territory besides the twenty-two cities already confirmed in the papal possession. This story is denied, and the deed was never carried into effect; but at least it is certain that the Pope and Charles on this occasion cemented a warm friendship and parted on terms of mutual esteem.

Charles went back to the trenches before Pavia, and in June of that year, 774, the thirty-first of his life, and the sixth of his reign, he received the surrender of the city. It had suffered much from famine and disease. Short work was made of the arrangements. Didier was immediately deposed, Charles was crowned in his stead king of the Lombards, all the Lombard cities acknowledged his rule, the royal treasure passed into his hands. At a former period, by no means remote, the fallen king would have been put to death with tortures. Charles, who, except upon one strange occasion, displayed throughout his life a magnanimity as much at variance with the traditions of his family as with the practice of his times, sent his royal captives over the Alps to a northern monastery, where Didier took holy orders and spent his remaining days in the humble offices of a monk. Of the rest of the family, except Prince Adalghis, there is no further mention. Adalghis, indeed, reappears as a professed parasite about the court of the Emperor, and the occasion of some legends of apocryphal achievements; but the old house of the Lombard kings had fallen forever. Lombardy was not in any true sense united to Frankland, but Charles, as king of the Lombards, exercised over his new territories the authority of an absolute monarch.

VI

HOW HE ADVANCED THE CAUSE OF LEARNING AND BECAME A FOUNDER OF EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY

CHARLES went back to Italy in 781 and renewed his observations, many and acute, concerning the state of art and learning. He had studied attentively the Roman architecture and had determined to introduce it in his own dominions; he ordered his architects to study of a Roman master; he brought back with him models of pillars and capitals and designs for buildings, and these he presently incorporated in his palace at Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle. That city itself he largely rebuilt after his own plans, making it his chief residence and capital, and

though his work was subsequently destroyed by the Norsemen we may believe that as a result of his own studies and inspirations it had both magnificence and merit.

To advance the cause of learning Charles now drew about him all the greatest scholars of his time, Alcuin the Northumbrian, Peter of Pisa, Paulus Diaconus the Lombard, and others, and with the help of these he founded a school in his court to which he not only sent his children and his courtiers but went

himself. By his indomitable will he forced learning upon a barbarous time. He established schools all about his kingdom, and was fond of visiting them to see that they were properly conducted, just as he was wont to listen to the singing in the churches and rigorously to criticize the choirs for singing off the key. He fostered energetically the

copying of extant texts of sacred and profane authors, which was, of course, the only way books could be multiplied, and even tried with his own hand to take part in that useful work, but seems to have found that his fingers, stiffened with sword-play and martial exercises, could not acquire the fineness of touch necessary for the scrivener's craft. He was the first monarch in Europe to take the least interest in these pursuits, and the results of his labors were of enormous value to the



CARLOMAN, BROTHER OF SHARED PEPIN'S KING-THREE YEARS. AT HIS SUMED CONTROL OF ISH TER-

CHARLEMAGNE, WHO DOM, BUT REIGNED ONLY DEATH CHARLES AS- THE WHOLE FRANK- RITORY

spread of education and civilization.

In his methods of government he was not less the innovator. Except for the stated assemblies of magnates, which seems more a formality or a decorative gathering than a deliberative body, he was the sole source of every kind of authority in his realm. Practically speaking, he made the laws; he also enforced them. He had won great renown in the field; to his contemporaries he must have seemed a prodigy of success; in a way

he was the embodiment of force and imperialism. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that in his administration should have appeared the germ of a new idea in European government and one wholly at variance with all the precedents set by all the absolute rulers that were also great conquerors. This idea is that the welfare of all the people governed is one of the first objects of government. Charles was himself essentially, in his manners, sympathies, and to a great extent in his blood and descent, a peasant. He was the first European monarch to feel that the peasants were human beings and worth thinking about when it came to law-making. His historical portrait is always that of a big, sensible, hard-working, serious-minded countryman, intent upon his duty as he conceived it, upon the good of his nation and upon just government for all the people in it, but too sagacious to be deluded into any phantasy concerning his own divine gifts, and too liberal to think his mission on earth was merely to spread his empire. Before his time the welfare of the people had meant the welfare of nobles and the powerful; with the utmost sincerity it was believed that those of humbler rank, having no minds and probably no souls, were sufficiently cared for if their betters were made prosperous; everywhere the powerful made laws and established customs for their own advantage; everywhere the toilers maintained themselves as best they could on the scraps and remnants of the industrial feast. It was part of the mission of Charles to weaken these notions by extending for the first time to the people at the bottom some part of the care and protecting power of the government.

Beyond all doubt he was the most democratic monarch that had ever appeared in Europe. Instead of confiding in and drawing his support from the class of noble parasites that always hang about the steps of a throne, he seemed to have an innate contempt for all such gadflies. He knew men, he recognized swiftly the qualities he wanted, and in the selection of his lieutenants he showed his democratic inclinations by choosing merit from any walk of life in which merit might appear. For the first time since the dark ages had settled upon Europe a man born in humble, or comparatively humble, conditions had a chance to distinguish himself; opportunity was not the sole and exclusive possession of those that custom had been pleased to call nobly born. Worth became for the

first time the qualification for advancement. Whenever Charles saw a man that promised the abilities he sought he chose that man whatever might be his station. The nobles fumed and complained because he continually added to their ranks men that had been born to vassalage and serfdom; but the king was inexorable. He was the first ruler in Europe to suspect the great truth that power, ability, invention, initiative, and progress come—and can come—only from the common mass of mankind, and that the least useful members of any society are commonly those that have the greatest inherited wealth and station. He had about the country a great number of administrative subordinates; to the counts that stood at the heads of provinces and local divisions of the empire he looked for the enforcement of his ideas; and to such positions he did not hesitate to raise any man that had shown capacity, fitness, and character. It was for this social revolution that Europe owes much to Charlemagne, for this was a sowing of the seed that grew eventually into the discontent of the enslaved populace, led to the birth of democratic ideals, and at last to the whole democratic movement that introduced the franchise, responsible government, and the annihilation of absolutism.

Democracy was not an acquired taste with this man, nor, as you can readily see, was it anything that he might assume to his own benefit, for all his interests and all the interests of his class lay the other way. Democracy was something in his blood and his bones. He was always the most approachable of monarchs; anyone could address him; when he held the annual Mayfield, or Assembly, he went about talking in the most ordinary way with men of all conditions, and particularly informing himself about the state of the common people in every part of his dominion. He despised all forms of display and dressed habitually in the simple and ancient garb of his nation—high boots, hose, a plain belted tunic, and a square mantle, usually of blue. The efforts of courtiers to adorn themselves with costly or brightly colored garments he sternly rebuked. Clothing was to his mind wholly a thing of use; no sensible man could waste his thought upon it. Pride, idleness, arrogance, and vanity were sins he loved to lash, and men that heard him said that if he had not been the greatest soldier he would assuredly have been the greatest preacher of his age.



A VISIT TO ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL AT UTRECHT. CHARLEMAGNE ESTABLISHED SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT HIS KINGDOM AND PAID THEM NUMEROUS VISITS TO SEE THAT THEY WERE PROPERLY CONDUCTED

As he went about the country to observe with his own keen eyes the actual conditions he must deal with and to take note of those schools of his, he strove to inculcate the democratic doctrine of worth. Once at such a school he discovered that the boys of the so-called lower classes had far outstripped in learning the sons of noblemen, whose compositions are said to have been "tepid and absolutely idiotic." Thereupon (having, no doubt, some memories about the Biblical sheep and the goats) he set all the poor boys on his right hand and the rich idlers on his left, and after praising the industrious on his right, he turned to the others and said:

"You young nobles, you dainty and beautiful youths, who have presumed upon your birth and your possessions to despise my orders and have taken no care for my renown, you have neglected the study of literature while you have given yourselves over to luxury and idleness, or to games and foolish athletics. By the King of Heaven, I care nothing for your noble birth and your handsome faces, let others prize them as they may. Know this for certain, that unless you give earnest heed

to your studies, and recover the ground lost by your negligence, you shall never receive any favor at the hand of King Charles."

This speech was characteristic of his attitude toward his people and government no less than toward education and students.

After the passing of this great ruler there came a reversion, as there must always be after every great forward step. But there could never again be exactly the old conditions, for in politics the old physical formula is reversed, and reaction is never quite equal to action. Charles had set up a standard to which, when the reactionary tide had ebbed, men turned as to the sage wisdom of a great leader of men. As the hero of two nations, France and Germany, the immense popularity of Charles helped on the movement he had founded. Slowly the lowly peasant began to absorb the idea that perhaps he might be more than a Thing, and as the centuries grew that idea spread and spread until the classes that had always been governed and exploited began to demand a share in the government, a demand that has not ceased to grow in volume and power from that day to this.

The next instalment of "*The Story of Charlemagne*" will appear in the March issue.

Reforming the American Navy

By Admiral Winfield Scott Schley

Editor's Note.—In view of the recent sweeping reorganization of the entire naval establishment of the United States, made by the Secretary of the Navy, and endorsed by Congress, the subjoined article by Admiral W. S. Schley is of profound and timely importance. It is the fighting man's view of our naval efficiency, augmenting the Hon. Lewis Nixon's article in the present issue, which deals with the American merchant marine.



HERE were many "naval reforms" in the United States navy while I was in active service, but during that time, nearly fifty years, there never was an hour spent on a United States warship, in any port, on any sea, that I didn't feel I was on board the best disciplined and best equipped war-machine of her class in the world. Most of that time, it seems to me, we were changing our uniforms in the interest of what some called "naval reform," though intended to improve our appearance.

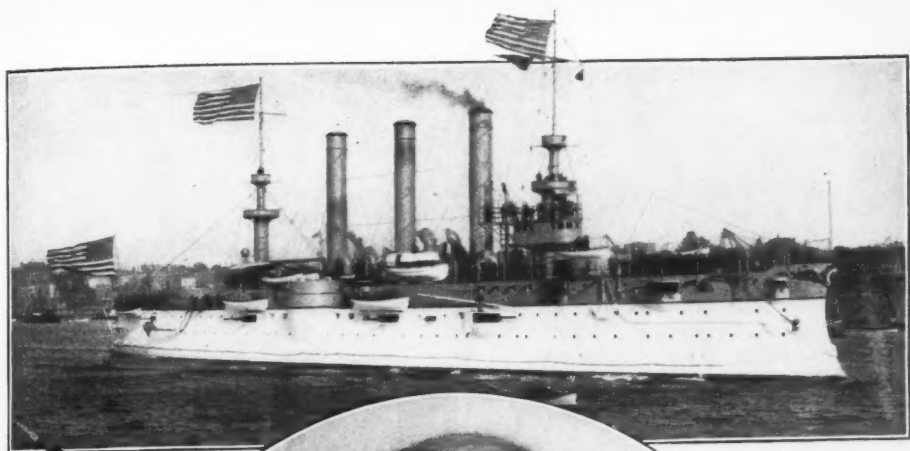
This sort of thing is part of the system in naval experience, but it is easily misrepresented by exaggerated reports of its purpose. The recent naval-reform movement by the Swift Commission was intended, I take it, chiefly to amalgamate into one at all navy-yards the shops doing similar work, not to criticize or restrict the business capacity or valuable knowledge of our senior officers, as has been implied now and then. When I was in the Navy Department I favored a concentration of the construction departments under one head, to facilitate control and economy of time and money, and to prevent wasteful tendencies possible under the older system. Such minor changes in the details of the business of the navy frequently grow out of the experience of its officers, whose duty it is, when required to do so, to submit plans for the consideration of the Secretary of the Navy. A logical issue of experience is new and improved conditions, but these things are not final reforms, because they are always more or less experimental.

It must always be remembered, in considering naval reforms, that nothing can be accomplished without Congress. The flag is always within the limitations of the statutes of the United States. This fact is

responsible for the present languishing condition of our merchant marine, and has, no doubt quite faithfully, involved the naval service in some embarrassment. This, however, is not a matter that concerns the personnel of the navy, except where it affects the human fallibility of naval discipline.

In one instance Congress was loath to adopt certain plans for naval construction that were subsequently adopted for a foreign navy, with the result that the first battleship of the *Dreadnought* type was launched by the British government. Four years before the British *Dreadnought* was launched several American naval officers submitted a tentative design for a similar battleship, and with the assistance of the Naval Construction Department more complete plans were submitted for approval. The cost of this battleship was estimated to be nine million dollars. Congress was hardly prepared for such expense. "Never, never!" said those in authority. Since the plans were rejected in the United States, it is not improbable that they found their way across the sea. That is why the United States navy did not build the first *Dreadnought* in the world.

That technical information, of any sort, requires a lifetime in active pursuit is a well understood condition of efficiency in modern affairs. The advantage of a civilian chief at the head of a department of national affairs, such as the army or the navy, has been held to be necessary as the most efficient medium of bringing military or naval matters to the attention of the president and Congress, who are their constitutional superiors. Since Congress makes laws that the officers must obey, it has been regarded as eminently advantageous to efficient administration that a civilian authority for them should represent their department in Congress. This fact may have led to some misconceptions at times in the adjustment of some "naval re-



Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, retired, for forty-five years a defender of the flag on every sea and the popular hero of Santiago, where, in the flag-ship *Brooklyn* (shown above), he was in immediate command. He is an authority on naval matters and an advocate of a merchant marine as a necessary auxiliary to our navy. The small portrait was taken in 1857, when he was a naval cadet.

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forms," but that does not concern naval officers, no matter how much it may affect their details to duty. It may also have brought about present and past agitation in the public mind concerning the efficiency or deficiencies of the department.

Sensational critics of the navy are usually civilians, whose knowledge of naval affairs is limited to the information supplied them by some disgruntled officer. They cannot possibly have the correct technical facts in hand necessary to sustain their conclusions. In various forms, by unauthorized commission and by the virtue or vice of printers' ink, these critics of the United States navy have been placarding an alleged naval incompetence in such a way that it has at last commanded attention. In the regular course of experimental activity in the navy there have been accidents, failures, unsolved problems. These incidents have been magnified into a general criticism of naval efficiency. My duties have placed me on board every kind of American warship, and my conclusions are that we have to-day the best navy in the world as far as it goes.

The British navy conducts its experiments with official secrecy. No one tells, or knows, of their experimental failures. The United States navy is constantly exposed to public criticism of technical matters that the public cannot understand. For example: When the Atlantic fleet was sent off around the world, some critic whose name I do not recall undertook to inform the public all about its weak points. He said, among other strange things, that the armor of the ships was too low. Now if battleships were constructed with a view to fighting in water as smooth as a lake then the armor location could be calculated to the fraction of an inch, but since these ships are built to fight at sea, where they are constantly rolling, the armor defense varies as the ship rolls in and out of water. It becomes alternately too high and too low by the natural law of sea motion. Then, too, it must be remembered that the Atlantic fleet was obliged to carry greater amounts of all stores than are required on ordinary commissions. The ships were loaded down beyond the ordinary conditions of naval needs. This was not a fault of their construction, but of a special condition made necessary by their long cruise.

Criticisms have been directed against the construction of American guns, because of what is technically known as "flare-back"

accidents, as if these deplorable incidents were caused by imperfect mechanism aboard ship. The most important factor in a naval fight is quick firing. The hoisting-apparatus, from the magazines below deck to the guns, are matters still in dispute; whether they be direct in operation, or interrupted, can only be determined by experiment. The fallibility of human nature must be reckoned with on a warship as on a railroad locomotive. In the flush of excitement or the strain of battle, even under the most rigid discipline that the men endure, mistakes in the handling of the hoisting-apparatus between the magazines and the gun are possibilities. Shutters are not closed soon enough or some precaution is omitted, and an explosion occurs. These things have occurred in every navy of the first magnitude in the world.

The guns themselves are almost perfect. Where the forgings used to be hammered out, they are now wrought by hydraulic pressure. The rifled bore, of course, has a limit of useful life due to the high projectile energy, which in no great length of time destroys the gun's efficiency. The time will probably come when these tubes may be lined and made removable and fresh ones slipped in, by expanding and again contracting the gun tubing. I suppose when such evolutions in naval experiments as this occur we shall have it described as something we have borrowed. Now we are talking about a fourteen-inch gun for battleship armament. It will require a ship of thirty thousand tons to carry these guns safely, and this again brings up new problems of navigation—deeper sea harbors and larger docks and canals.

I cannot see the advantage of the new basket-mast, unless it can be raised up to the height of the Washington monument. If in command of an opposing vessel my first instinct would be to train a machine-gun on the man on top of that mast, and lay him out. After that I wouldn't care a bit what became of the mast itself. All these things are merely suggestions of the experimental spirit in our naval progress that is molded by some captious civilian criticism into official blunders. It is perhaps true that there would be greater inventive encouragement in the United States navy than in any other navy in the world, if it were not for the fact that by law officers are forbidden to profit by or share in the pecuniary benefits resulting therefrom. The laws governing our naval

Reforming the American Navy

service do not inspire individual talent in this direction. Nothing can be accomplished by new experiments without the interest and sanction of Congress. Naval reform or progress is therefore more or less dependent upon Congressional appropriations.

The American flag at sea, to the furthestmost ends of the earth, is regulated by Congress. The naval officer in command, anywhere, is restricted by the laws Congress has made for his department and his rank. Obviously, though this is a valuable condition, it occasionally involves our patriotism with our ambitions. Our merchant marine today is reduced to a languishing state of commercial value compared to that of years ago. It has gradually disappeared, and this condition arises because of the restriction put upon it by our laws, which forbid a merchant vessel to fly the American flag unless the ship itself has been built in an American shipyard or unless repairs to the extent of three-fourths of her value, if a foreign-built ship, have been made in an American port. This law, patriotic though it seems, has had an unfortunate effect upon the merchant marine development of this country. With labor here so much higher, the cost of creating American lines of ships for transporting our agricultural or industrial productions to foreign countries has made competition with the merchant marine service of foreign nations practically impossible. We are all patriotic enough, but when it comes to paying two dollars for work that some one else is willing to do just as well for one dollar we become business men, and give the job to the man who has solved economy for us.

That is the position in which the American merchant marine is placed to-day by our laws.

Patriotism will not always follow the flag when it comes to a business transaction, unless we are favored by more liberal laws of our own. It looks like a fine thing to put a duty on all imports for us, and perhaps it is, providing it is not prohibitive. Brazilian coffee—a universal commodity, by the way, the “poor man’s breakfast”—is admitted to this country free of duty. In 1900, I think, the Brazilian government exported to our country about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars’ worth of her products, and the same year imported something like thirty-eight million dollars’ worth from us. I do not think I mistake when I say that hardly a dollar’s worth of this vast amount

was carried to or from Brazil under the American flag. This seems a great misfortune for our country which, I believe, Congress will correct.

The bulk of American merchandise sent to foreign countries is being carried under any and every sort of flag but our own, because these foreign countries can organize shipping lines with more economy than we can. There is no inducement at present for private corporations in America to establish a merchant marine service to foreign countries, under the American flag, because under our laws the business is without living profit. There may be American capital in certain lines sailing between the United States and foreign countries, but their ships are built and are trafficking under foreign flags. Our merchant flag still flies on the Pacific Steamship line, but a large share of our Pacific trade is done in Japanese and English ships. The International line of steamships sailing out of New York to foreign ports do so under all sorts of flags.

The foreign shipyards generally undersell the American shipyards in their floating product. Consequently the merchant vessels of other countries can carry American goods around the world at figures which would bankrupt companies building their ships in American yards. The merchant marine ships are in war times commissioned as transports or auxiliaries, so that every ship in the merchant marine service would become a useful adjunct to the navy in case of need, and ought therefore to be so fitted by law as to be easily convertible in case of war. Most of the vessels in the merchant marine service of the world are so convertible. We imperatively need such an auxiliary to our navy as well.

A remedy for this decline of our merchant marine will come in some form, no doubt. A mail compensation of paying value, or a reduced duty upon goods imported in American bottoms, or a subsidy in some form will have to come to encourage shipbuilding. Of course, a government subsidy might be dragged into Wall Street, and heaven knows what might be done with it there. That is why the word subsidy, to Congress, is like a red flag to a bull.

However it may be, it is clear that we need relief for the merchant marine by act of Congress, and as to “naval reform,” I am sure that that problem will be worked out to the best interests of the nation.



Fat and Its Follies

THE PERENNIAL WARFARE THAT IS WAGED AGAINST ADIPOSE.
 "A MOST HARMLESS, HEALTHFUL, INNOCENT TISSUE." SOME
 OF THE METHODS OF MAKING IT "MOVE ON" AS DESIRED

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

THE amount of adipose tissue possessed by a man or a woman is largely a matter of individual or family tendency and has little to do with diet, exercise, or habits of life. By feeding or starving, by rest or exercise, the weight of the average normal man can be increased or decreased slightly, about ten per cent. being the limit in either direction. The fat man tends to remain fat, the thin woman to stay thin—and both in perfect health—in spite of everything they can do. Very seldom can the stock of either be driven up or down more than ten points by the most energetic manipulation. Like the fool of Scripture, "though you bray her in a mortar, yet will [ninety per cent. of] her fatness not depart from her."

We have been much misled in the matter by false analogies with the lower animals. In them the accumulation of adipose is the perfectly simple answer to the problem of survival. All of them in a state of nature and most of them under civilization have regularly every year a season of abundance followed by a season of scarcity, often of famine. Naturally they store up the surplus of

the former in the shape of fat to carry them over the latter. The same thing is true of savages and the lower barbarians; life with them is either a feast or a famine. Whenever they stumble upon plenty of food they store away all they can of it under their own hides. Stanley's Somali carriers and Nansen's Eskimos alike grew fat and sleek whenever food was plentiful, and became gaunt again when supplies ran short. But civilized man has for thousands of years been largely exempt from this seasonal ebb and flow of food-supplies. Winter, instead of being a time of lean fare, has been his season of abundance and feasting. His daily bread has been dependent—save in seasons of drought or famine—not upon the weather, but upon his wages; and as fat does not in the least increase his earning capacity, but rather diminishes it, the power of rapidly gaining flesh has ceased to have survival value to man and has either disappeared or run wild in such anomalies as the fat men and fat women of to-day. They are survivals of primitive types, but perfectly normal and wholesome ones. Ninety per cent. of the fatness we meet is an inherited trait, like color of eyes or curliness of hair or shape of nose, and is as perfectly compatible

with health, comfort, and efficiency and as hard to get rid of or modify in any marked degree.

We may clear our minds at once of all the ridiculous fears about healthy fat "gathering round the heart," or "stuffing up the throat," or "thickening the breath," or "making the heart fatty"; practically its sole disadvantages are the additional weight which it imposes to be carried about and its interference with the movements of the limbs. Ninety per cent. of its drawbacks are mental—the fear of its spoiling beauty or exciting ridicule. Most of the evils which men and women who

are growing stout attribute to their bulk are due not to the fat itself, but to the sluggish, "fatty" habits which have preceded and exaggerated it—too little exercise, with too much food for the muscular work done, too much remaining indoors, and too little brisk walking or open-air sports. Get a woman out of these bad habits, prove to her that she can still do anything she ever could, put her on any kind of treatment—forced exercise, sweating, massage, starvation, or drugs—that will remove her movable ten per cent. of

weight, especially from the waist-line, and it is easy to make her believe herself "cured" and sure that the loss of twenty pounds in weight did it all.

The chief secret of the victory is that while fat is solidly and substantially physical, fatness is largely mental. It is really a triumph of mind over mind, of one mental state over another—like Prof. William James's famous uplifts by one's own boot-straps to higher levels of energizing. The other secret is that adipose itself, while often pictured as a veritable Frankenstein, born of and breeding disease, sure to ride its possessor to death sooner

or later, is really a most harmless, healthful, innocent tissue, ready to melt at an unkind word and so gentle and docile it can be led about anywhere with a psychic string. By a little exercise and pressure it can be got to "move on" from almost any desired region of the figure, though about eighty per cent. of it usually hides itself meekly somewhere else in the body. Of course the stout woman cannot just make up her mind and then make up her body as the slim woman can, but she can do wonders if she tries.

Now as to the wisdom or safety of these reduction procedures. These fall chiefly into

three great classes: the dietetic, the mechanical, including exercise, and drugs. The last class are generally either frauds or poisons, but with this exception it may be broadly stated that most of the procedures adapted for the reduction of weight to fashionable proportions are decidedly beneficial, since they include as a part of the treatment a marked increase in the amount of exercise taken and of the time spent in the open air, and exercise and fresh air are always and everywhere of benefit, even though they should not re-

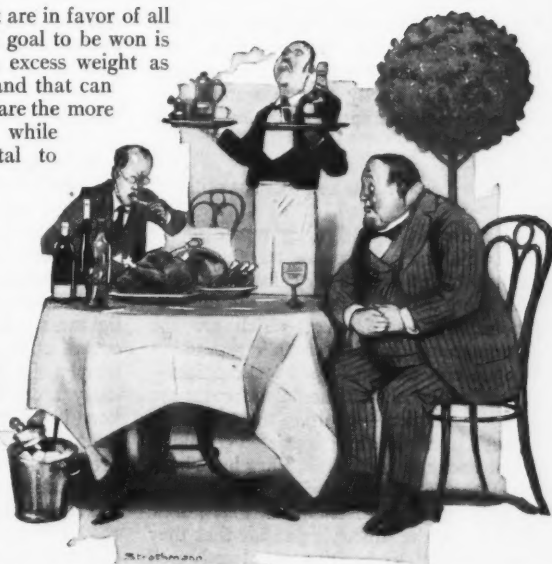


NINETY PER CENT. OF THE FATNESS WE MEET IS
AN INHERITED TRAIT, LIKE COLOR OF EYES
OR SHAPE OF NOSE

duce the weight a single pound. Most women who think they are too stout are in excellent health and condition, with good capacity for work and endurance, and suffer much more from indolent habits of life—induced in part by the crippling effects of tight shoes and badly fitted corsets, and in part by a feeling that they are growing old and fat and might as well give up the struggle and look the part—than they do from their surplus weight. In fact, most of them could do just as much as they ever could and look just as well as they ever did, if they would only think so and act accordingly.

Thus conditions from the start are in favor of all open-air methods, since the real goal to be won is a state of mind that looks upon excess weight as a thing not altogether of evil and that can be remedied. These conditions are the more promising from the fact that, while fatness in excess is detrimental to beauty, in moderate degree it is absolutely indispensable to it. In fact, we might almost lay it down as an axiom from the esthetic, and certainly from the physiological, point of view, No fat, no beauty! A figure constructed without any adipose tissue whatever might as well be built of clothes-props and leather. Thinness and meagerness destroy far more beauty of figure than fatness does. If a poll of beautiful women were to be taken in any city, it would be found that at least three times as many were overweight for their height as were underweight.

To take first what may be termed the legitimate drugs, *viz.*, those which are at times, and for short periods, used by the medical profession for the purpose of reducing weight, and which are not immediately or directly injurious. There are practically only two: iodid of potassium and thyroid extract. Both of these probably act by virtue of the iodine which they contain; and both cause, in some curious manner which we do not as yet understand, such an interference with the normal metabolism of the body as to cause the burning up and elimination of considerable amounts of the body fat. If this reduction, however, goes much beyond the normally movable ten per cent. carried by most healthy individuals, their effects upon the general nutrition become injurious at once; the appetite becomes impaired, the sleep broken, and the heart's action irregular. In the case of thyroid extract, in fact, prolonged use of the drug in sufficient amounts markedly to reduce weight is very liable to set up a serious and obstinate disturbance of the nervous system, and particularly of the nerves controlling the heart, accompanied by palpitation, sweating, weakness, and intense nervousness, not distantly resembling the symptoms of Graves's disease or exophthalmic goiter. Moreover, both are merely tempo-



THE FAMOUS REDUCTIONS IN WEIGHT MADE AT BATHS AND MINERAL SPRINGS ARE DUE CHIEFLY TO THE RIGID STARVATION SYSTEMS OF DIETING ENFORCED

rary expedients, and upon their discontinuance the weight of the patient is very apt rapidly to return to its former level. In fact, so unpleasant and even dangerous are the immediate effects of these drugs, and so temporary is any reduction obtained by them, that they have been practically abandoned for this purpose by the medical profession, save in those cases of excessive weight which are believed to be due to imperfect functioning of the thyroid gland, known as myxedema or athyroidia. Analyses of the widely advertised fat-reducer, "Marmola," have shown it to consist largely of thyroid extract with laxatives, a dangerous combination for indiscriminate use.

Another group of remedies, the alkaline purgatives, were at one time prescribed rather extensively by medical men for reducing weight. These were given under the impression, now known to be a mistake, that fatness was due to some mysterious clogging of the liver, upon which these salines were supposed to act. Their use did reduce weight, it is true, but by the very crude and simple method of sweeping the food through the alimentary canal and discharging it with such rapidity that there was little time for the body to absorb nutriment out of it. It was, in fact, a mechanical and very disagreeable means of

starvation, and had all the disadvantages and dangers of that method. The famous reductions in weight made at baths and mineral springs are due partly to the waters, but chiefly to the rigid starvation systems of dieting enforced.

"ANTI-FATS" FRAUDS OR DANGEROUS POISONS

As for the advertised drug remedies for obesity, which may be grouped together under the name "Anti-fats," they fall into two classes: the harmless frauds and the dangerous poisons. The former, which are the more numerous, depend for their reputation and vogue either upon forged testimonials—and most published testimonials of cures are forged or fraudulent—or upon the testimony of enthusiasts whose fatness existed chiefly in their imaginations or heads. They have been analyzed time and again by Boards of Health, municipal and federal chemists, and public analysts, with the unvarying result that they are found to contain nothing not already well known to the medical profession and the pharmacists; that they never contain what they claim to; and that their chief asset is the boundless credulity of the human mind. One of the most famous and widely advertised consists solely of extract of dried seaweed—as potent and drastic a remedy as fluid extract of hay or tincture of cornstalks! Anti-fats, in fact, belong in the same class with "Anti-kinkiness" and other remedies of that description, which are bought by millions of bottles by the ignorant negroes of the South, in the fond hope that they will take the kink out of their hair!

As for the mechanical methods of reduction, forced exercise, massage, and sweating, the first of these is the least objectionable and dangerous, the last, the most so. This is due to the fact that most of the methods of producing profuse perspiration are based upon the application of high degrees of heat, often with deprivation of proper amounts of air, as in the steam-room or the hot room of the Turkish bath. This prolonged and excessive heat increases the rapidity of the chemical changes in the body, with the result that the fat is rapidly burned or literally melted down and gotten rid of by means of the perspiration and through the kidneys. The objectionable feature of this method, however, is that heat acts upon all tissues alike, and that heat which is excessive and prolonged enough to produce a marked breaking down of the fatty tissue is

almost certain to exercise a similar effect, though it may be in lesser degree, upon the muscles, the secretory glands, the heart, and the nerves. The patient who is reducing her weight by sweating, whether in the cabinet, the hot bath, the hot room of the Turkish bath, or the steam-room, usually feels weakened and depressed all over during the process; her appetite is apt to be impaired and her sleep disturbed. You can melt yourself in one or other of these fiery furnaces, but you are very apt to lose as much in strength and efficiency as you gain in slenderness and lightness. The question of overweight is not one of a few more pounds than normal, but simply of whether you have the muscles to carry around and the heart to supply and keep in health every pound of your bulk, no matter what that may be. If you have, you are not overweight. Obviously any process which reduces muscular and cardiac vigor at the same rate that it reduces avoirdupois is a remedy worse than the disease.

Another method of reduction by sweating which is very popular at the present day is even more objectionable. This is the wearing of rubber or other air-tight and water-proof garments. These are objectionable not only because they produce an excessive amount of heat, but because they at the same time literally suffocate the skin by preventing the escape of the waste products given off by it in the form of gas. These waste products, while small in amount, are peculiarly poisonous, and nothing will produce a headache, followed by nausea and even vomiting, much more quickly than the taking of active exercise with even so small a part of the body as the feet enclosed in rubber or other air-tight and water-proof shoes. The use of rubber in contact with the skin burns and chafes and blisters intolerably.

Reduction by means of massage is far less objectionable; indeed, for the most part, it is beneficial. It acts to some degree after the same fashion as reduction by heat. As the fat that can be most affected by massage lies directly under the skin, this increased activity can be largely confined to the tissue which it is desired to remove, and is therefore not open to the objection which can be urged against general reduction by means of heat. It has also another great practical advantage, and that is that it can be localized and its most marked effects confined to particular regions such as the waist-line, the abdomen, the neck, etc. Altogether it is probably the safest

remedy known for the reduction of weight, with the exception of exercise, for which it is in no sense a proper or adequate substitute. It is simply a lazy way of taking exercise.

By far the best and safest way of applying massage is by the hand, but an amusing modification of this method has been recently introduced, which substitutes for the fingers, or hand, a series of rubber rollers of varying sizes and shapes, adapted to every curve and region of the body and face. These are much vaunted as reducing wonderful amounts of undesirable tissue wherever deposited. Possibly one-fourth of their claim may be true, as they act in two ways: by stimulating the absorption of the fat through pressure, and by giving the operator, the patient herself, a pretty good imitation of genuine muscular exercise, with its well-known results in the reduction of undue adipose.

Under this head comes in another form of reduction by pressure, *viz.*, that of the steel corset, or other revivals of the medieval instrument of torture. These act, though crudely and rather cruelly, much in the same way as the hand of the massagist, by producing a constant and steady pressure upon projecting and objectionable masses of adipose. They require to be carefully fitted to the wearer, or rather the wearer requires to be fitted to them, and, crude and crippling as they are, will often accomplish wonders in the way of the removal of superfluous humps.

One virtue which it is only fair to give these engines of discomfort the credit of possessing is that they apply the pressure upon the abdomen and waist-line in the direction and manner in which, if a corset is to be worn at all—and nothing but death will break women of

the habit—it should be applied—from below upward. Corsets applied in this manner are often not only a great source of comfort, but even of improvement to health by restoring to their normal position collapsed or sagged abdominal organs, from the stomach down. This, however, it must be remembered, is only in cases where the natural supports of the abdominal organs—the muscles of the abdominal walls—have been weakened by disuse or disease; and nothing contributes more to this disuse, or more promotes paralysis of these

important muscles, with excessive accumulation of fat around them, than the average corset, which exerts its pressure from above downward, or in both directions from the middle. A similar effect in reducing fatty prominences may be produced by such heroic methods as rolling over and over on a hard board floor in a state of dishabille, and this has the additional advantage of giving all the muscles of the body a little exercise on their own account.

The two remaining methods of reduction of weight are what might be called the normal or natural ones: exercise and dieting. While these, if intelligently applied and persisted in,

and especially if not pushed too hard, are decidedly effective in reducing what might be described as pathological degrees of fatness and excessive obesity, yet it must be frankly confessed that they are distinctly disappointing in so far as the reduction of moderate amounts of normal fatness is concerned, say weights not exceeding 185 pounds in women and 220 pounds in men. Their actual effect upon these cases, which form ninety per cent. of all cases of fatness that present themselves for treatment on cosmetic grounds, is



STIMULATING THE ABSORPTION OF THE FAT
THROUGH PRESSURE GIVES THE PATIENT
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surprisingly slight, as measured by the cold and impartial testimony of the scales, seldom exceeding the movable or "elective" ten per cent.; and yet they almost always distinctly improve their faithful adherents and cause many to regard themselves as cured. The secret of these results is simply that when intelligently applied these two measures in combination will improve the general habits, health, and vigor of the individual to such a degree as to relieve her from the feeling of fatness, although nine-tenths of the solid, physical basis of the same still remains. When one's muscular development and circulation have been sufficiently improved by exercise in the open air, and by healthful habits of life generally, to enable one to carry his weight with comfort, his obesity, from a pathological point of view, is practically cured. It is no uncommon experience for fat people of this normal type to return from a trip to the mountains or the woods or the seashore involving an abundance of vigorous exercise and life in the open air, feeling, as they say, fifty pounds lighter and with their neck girth diminished an inch or more, and their waist measurement lowered from two to four inches, only to find to their dismay on stepping on the scales that they have not lost a single pound, or have even gained five or ten pounds.

FATNESS A SYMPTOM, NOT A DISEASE

While excessive degrees of obesity are not only most distressing, but a serious handicap upon both efficiency and resisting power to disease, it will be found that in a large percentage of such cases the fatness is merely a symptom of some pathological condition of heart, liver, or the kidneys. These are the cases which have supplied a slender basis for the favorite slogan of the Anti-fat exploiters, that fat is not only a cause of disease, but a disease in itself. One has only to look around him to convince himself that a large majority, not merely of fat but even of obese people, weighing anywhere from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, are vigorous, efficient, and successful individuals, who lead happy, healthful, and useful lives. It is barely possible that the average duration of life in such individuals may be a year or so shorter than those of average weight, and that when attacked by the diseases of later life they display less resisting power and die a trifle more suddenly, but to live well and happily and to

die suddenly are the choicest gifts of the gods, no matter when death comes.

Of these two normal methods, exercise is by far the safer and more efficient for general use. Not only most fat people, but most thin and normal-weight people as well, under modern city conditions, take a great deal too little muscular exercise, and spend far too little time in the open air. Any system of living which corrects these evils will do good nine times out of ten, whether to reduce weight or to increase it.

One word of warning, however, should be spoken, trite as it may sound, and that is the usual admonition as to the danger of extremes. The woman who finds herself growing undesirably plump should not make too sudden a change in her habits in regard to exercise. To tell the average city woman to take plenty of vigorous exercise in the open air is like advising a duck to run foot-races with an ostrich. Her feet, her muscles, her heart, her back must all be built up before she can stand the strain of anything like the amount of exercise required for vigorous health. "Pride feels no pain," and the average society woman who starts out to reduce her flesh is very apt to begin with a three-hour tramp, or a four-hour horseback ride, or an hour and a half's work in some gymnasium, which cripples her feet and lames her back and stiffens her muscles so that she is condemned to practical idleness for a week, during which time she more than regains the pound or pound and a half of weight she sweated off. Take your exercise gradually, keeping always within the limits of your breath and comfort. If you don't enjoy it, no power on earth will induce you to keep it up beyond the first two or three months, and if the exercise is to do any permanent good in the reduction of weight it must be adopted as a life habit, else the appetite that it gives you will promptly put back all that you have lost, with five or ten pounds over for good measure, as soon as you stop.

DIETING ALONE A DOUBTFUL METHOD OF REDUCING WEIGHT

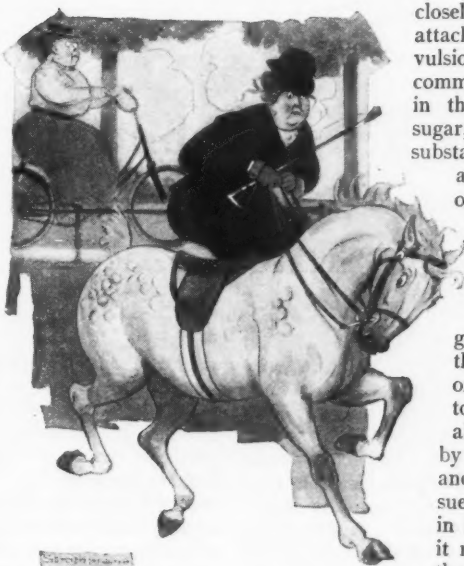
Even more intelligence and care should be exerted in attempts to reduce weight by means of dieting. At first sight, nothing could be more simple. Fat comes from food; you are laying on too much fat, therefore you are taking too much food, and a reduction in the intake will cure you. Unfortunately, however,

the matter is anything but as simple as this. This logic is transferred directly from the animals, and is only partially true as regards man. This simple and convincing theory, logically applied, has brought hundreds of fat women to a premature grave. Starvation has been discovered to be by no means the universal panacea which the ascetic philosophy of all ages has extolled it to be. In fact, the medical profession is rapidly coming to hold that it is even a more serious responsibility to withhold food than to give it. For every

disease and every patient that we starve, we feed three. It is far too wide a subject to discuss in detail here, but it may be briefly stated that instead of being a mere kindergarten problem of so many pounds too much weight, so many ounces less food, there are few problems which require more skill and patience on the part of both the adviser and the patient than that of the harmless reduction of weight. Two fundamental principles only can be noted.

First: as the chief purpose of food in the adult body is to serve as fuel to supply the energy for work to be done, no diet which is to be persisted in for more than a few weeks at a time can be adopted with safety which supplies less than the number of calories, or heat units, required for the daily work of the individual. Any diet which falls far below this energy requirement will reduce strength and health even more rapidly than it does weight.

Second: mere starvation or reduction in the intake of food, so as to allow the body, as we say, to live on its own fat, is by no means the simple and harmless process which we at one time thought it to be. It was discovered some years ago, in our study of the diet and behavior of patients with diabetes, that the poison in their blood which caused, or at least was



THE AVERAGE SOCIETY WOMAN WHO STARTS OUT TO REDUCE HER FLESH IS VERY APT TO BEGIN WITH A FOUR-HOUR HORSEBACK RIDE

closely associated with, the attacks of coma and convulsions—which are the commonest cause of death in this disease—was not sugar, but a group of other substances known as the acetone bodies. These, on further study, were found to be not even formed from sugar or starches, but from proteins and fats, and are now generally regarded as the result of an attempt on the part of the body to make good its inability to burn sugar by burning up the fat and protein of its tissues or those contained in its food. Be this as it may, the presence of these bodies in the blood is now regarded as the most important single indication of the gravity of the disease. It was

soon found that, so far from the reduction of sugar and starches in the diet diminishing the amount of acetones, it markedly increased them; and a step farther showed that these abnormal and poisonous bodies could be produced in the bodies of normal dogs or human beings, *simply by starving them!* Their effect upon the brain and nervous system may possibly be the explanation of the curious effect of starvation in producing mild hallucinations and a semi-trance-like condition, which has caused fasting to be so highly prized by mystics of all ages, who desired to reach the ecstatic state in which they could see visions. It also accounts for the restless, irritable, peevish condition into which many devotees of dieting for the reduction of weight rapidly bring themselves by their privations. Weight can be reduced to a marked degree in the unhealthily fat, and to a moderate degree in the healthily fat, by means of a properly regulated diet, but the adjustment of this diet should be carried out only under skilled advice and constant supervision, or it may do more harm than good.

Don't take less food, but more exercise. Take care of your muscles, and your fat will take care of itself.

The Foreboding

WHAT CAME OF THE FEAR OF A TRAGIC DEATH

By William Gilmore Beymer

Illustrated by Adolph Treidler



THAT anyone should ever be compelled by chance to witness a street accident is regrettable, but that Sheppard Collamore Wirley, most recently from Odebolt, Iowa, should have seen such a fate overtake a fellow man was singularly unfortunate. Unfortunate, because Mr. Wirley was sensitive and, in his ponderous way, impressionable, and he usually suffered in his impressions.

The lure of the May morning had stirred his sensitive soul, and he had set out to walk from his apartment to his place of business. With his great hulking body, his small head perched on the broad expanse of shoulders, and the short fat legs tapering to the small feet, he looked for all the world like a child's top; his head tapered the other way—from below up—and its forepart and crown were bald and shiny.

He had come to an uncertain pause on the curb at the intersection of two busy downtown streets. Cars with clanging gongs and clattering trucks passed and repassed in four directions; automobiles and cabs wove themselves confusedly in and out of the swiftly changing panorama; pedestrians jostled him and added to his indecision and confusion. This was not Odebolt!

He took off his silk hat and mopped his pink crown, and stared apprehensively across the crowded street. He glanced at his watch; then, impulsively jamming the silk hat tight and looking neither to right nor left, he scuttled wildly in a diagonal line for the safety of the opposite corner. His fat arms—bowed to conform to his bulging sides—flopped, and his jowls jounced up and down as he ran. A car blocked him by an unexpected stop; a horse, drawing a hansom, seemed to leap

at him; thoroughly panic-stricken he veered sharply and, like a frightened chicken, ran around in front of the car. Directly beyond it stood an east-bound car still quivering from the use of the emergency-brake; from under its rear platform protruded the head and shoulders of a man, his arms extended and his fingers spasmodically clutching at the asphalt. Mr. Wirley nearly stepped on the upturned face; as he stared in horror the clutching fingers became still.

Too terrified to move, he was quickly hemmed in by a peering, jostling crowd which pressed so closely upon all sides that he was nearly driven onto the out-thrust hands. The conductor and motorman, ashen faced, swung down from the car, and while the conductor tried to drag out the huddled figure, the motorman with trembling hand wrote down the names and addresses of witnesses. Mr. Wirley gave his mechanically; he felt ill and giddy, and he kept his eyes fixed on the bit of warm, blue May sky visible between the tops of the tall buildings, so as not to see what was at his feet. He struggled to get away, but the morbid crowd was so densely packed that he could not until a policeman pushed him back roughly, which enabled him to force his way out, and hailing a cab he was driven the rest of the distance to his office.

In all his forty-six years Sheppard Collamore Wirley had never before seen a violent death: once, a brakeman had been killed on the tracks, but Mr. Wirley was away from Odebolt that day; when the stationary engine exploded at the grain-elevator he had not joined his fellow townsmen at the scene because his wife was ill. And so this strange, monstrous thing which he had witnessed shook him to his very soul; his fat flesh quivered at the thought as he rode to his place of business.

He plunged at once into his work, for it was

Saturday and he was very late; he began to dictate to his stenographer, but his hands trembled so that the stiff letter paper which he held crackled, and the girl looked at him curiously. He noticed this, and so he said, "I have just seen the most terrible thing, Miss Perks," and with great detail he told her the story. At first she listened, but, discovering that it was only some fellow run over by a trolley-car, she stared out the window and chewed gum impatiently, for it was Saturday and a short day. When he had finished she said, "Say, ain't that too bad!" much as she would have answered him had he complained that Kossuth County, Iowa, had gone Republican. She waited a moment, fidgeting, then said politely,

"You was to 'In your favor of the third ult.'"

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed with a start, and took up the letter again.

The door opened, and the office-boy tiptoed into the room, bringing the mail, and he was tiptoeing out when Mr. Wirley stopped him.

"William," he said, "you are obliged to go about the streets so much that I want to warn you to be very careful. I have just seen a most terrible thing!" And he detailed the horror.

William said, "Yes, sir," and hurried out; it was Saturday, and the bill-book was only half posted.

Miss Perks had gone into the main office to



get a drink of ice-water; returning, she lingered a moment at the chief clerk's desk and leaned caressingly over his chair-back. "'S. C.' seen a man run over this morning, Charlie," she said; "I bet he tries to tell you about it."

At that instant a voice from the inner office called, "Mr. Kelly!" and the chief clerk hurried away.

As Mr. Wirley finished giving his orders he cleared his throat. "Oh—ah—Mr. Kelly, I just want to caution you about crossing—" A telephone rang in the outer office.

"Excuse me, sir," and Mr. Kelly hastened out. Miss Perks raised her eyebrows inquiringly; the chief clerk nodded and grinned. "Oh, Lo-ord!" expostulated the stenographer.

At lunch Mr. Wirley had no appetite, so he was able to give to several of his colleagues an uncurtailed account of the tragedy; the lunch seemed much shorter that day, somehow. He drove home in a cab; his wife was out when he reached his apartment, and he waited her return with impatience, but he was rewarded when she came. Mrs. Wirley was a small woman, whose large eyes continually stared from under high-raised, pale eyebrows. She never missed reading a word of a murder trial or the account of a sudden death, but never before had she been so close to a principal in a great tragedy: Mr. Wirley had found his audience. At dinner she demanded additional details; then she asked questions; every few minutes she would say,

"He must have been *sim-pley ter-rible*, Col-lamore!"

"He was!" the raconteur would assent unctiously.

Monday morning Mr. Wirley was compelled to give evidence at the inquest; also to identify the victim. The face had been washed and mended somewhat since he had seen it last, but the sight of it sent a chill down his back. That night he dreamed that it was his own face he had seen when the cloth was raised; next night there returned much the same dream. He came down to breakfast with a haggard face. When he told his wife she clutched his arm,

"If you dream it again to-night, Collamore," she whimpered, "the third successive time, you know!"

"I won't!" he said grimly. "I'll sit up!"

At five o'clock that afternoon his office



PRESENTLY HE LOST INTEREST IN THE BALLOON, AND SPREADING OUT HIS PAPER BEGAN TO SCAN THE HEADLINES

The Foreboding

force compared notes: he had not even attempted to tell the story the entire day. But in the morning Mr. Wirley, with black-rimmed eyes and drawn face, was the first one at the office, and the story began where it had always begun and went on through the inquest and the first two dreams. Then came the dénouement: he had sat up to avoid the third successive repetition of the dream, but sleep had stolen in and the dream had come!

"Gentlemen, this incident was an omen; I shall meet *my* death by the wheels; I am a doomed man!"

And nothing could be said to shake his belief. At first his friends tried to jeer him out of it; they laughed at him; but his high, thin voice wheezed with earnestness and the gray sweat stood out on his puckered forehead until, as they listened, his hearers grew uncomfortable and irritated. And as day after day passed and the story was told over and over and yet over again, men who knew him went round the block to avoid him, and his office force threatened—among themselves—to resign. From being rather a silent man, Sheppard Collamore Wirley became garrulous; also he grew thinner with his fear.

Once in his panicky crossing of a street he *was* nearly run over; he had to stand between two passing cars, and the nervous shock nearly prostrated him. After that he invariably used a cab.

He and his wife talked the matter over each night. "Suppose," he said, "that it should take place near here and I should be brought home in a mangl—"

"Oh, Collamore!" she moaned feebly. "Don't!" But next day she laid in an ample supply of bandages and antiseptics and sponges and tourniquets. After that, if he were but twenty minutes late in reaching home she would stand these first-aids in a row on the table, and they would greet his eye as he entered.

He still told the story—when he could.

So two months passed, and there came a still, warm Sunday morning when Mr. Wirley decided to go into the park to smoke his after-breakfast cigar and read his morning paper. Arrived at the park near by, he was much absorbed for a time in watching a great balloon drifting over the city, but presently he lost interest in the balloon, and lighting a fresh cigar he spread his paper on his fat thighs and commenced to scan the headlines. Suddenly he began to smile, and as he read his smile broadened, for he was reading how

a new, automatic, safety street-car fender had been so perfected as to make accidents well-nigh impossible; it had been approved and adopted and would be installed by the first of the month. A huge load seemed lifted from his mind; he looked ten years younger, and appeared to have actually regained some of his lost flesh. It was great news.

At that moment, high above the city, in the swaying car of the balloon, the assistant turned in consternation to the pilot. "Great Grief!" he cried. "I've done something fierce! I've dropped the sixty-eight-dollar aneroid barometer overboard. Oh, I hope that it doesn't strike any one!"

But it did. It struck Sheppard Collamore Wirley, and it killed him—so suddenly, that when passers-by picked him up the smile was still on his lips. They carried him home. The widow saw the procession coming; and she flew for the bandages. At the door she awaited the bearers with a roll of antiseptic gauze in one hand and a tourniquet in the other.

"Right in here," she said proudly, for the emergency had come and had found her prepared. "Is he much mangled?" They stared at her in wonderment; then they laid him down. She fell on her knees and began searching for some place to bandage; she grew puzzled, and looked at them suspiciously.

"He is dead, missis," said one of the bearers soberly.

"Are you *sure* he is?" she asked. After weeks of one idea her mind could not adjust itself so suddenly. There was not a mark on him!

She rose to her feet; in each cheek there burned a small red spot of resentment. With a single motion of her hand she swept all the first-aids to the floor. "Well!" she said. "After all that worry, I really do think—" but her grief overcame her and she wept; and what it was that Mrs. Sheppard Collamore Wirley really thought, no one knows, for she has never told.

NOTE: The author, because of artistic scruples, obdurately refuses to set down all the facts. Therefore, for the sake of truth, it devolves upon the editor to state that Mr. Wirley was *not* killed. Furthermore, the nervous shock—caused by the aneroid barometer, which actually only struck on the bench just beside him—produced aphasia, which fortunately, and forever, eradicated his unhappy foreboding. THE EDITOR.

Sport in Blackville

By E. W. Kemble



I

"Stan' aside, white folks, I's a-movin'."



II

"An' I's a-movin' fast."



III

"What's dat hair mattress I done see befo' me?"



IV

"Angel Gabriel,"



V

"Save dis culled pusson!"



VI

"Bye, bye, ma honey, I's a——"



VII
"—gone!"



VIII
"Hully Gee! Do they call this sport?"

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?



EDITOR'S NOTE.—We do not claim that these stories are new, but we have laughed over them, and so we pass them on to you. If you know of any that you think would cause a laugh send them in. We shall gladly pay for available ones.

AMONG Andrew Carnegie's innumerable Scotch stories is one about a caddie of St. Andrew's. This caddie's wife—so Mr. Carnegie's story runs—was much troubled by her husband's loose way of life. He could never have a good day on the links but he must end it with a wet night at the tavern. So to cure him the woman lay in wait on the road one evening, dressed in a white sheet.

When her husband appeared she rose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure, with outspread arms.

"Who the de'il are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

"I'm Auld Nickie," said the figure in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," said the tipsy caddie. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waitin' for us up at the hoose, an' nae doot she'll mak' ye welcome."

A certain prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath and continued, "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor and the major prophets," he went on anew, "what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At this point a stout, apoplectic man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said; "I'm going home."

A young woman from the city had been staying on a ranch up in the cattle-country for a few weeks. Seeing some calves running across a pasture, she exclaimed, "Oh! what pretty cow-lets."

"Yes, miss," drawled



the ranchman, pulling his mustache to conceal a smile, "they are pretty, but them's bullets."

It was at a little northwestern town in New South Wales. A traveling Englishman stood on the veranda of the public house watching the sun go down across the Black Soil Plains in a splendor of purple and gold.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to an impassive bushman who was lounging against a post. "That's gorgeous, isn't it?"

The bushman slanted his head a little and looked critically at the glowing west. "Not bad," he drawled; "not bad—fer a little place like Bogga bri."

Some years ago, when Speaker Cannon was a plain member, he took one of his constituents to dine with him at rather a good hotel in Washington. It was in the fall, and Mr. Cannon ate very heartily of that American edible, Indian corn; in fact, almost his entire dinner consisted of corn.

Finally the Westerner turned to him and said, "Say, Mr. Cannon, what does it cost you to board here?"

"About five dollars a day," Mr. Cannon replied.

"I'll be durned," drawled the constituent, "ef I don't think it would be cheaper fer you to board at a livery-stable!"

Little Johnnie had become unruly, and his mother took down her hickory and started to switch the little miscreant, but Johnnie, realizing from past experience what was coming, ran out of the house closely followed by the provoked mother. As she was about to overtake him, he dropped to his knees and crawled under the house, from which vantage-

Have You Heard This?

point he defied her. The siege continued until the return of the father, who, being met at the gate and told of Johnnie's conduct, joined forces with the mother and said, "I'll get the little rascal out."

Taking off his coat, he proceeded to crawl toward the boy as the mother, with switch in hand, watched him from the edge. Just before he was in reach of the little feet, the boy looked back, instantly sized up the situation, and with a tone of comradeship asked,

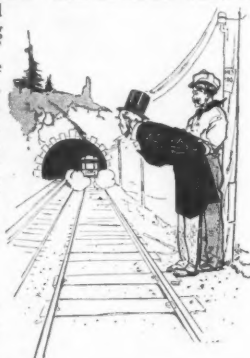
"Father, is she after you, too?"



Dennis O'Flaharty was roadmaster of a division of a Western railroad which included several tunnels. Dennis was out one morning on a tour of inspection, in company with his friend, Pat Donough, who had just arrived from the Emerald Isle. Nearing one of the tunnels, they heard the shrill whistle of the limited and stepped aside till it should pass. Pat stood in open-mouthed wonder, as the fast train neared, passed, and entered the tunnel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"Mon, Pat," said Dennis, as the last car disappeared, "ain't it foine? Talk about the wundhers of nachur—where'll ye iver see anything purtier thin thot?"

Pat stood in awe for a moment, then, turning to Dennis, said slowly, "Yis, Dinis, 'tis foine; but I was jist thinkin' what a turrible thing 'twould be if it should miss the hole."



Around the parson knelt a cluster of "saved ones," each of whom now and then emitted hysterical cries under the influence of the spell.

"Dar am room fo' a lot mo' heah!" announced the exhorter, beckoning toward the backward members in the pews. "Mo' come up and jine de favored chillun dat 'spect to cross de rivah Jordan to heaben. Come up now!"

In response a man climbed out of a rear pew and shuffled up the aisle. As he came along one of the favored group in front cast the whites of her eyes back in the approaching sinner's direction.

"Am dat Sam Johnsing comin', Pahson?" she asked, throwing off the spell for the moment.

"It am, Sistah Johnsing. Yo' husband am comin' to cross de rivah Jordan wid us!"

"Fo' de Lawd sakes! Dat niggah'll rock de boat shuah!"



A Western editor had one invariable, inflexible policy: he would not make a direct contradiction of anything that appeared in his paper because, as he put it, admission of error cost him the confidence of his readers. One day an irate citizen slammed his way into the office.

"Sir," he exclaimed, with several degrees of em-

phasis, "in this copy of your newspaper you have said that I was hanged."

"Well?"

"Well, I haven't been hanged. Not only that, but I've never been condemned or even accused of crime. I demand an immediate and full retraction!"

The editor hesitated; then he smiled, as one who had solved a delicate problem. "I'm sorry," he said. "I am really sorry we said you were hanged. And I can't directly contradict it, because that would make our readers lose confidence in us; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll say in to-day's paper that you were cut down before life was extinct."



The old gentleman, having prospered in business, decided to take his son into partnership with him. The young man appreciated the move, but in his newly added dignity became just a little inclined to take things into his own hands. So his father resolved to remonstrate.

"Look here, young man," he said, "let's have a little less 'I' and a little more 'We' in this business. Remember you are the junior partner."

A week later the son appeared in his father's office, looking a bit anxious. "I say, dad," he said, "we've been and done it now."

"Done what?" snapped the parent.

"Well—er—we've been and married the typewriter."



"Our society has just taken up a very interesting discussion," said the psychologist. "I want to ask your opinion on the subject, which is this: 'Can a man die twice?'"

"Not exactly," answered the New Yorker, "but he might move from Brooklyn to Philadelphia."



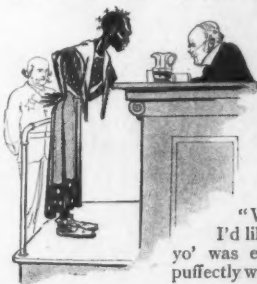
A colored woman of Virginia was on trial before a magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her offspring. Evidence was clear that the woman had severely beaten the youngster, aged some ten years, who was in court to exhibit his battered condition.

Before imposing sentence, his honor asked the woman whether she had anything to say.

"Kin I ask yo' honah a question?" inquired the prisoner.

The judge gave permission.

"Well, then, yo' honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a puffectly wuthless cullud chile?"



Magazine Shop-Talk

Two Top-Notchers



EVERYBODY loves a lovable old rascal—in fiction; and do you remember ever having read of a more lovable and more human old reprobate than your old friend, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford? You remember he was the character that George Randolph Chester imagined for the hero of what proved to be his first big success in fiction. We suggested to Mr. Chester the other day that in spite of the fact that Wallingford, when we last met him, was married and showed signs of becoming honest he might possibly have a relapse and become his old lovable and rascally self again. We intimated that we should like to assist in Wallingford's "relapse" in a series of six short stories for the COSMOPOLITAN. Mr. Chester was enthusiastic. "Nothing I have ever done in fiction," he said, "has hit me so hard and has been such fun to write as Wallingford, and I have six brand-new ideas for him." So the bargain was closed, with the promise of the delivery of the first story early in January. This means a series of six of the cleverest, most entertaining stories of the year for the readers of the COSMOPOLITAN. Of course Mr. Chester will not put Wallingford in stories for any other magazine. Your old friend will make his new bow only to the COSMOPOLITAN family.

The other "top-notcher" who has just signed a contract for six COSMOPOLITAN stories is Sir Gilbert Parker. To speak to you of Sir Gilbert as a "best seller" would be like asking if you have ever heard of Shakespeare, or Roosevelt, or the King of England. With Sir Gilbert, "best selling" has become a habit. He is always among the top six. Think of the list—"Pierre and His People," "Valmond," "The Right of Way," "The Weavers," and half a dozen others which will readily occur to you—and not one which has failed to measure up and stand at the top. A great record, don't you think? And doesn't it occur to you that six stories—each complete in itself—from this

master of story-writing ought to be something of a literary treat? We think so; and we believe that when you begin to talk to your friends about these two series—the Parker and the Chester—several thousand new readers will become regular members of the COSMOPOLITAN family. In any case we are living up to the ideal we have set for ourselves, namely, that with every issue of the COSMOPOLITAN our readers shall be convinced that they are getting the very tip-top of the market—the *very best* magazine published. It is a high mark. Are we reaching it?

"Conquering the Seven Seas"

CHICAGO, Dec. 6, 1909.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

DEAR SIR: I have just received the COSMOPOLITAN for January and notice in your double-page announcement that the Hon. Lewis Nixon will contribute an article called "Conquering the Seven Seas" to your February issue. I take it for granted that the article will deal with the big question of the rebuilding of our merchant marine, which, to our eternal shame, has been allowed for political reasons to fall into the hands of foreign business rivals. Personally I have not one cent's interest, directly or indirectly, in foreign shipping. My business is in the state of Illinois. The entire wiping out of our foreign trade would not directly concern me a dollar's worth. But I know something of the subject. I know the disgraceful surrender we have made to Great Britain and Germany, and I want to tell you that here along the Lakes, where we see the splendid Lake ships flying our flag and carrying our commerce, there is a growing feeling of hostility toward Congress for its disgraceful surrender of our merchant ships to foreign nations. You see, out here in the Middle West we are hopelessly old fashioned and patriotic. *We believe in America.* We don't believe she ought to play second fiddle for any reason, particularly to appease a few Congressmen and foreign interests. So give us the facts. Tell us the story—and then leave it up to us to get busy with the hangers-back in Washington at this session of Congress.

Very truly yours,

E. H. W.

This is straight talk after our own hearts. For the information of our correspondent we will say that we have asked Mr. Nixon to extend his one article into three, and have suggested that, in addition to the "meat" and the "punch" of his story, he tell something of the romance and adventures of our

merchants and seamen who in the early days made America the mistress of the seas. You will find the series interesting. More than this, it will inspire every patriotic American with a drop of good red blood in his veins to demand drastic action from Congress at this session.

A Mother's Letters

Next month we begin a series of three stories to which we have briefly referred before—"Letters to My Son." We shall leave you to guess how old the son was to whom his mother pours out her heart in these letters—or whether he was even born. But we promise you that if, in the helter-skelter rush for business success, you have forgotten from time to time to let your memory take you back to the far-away "kid" days when mother and mother's love meant everything in the wide world to you, these stories will remind you again that those were the golden days, the worth-while days, the days not to be forgotten. You will remember these "Letters," we venture to say, long after you have forgotten the thousand and one other things you will read next month, and they will make you doubly firm in the belief that there are few more beautiful things in the world than a home illumined by perfect mother-love.

More of "The Other Woman"

Echoes from "The Other Woman" papers, pronounced by one literary critic as "the keenest psychological study of a feminine soul ever put on record," still float into the "shop." In the main, the comments we receive are from women "who know," women who have suffered and gone down into the black pit of anguish and despair, and all for love. You who have read the wonderful soul-pictures as presented in "The Other Woman" will appreciate the peculiar broad-mindedness of a woman who could write a letter like the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1909.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

DEAR SIR: Of all the silly, sentimental nonsense ever published, I think that "The Other Woman" and the letters it has evoked are about the limit. The writers of the letters from which you have printed extracts do not seem to realize that a

woman is not only selfish but foolish to try to monopolize all her husband's time and interests—selfish, because no woman can be all the world to a man, however versatile and sympathetic she may be, and if she keeps him entirely to herself it is at the cost of his breadth of mind; foolish, because a man will tire of the most loved woman if he is associated with her exclusively, not finding in her the freshness and variety which he would find with other associations to break the monotony of his life with her. The time has gone by among sensible people when a man cannot look at or talk with another woman without being unfaithful to his wife. It is the petty jealousy, not the trusting tolerance, that causes unhappiness and separation. When I reach the point that I cannot hold my husband's love without caging him, I do not wish his love. Only schoolgirls believe that there is but one love in a life. When we are older we know better. If my husband finds women who can be to him whatever I cannot be, I want him to have their friendship. I shall have the first place in his heart as long as I deserve it, and when I cease to deserve it, it will be my own fault.

I hope that you will tell your readers that not all women are as silly as those from whose letters you have quoted.

Yours for a sensible and happy married life,
(MRS.) P. R. B.

Frankly, we do not believe that a woman wrote this letter, for, in spite of the signature, it bears internal evidences of masculinity; it is the male viewpoint, the man's cry for freedom from the thralldom of feminine jealousy—that curious commingling of unreason and blind devotion. These are bold words of Mrs. P. R. B.'s—granting that the writer, is a woman—and her attitude is one that, we fancy, is somewhat rare even to-day in the marital relation. She is to be congratulated on the possession of a splendid honesty and a wide-open sense of comradeship, no less than on the inferred possession of an untrammelled husband, a free-moving soul who knows neither the green-eyed monster of old-fashioned love-days nor the bickerings which sometimes grow out of a too constant watch set by the wife upon the comings and goings and dallies of her connubial partner. "When we are older we know better," says Mrs. B. Age has its compensations, then, no less than youth, and for a woman to pass safely over that perverid period and state of being when "only schoolgirls believe that there is but one love in a life," is to have achieved spiritual and intellectual breadth beside which the sweeping, all-embracing affection of King Solomon for his three hundred wives is mere puritanical narrowness. There are apparently several species as well as kinds of wives, as well as a variety of "The Other Woman."

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